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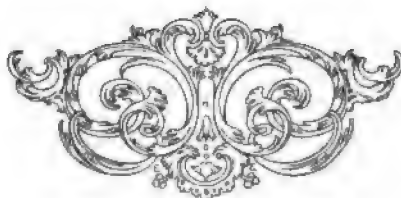
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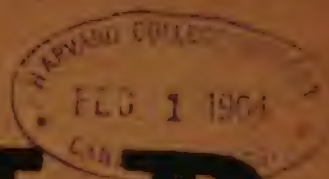


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The LAMP



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OF CURRENT LITERATURE*



1904

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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THE LAMP

A REVIEW AND RECORD OF CURRENT LITERATURE

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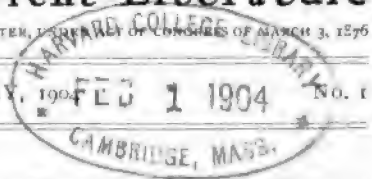
THE LAMP

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THE MARGARET FULLER COTTAGE, WITH THE SITE OF PILGRIM HOUSE TO THE RIGHT

BROOK FARM AS IT IS TO-DAY

BY LILIAN I. HARRIS

AS the literary pilgrim steps from the train at West Roxbury, Massachusetts, and inquires the road leading to the site of the famous social experiment, in which, sixty years ago, centred the hopes of Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, Hawthorne, Emerson, Charles A. Dana, George William Curtis, and other leaders of New England thought, he will be answered something like this:

"Brook Farm, Brook Farm, let me see—Do you mean the poor farm up the road about two miles?"

Sad to relate, that is the whole significance of Brook Farm to the residents of West Roxbury, for the town bought the ground some years ago and used it for a short time as the city alms house. But it is properly known as the Martin Luther Orphan's Home, having been deeded by Mr. G. P. Burkhardt to the "Association of the Evangelical Lutheran Church for Works of Mercy," and to-day it shelters many homeless children.

As one approaches the old farm, he crosses a rustic bridge spanning the little

brook that gave the place its name. It winds along in and out among the large ledges of pudding-stone, and under the beautiful trees which shadow its bank; on and on, just as it did in the days when the "literary farmers" used to plow and plant, while others less industrious amused themselves by drawing pictures

swept over the entire place Tuesday, March 3, 1846, and terminated the community life of the Brook Farm.

Back of the Hive, in the forties stood the barn; to-day there is erected on the same foundation a large building called the "Printing Department." The literary atmosphere of sixty years ago, is not



THREE CHURCH PAPERS ARE PUBLISHED HERE. "THE DIAL" WAS PUBLISHED IN THE BUILDING FORMERLY ON THIS SITE

of their toiling comrades. Yet each, when night came, received the same amount—a dollar a day.

The grand old elm, standing in front of what years ago was the Hive, where the life of the community began, now shades the entrance to the Martin Luther Orphan Asylum. This building is new, with the exception of the wing in the front of the picture, now used as the dining-room of the asylum. The wing was the only part of the workshop saved at the time of the disastrous fire which

entirely a thing of the past, for instead of *The Dial* and *The Harbinger*, there are now published in this building three Lutheran papers, one in Esthonian, one in Lettonian, and one in German.

Two sides of the old Eyrie were formed by rocks in their natural condition, and they stand back of the Hive untouched—all that remains of the house where Mr. and Mrs. Ripley were so cosily located, John Dwight taught music, and several pupils roomed. Those who know say some of the happiest eve-



THE BROOK IS THE SAME BROOK

nings were spent in the Eyrie. From the Hive we take the road off down through one of the prettiest avenues imaginable, to the Margaret Fuller Cottage. The large shade trees which form an archway over the road were planted by Brook Farmers. This building, used for a school, is the only one of the original structures left on the farm. It is just

front of the pretty cottage is now only a rolling green dotted with trees.

To the right of the Margaret Fuller Cottage, on the knoll shown in the picture, stood the Pilgrim House, used by the Brook Farmers for the tailoring establishment, the laundry, and the editorial rooms of *The Harbinger*. To-day directly in front of the old site, stands a



THE ORPHAN ASYLUM

as it was in the days of the experiment, built with its four gables, in the form of a Maltese cross, and painted a reddish brown. Large pine trees and immense boulders stand close to the house. The old greenhouse has been torn down, but a flower garden is kept up, although considerably interfered with by the chickens inhabiting the premises. These are the property of "Ehnes, the gardener," who with his family, occupies the Cottage which he rents from the Asylum authorities. The orchard that stretched out in

row of sheds, open on one side and used by Mr. Ehnes for keeping the farm implements and sheltering the farm horses. The sheds mark the meeting-place of the audience in the days of John Eliot's preaching to the Indians from Pulpit Rock. The Rock stands untouched, and the ledge where the Bible was placed is shown to all visitors with great pride.

To the left of Pulpit Rock is a vacant lot where two of the Transcendentalists, whose names are unknown, were buried. In the beautiful wood back of the Cot-



THE NEST, SHOWING THE STOCKING FACTORY ON THE EXTREME RIGHT

tage, several queer graves are marked by boulders. Strange stories are told of them. Some say they are the graves of Transcendentalists, others that Indians were buried there, and still others that they are the resting-place of soldiers of the Revolutionary war; but a matter-of-fact old gentleman who has lived on the farm over fifty years, states with great positiveness that they are the graves of the inmates of the poor farm.

The building known to Brook Farmers as "The Nest" is still standing across the road from the Hive. Though used in those days as a school, a place for meetings, and editing and printing of *The Dial*, it was not on the original farm, but was rented when it was found that the building would not accommodate the residents. The house, which is in excellent condition, has been occupied for fifty years. In 1848 Mr. G. N. Bradford came there with his parents from New Bedford, where his father had been a whaler. At the time of their arrival Mrs. Macdaniel (mother of Mrs. Charles A. Dana) and Mr. J. Codman

were the only original members living there. Mr. Bradford's father erected a small frame building at the side of the Nest, to be used as a stocking, glove, and underwear factory. As the old gentleman was unable to go to Boston for orders, he sent his older son, who returned unsuccessful. Mr. G. H. Bradford, who lives cosily in the Nest to-day tells how his mother allowed "her baby" to go to Boston, and the first day he received an order for seven thousand dollar's worth of goods. In the shop, which to-day is almost a "curiosity shop," stand five old looms, rusty with age, but rare specimens to visitors who come to the farm in large numbers every year. The house has not been changed since it was rented. The wall-paper was put on when the Bradfords moved in and is still on the walls, showing that it has been treated with great care. The kitchen is plainly shown in the photograph; it is said to be two hundred and fifty years old and is still used by the Bradford family as the culinary department.



PULPIT ROCK

LANGUAGE OF JEWISH LIFE

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

I

ONE of the strangest phenomena of literary history, or, indeed, of history at large is the project for a Hebrew Encyclopædia, which is now half way to completion, written in English, and owing its inception to the enterprise of an American firm, but an Encyclopædia in Hebrew—a work which even an American advertiser might shrink from proclaiming indispensable to every household. And yet in Russia, where the output of Hebrew books is only third to that of Russian and Polish, such a financier would find no inconsiderable field for his talents. Happily, Sokolow, the eminent Russo-Jewish publicist, who is to edit the Encyclopædia, does not need to look across the Atlantic. *Ex Africa semper aliquid novi*—and a rich South African guarantees the expenses. Publication and patron are deliciously matched in their abnormality—the modern treatment of Jewish life and history by way of ancient Hebrew, and the South African millionaire who disconcerts the legend of abuse by playing the Mosaic Mæcenæas.

But the Encyclopædia is not really so surprising a phenomenon as it may appear to Christendom. While popular ignorance deems Hebrew Literature closed with the Old Testament, or at latest with the Talmud, the scribes have never ceased writing for a moment. None keener than they to welcome the invention of Gutenberg, “the art of writing at once with many pens,” as one of them phrased it. Myriads of volumes, pouring forth pauselessly through the ages, attest the genius and the pedantry, the spirituality and sterility of the race. The philosophy of Maimonides, the poems of Solomon Gabirol and

Jehuda Halevi, the mysticism of the Zohar,—these would challenge attention in any literature. They are the most notable feints of the long period when the distinction of sacred and secular was scarcely made in Hebrew Literature, when every book that fell to the floor was piously kissed as it was picked up. The eighteenth century shows Luzzato in Italy producing poetic and allegorical drama in occidental form and Wessely in Germany writing the “Epic of Exodus” after the fashion of Klopstock; and when with the close of that century of storm, the light of the outside world began to stream more fully into the Ghetto, the sacred tongue took on still stranger functions. In Germany Rappaport creates the scientific study of Judaism: Kyochmal, a native of Blody—child of a swarming Ghetto, where the casual pilgrim sees only degeneration and dirt—re-interprets the old religion by the principles of Hegel: a Polish poet, Isaac Erter, satirizes its superstitions with the vigor of a Pope or a Swift. Even more remarkable is the nineteenth century movement that curiously found its impulse in a Hebrew translation of Eugene Sue’s “Mysteries of Paris.” Abraham Mapon founded the modern Hebrew novel, both in its romantic and realistic forms, and had a host of followers in both fields. Gordon, the Hebrew Byron, arose in Russia to express in nervous modern Hebrew all the tragedy,—the external persecution, the internal narrowness—of the Jewish lot. The novels of Smolensky shewed Jewry its own visage and, warring equally against mediæval pietism and modern indifference, taught the need of re-nationalization. And in these newest applications of the old tongue, it is no longer the organ of faith, but the

instrument of revolt and reconstitution. A host of translators added the ferment of European thought to the internal disintegration of the Ghetto, and imported free thinking and socialism. Political journalism sprang up to bring the outer world still nearer. Grub Street arose in the Ghetto, and Bohemia was taken into the pale. If the belief that Hebrew Literature ended with the Old Testament is a vulgar error, no less an error were it to imagine that it is still a Holy Literature, in the sense in which holiness is synonymous with piety and ecclesiasticism.

So marvelous a survival of an ancient language, and so unequaled a flow of literature from Genesis to the last number of the *Hazeoi*, the Hebrew journal published in Jerusalem, produced by a race that lost its Fatherland eighteen centuries ago, and has since lived on the edge of volcanoes, tempts one to consider the inter-relations between Israel's language and Israel's life.

II

Language is the chief index of life. As no man is dead so long as the mirror put to his lips reveals a breath, so no race is extinct so long as there comes from its lips the breath of speech. A people that speaks is not dead, a people that is not dead, speaks.

But by speech, we must understand a distinctive speech, not a speech spoken by all the world. A peculiar people without a peculiar speech would be a contradiction. The literature of Israel in its widest sense comprised the contributions made by Jews to the thesaurus of the world. All alphabets and all vocabularies are drawn into its service. Were it figured after the fashion of the quaint mediæval Tree on the monastery of San Marco, whereof each leaf is the story of a saintly brother, it would appear an Ygdrasil overshadowing the

globe, with every leaf typifying another language. There would be a Greek branch for the Gospels, and a Latin branch for the treatises of Spinoza; an Arabic branch for the metaphysics of Maimonides; a German branch for the lyrics of Heine; a French branch for the novels of Catulle Mendès; an Italian branch for the pathology of Lombroso; a Danish branch for the critical and Shakespearean studies of Brandes; an English branch for the romances of Disraeli; a Dutch branch for the dramas of Heyemans. But these works are all obviously hybrid products; children of mixed marriages. Tempting as would be a critical discrimination of the parental factors, this section of Jewish literature must be excluded from the present survey. In 1804 Elie Haphen Halévy, of Paris, published a Hebrew Ode to Peace in honor of Napoleon, savior of France. His grandson, Ludovic, delighted the Boulevards with French farcical comedies; his great grandson, again named Elie, publishes works on sociology. However interesting and suggestive this literary heredity, only the first Halévy, the Hebrew poet, used a tongue specifically Jewish, and affords to that extent proof of independent Jewish life. Speech, then, as a proof of a people's life must be "peculiar" speech.

But there is another modification necessary. By speech, as proof of life, is meant living speech, that is to say, fluid speech—speech that changes with the changes of life. The Latin of the Church and of the scholars of the Middle Ages was not, perhaps, quite a dead language, but it was only a half-living language. It was confined to the learned, its vocabulary could undergo no natural increase, no natural loss. To be wholly living, language must be rooted in the people, must be watered by the tears of the common pain and feel the sunshine of the common joy. It must

be a barometer of history, exquisitely sensitive, registering and recording every breath of change. The Hebrew in which Hebrew Literature since the Destruction of the Second Temple has been written can for these reasons not be said to be entirely living. Hebrew had indeed ceased to be fully alive long before—soon after the return from the Babylonian Exile, and by the time of Jesus Aramaic had practically replaced it as a living tongue with Greek as a *lingua franca*. The Scriptures needed a Targum (translation). The Talmud shews the bilingual conflict even in literature, and Aramaic has its place in the prayer-book, too. In time Aramaic likewise died from the lips of men—Arabic and other languages took its place as a Jewish vernacular. And when Aramaic was dead it became holy, too, almost as holy as Hebrew, and the Cabalistic literature received sanctity from the Aramaic of the Zohar. Hence we have the paradox that if Sokolow or Achad Ha-am can write to-day more or less in the language of Isaiah and the Psalmists, it is because of the destruction of Jewish Nationality, which left literature the only possession of the Jew. Had Palestine prospered like England, Hebrew would have been as archaic as Anglo-Saxon is for Englishmen. The Greeks who have remained continuously on the soil of Hellas speak an idiom very far removed from that of Aeschylus and Thucydides, and this by sheer natural evolution, without the interference of another invasive tongue. Were the Jews to return to Palestine—all speaking Hebrew—and submit themselves to the natural laws of life, a few centuries would remove their Hebrew very far from that of the Bible, unless Biblical Hebrew were made the Standard and a dictionary like that of the French Academy were compiled from it. But even so, it would have to admit hundreds of new words, with which we could not

dispense. The Vocabulary of Neo-Hebrew already, of course, contains words and ideas of which the writers of the Bible did not dream. Of Neo-Hebrew—despite the Dictionary devoted to it by Ben Jehuda, the Editor of the *Jerusalem Journal*—it is difficult to say whether it is the more alive or the more dead. It is more alive than the Hebrew or Latin of the scholars. It is more dead than the gossip of the marketplace. All these new words come to it as importations, not as natural growths, not to mention the audacities of journalists in adapting and transforming, substitute imposition from above for creation from below. Since—however great the number of people able to read or even speak it—it is nowhere the sole natural medium of communication of a large community, it is not really rooted in life. It merely allows what grows in the outside world to be grafted upon it. Hebrew, then, in spite of the synagogue liturgy, and a vast literature, has never lived in the full sense, since the earlier days of the Second Temple. When the liturgical poets of the Middle Ages introduced their ingenious rhymed acrostics, their vexed and tortured word-spinnings into the prayer-book, two-thirds of the worshippers were prevented by ignorance from understanding, or criticizing them. They could only devoutly pray them or sing them. And in contemplating the later non-devotional developments of Hebrew Literature, the same semi-paralysis of the tongue must be borne in mind. Brilliant as was the ingenuity expended on producing modern literature in terms of the Old Testament and the Talmud, it remains, when all is said, the artificial sport of scholars and geniuses, imitating the literary forms of their European environment, rather than writing from and to the heart of Israel. The fact that their books are in Hebrew must not blind us to the true value of the contents. The

work of this transitional period is no less hybrid than that of Heine or Disraeli. Even the modern masters of Hebrew literature, who found their inspiration in their own people, were for the most part despairing spirits, who saw themselves as the last minstrels of a dying language, understood neither of the cultured, nor of the people. Dr. Nahum Slouschz, in his fascinating and instructive book, "La Renaissance de la Littérature Hébraïque," tells us that the death of Smolensky left Gordon hopeless and drew from him a cry of despair, which may be regarded as his own last word.

"What, in sum, is all our people and its literature?

A felled giant, lying face to earth.

The whole world is Israel's sepulchre!
And his books?

The epitaph of his funeral monument."

III

What then is the language in which the real life of Israel in exile has been expressed? The answer is the language of the particular country in which each section resided, modified by such words and locution as expressed the difference between Jews and the rest of their fellow-citizens. These differences were mainly religious and, therefore, the vast majority of these additional words and phrases were borrowed from the Hebrew, the rest had reference to peculiar social customs. Added to Spanish, this specifically Jewish language produced Ladino. Added to German (of an earlier epoch and a less grammatical character than the classical) it produced the jargon known as Yiddish. That both of these were frequently written in Hebrew characters is due to the mere accident of many Jews knowing no other alphabet. The Ashkenazic communities developed from within instead of sub-

jecting themselves like the Sephardim to the common European culture. Hence it is to Yiddish that we must look for the truest depositary of specifically Jewish sociology, although the wealth of emotional and sympathetic terms in *Ladino* serves to tell the tale of Jewish tenderness in a crueller Spanish environment. Yiddish, far more than Hebrew or Neo-Hebrew, answers our definition of a living language. The principal, if not the only, medium of communication among the Jewish masses, it vibrates with their history, follows the mode of their life and thought, and colors itself with their moods. Moreover it has that truest mark of life—the power of absorbing and transforming elements from without. It sucks in foreign words and turns them to its own moulds, as freely as French turns them to its own pronunciation. The enormous literary and journalistic activity of Yiddish exceeds even that of Hebrew. It has its shoals of newspapers, its schools of poets, dramatists and novelists, and even its literary historiographer in Professor Leo Wiener, of Harvard University. Do we seek to learn of the Ghetto from within, Morris Rosenfeld will sing to us of its poverty and its pain, Goldfadin will bring its humors over the footlights; a score of feuilletonists incarnate them for our inner eye. But we scarcely need their pictures of a highly differentiated existence to convince us of the peculiar flavor of Jewish Life. Yiddish is its own proof. From Yiddish we can build up a picture of the life of the Judengasse. Substracting from a Yiddish dictionary all Teutonic elements, we have a residuum which summarizes the specific spiritual life of the Jews of the Exile, and shows us the ideas for the sake of which they accepted or rather courted isolation from the European masses. Theirs was a life of rich differences from the environment, and if no other evidence of this difference re-

mained, the Yiddish Vocabulary, phrases locutions, proverbs, bywords, are sufficient proof of it. These deposits of generations of narrow but vivid life form a rich mine of entertainment and instruction, and have not failed to call into existence folk-lore societies for their specific study. The psychology, bred by the Ghetto, the microscopic piety and casuistic ceremonial, the mixture of asceticism and shrewd common sense, the pervasive fun and humor, the eager commercialism that yet sustains and reveres a class of student-drones, the unique family love, the cynicism and the tenderness—all have found expression and perpetuation in these racy locutions. The types evolved nowhere else rise living from the glossary—the *Shadchen*, who is and is not, a matrimonial agent, the *Badchen*, who is and is not a marriage-jester, the *Shammos*, who is, and is not, a beadle, the *Schnorrer*, who is, and is not, a beggar, because these humble or sordid occupations are all transcended in the larger brotherhood of Israel, which makes every Jew the equal of his superiors without robbing him of his natural superiority to his inferiors.

There is a story of a Jewish witness unable to explain to a magistrate what a *Shofar* was. At last, to the suggestion that it was a trumpet, he replied in glad relief, "Yes, it is a trumpet." "Then why didn't you say so?" "Because it is not a trumpet." These shades of significance which it is impossible to render in another tongue are the truest proof of specific existence. The *Shofar* is a ram's horn, but who thinks of it as anything but the solemn instrument pealing repentance to the white-shrouded figures of Atonement Day? A *Shofar* is—a *Shofar*. If a *Shofar* were, indeed, a trumpet, no call to national life could ever be blown upon it.

IV

Language, then, is the proof of life.

There can be no difference of life without difference of language. The truth of this may be illustrated from less spacious examples than nations.

Every stratum of society has its own catchwords unknown to the others and acting as shibboleths, every university, every school, every profession has its lingo, nay, every family has a store of special phrases due to the comedies of its own experiences, not understood of the next-door neighbor. Every game creates its own slang—cricket, football, horse-racing, golf, each has its own vocabulary, which the votaries employ among one another. Wherever, then, there is difference of life, there is difference of language.

Let us apply this test of life to the so-called emancipated Jewries, to the Jewries of the post-Ghetto period. I will take England and America, which I know best. Among the richer and more educated Jews of London, all words of a specifically Jewish character have been gradually dropped. Even the word *Shule*—one of the last to go, has been replaced by a synagogue. In the contemptuous repudiation of the jargon as vulgar, even Hebrew words have been ignorantly banned. Just as the Rabbi assimilates in dress to the Christian Clergyman, so all religious terms are translated into an English which does not exactly express them, and in accordance with which they tend to modify themselves. When for the Hebrew "Son of the Commandment" to express the youth who, at the age of thirteen, is counted an adult with religious responsibilities, the phraseology of Confirmation is introduced, the Christian concepts tend subtly to gather round the Jewish ceremonial. It is not, perhaps, so much that a change of vocabulary produces a change of conception; more probably the conception is already in process of transformation under the influence of the alien environment, ere the foreign word

is introduced, and its adoption only classifies the change already vaguely going on, even if it precipitates its date of movement.

The Zionist movement, though rather more barren than might have been expected, as regards vocabulary, has not entirely failed in its brief span of life to add its quota of evidence to the thesis "No language, no life." "Shekel" and "shekel-payer" are not new words, but they have been transformed to an entirely new connotation in their application to contributions, and to voters for delegates at the Congress. "*The Congress*" itself is different from any other Congress. "*The Basle programme*" is a phrase which has been added to every civilized language of the Old and New Worlds, and, though only seven years old, it has already taken on a somewhat undesirable sanctity, as indicating a fixed policy from which it were heretical to deviate. But most characteristic evidence of life, and the one entirely new word is *Neinsager* (No-sayer), a word fashioned in the crucible of history, in that critical hour when—man after man—the last Congress was voting "Aye" or "No" on the question whether a Commission should be appointed to investigate the British offer of a territory in East Africa. The Zionist movement thus supplies the only counteractive to the disappearance from modern Jewish life of all verbal indexes of vitality.

In American Jewry the tendency to exclude all traces of Jewish nomenclature has been pushed to its last limits. The disappearance of the words *Kosher* and *Tripha* is an exact index of the disappearance of the conceptions themselves, and the obedience to these dietary peregrinations. The Synagogue has now become the "Temple," a term which does not even differentiate it from the Church, since Christian Science has also its Temples. I speak, of course, not

of the Ghettos of New York and Chicago, but the Ghetto—for they are merely Russia and Galicia migrated to America. I speak of the real American Jewish life into which the Ghetto is sooner or later transformed. In this life the "Temple" is not even an object of frequent pilgrimage; for it has been largely supplanted by the Jewish "Club"—a word even less Jewish. It may be contended that American words, like Sunday School, are annexed by Jews and saturated with a peculiar Jewish significance, but even such words are very rare and limited to the inevitable religious minimum, many conceptions that have no English equivalent disappearing altogether, for example, *Mitzvah*, *Shochat*, *Shnodar*, *Havdalah*, *Minyan*, *Seder*, etc. As for social and semi-religious—like *Kehillar*, *Paenats*, *Gabbai*, *Gett*, *Vomtovdik*,—a clean sweep has been made of them. Subtract from the American Jewish dictionary all American terms, and what remains? Practically nothing. Roughly speaking, no specific Jewish language now exists in America, ergo no specific Jewish life. Very nearly the same statement is true of London. Unless, then, our test is false, we reach the undeniable conclusion that Jewish life disappears outside the Ghetto. It may have an apparent existence through Jews intermarrying and this lingers on like an actor loth to quit the Stage, but practically it is extinct.

A life these Jews have, indeed, not necessarily inferior to the Jewish life. But a Jewish life it is not. It is the general life of the nation whose language they speak. Scrupulously buried in the same cemetery, they have a common death. But a common life—no, that they have not. Upon the clear mirror of language they produce no breath.

If Israel is to live and speak again, it can only be on a soil of his own.



A PORTRAIT OF ALVIN LANGDON COBURN BY HIMSELF

A NEW DEPARTURE IN PHOTOGRAPHY

By SIDNEY ALLAN

IT is not, by any means, an easy task to describe the present status of photography in America. If we were only dealing with the scientific and the professional photographer little difficulty would present itself. For scientific purposes photography is extensively practised, and very fine results have been obtained that are easily accessible to all interested in any special branch of science. A few professional photographers have risen above the ranks of the ordinary rule of studio portraitists, but all are more or less influenced by the

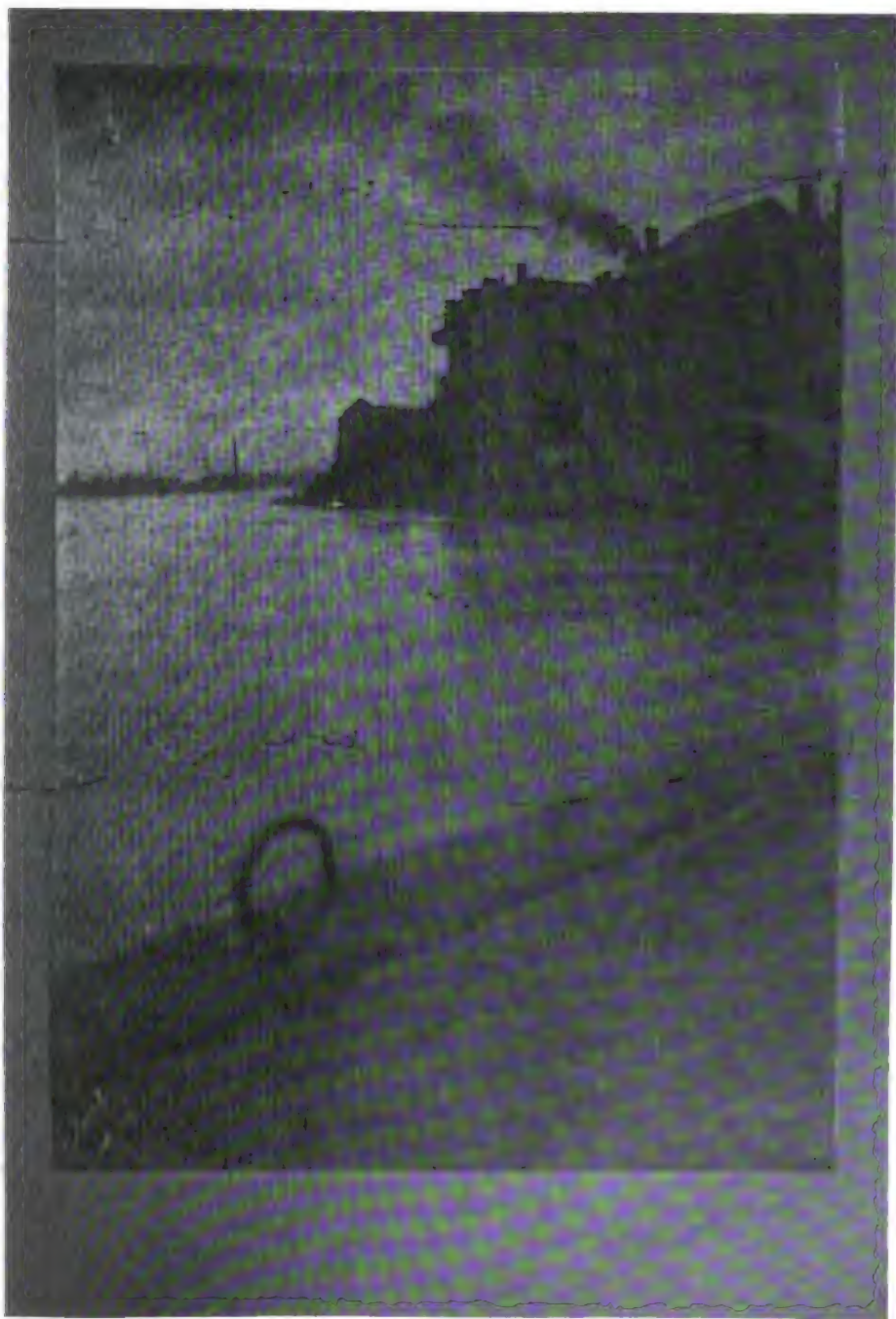
necessity to cater to the wants of their customers. It is to the independent amateur that we look for higher aims.

The average amateur, as a rule, is quite contented to take a camera with him on a trip, make a few exposures in order to secure mementoes of his journey, or to make portraits, or attempts at portraits, of his wife and children, but he has no higher aim. And as it is only a kind of sport and not a business with him, there is no reason why he should treat it more seriously.

If I were asked "Why does a man



BELL TOWER, SANTA BARBARA MISSION, BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN



PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR, BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

photograph?" I would answer "The average man photographs because life is so interesting to him that he would also like to show his observations to other people." And of such an effort we can surely demand that it speaks to one or conveys something. A photograph should show that the person who made it got at least as far as being able to reproduce a piece of nature, or a figure subject, with a certain degree of originality and taste. If it doesn't do that, what is the use of it? Even when photographing one's own family, one would think that it should only be a natural desire to have the likenesses as artistic and picturesque as possible.

As a matter of fact, the number of amateur photographers who have realized the artistic possibilities of the camera is very small indeed. But now and then the careful observer of things artistic runs across a photographic portrait (such as are reproduced in these pages) devoid of any of the ordinary studio characteristics, that is to say, pictures that do not at all depend for effect on special lighting, painted backgrounds, and photographic accessories. We see at the first glance that these portraits are different from the thousand and one specimens seen in the average show-case or window. They possess individuality in a considerable degree; the individuality of the sitters is caught and represented; the individuality of the photographer is embodied in his work.

Their author, Alvin Langdon Coburn, belongs to the little clan of enthusiastic workers who strive to secure in their photographs the same qualities that contribute to the beauty of a picture in any other medium, and ask that these efforts may be judged by the same standard as the works of an etcher or illustrator. To distinguish themselves from the professional photographers, they have adopted the title *artistic photographers*, which also explains their aim and am-

bition. To them photography is not a pastime, but the strenuous study of a lifetime. They have as sound a knowledge of the principles of picture-making as the painters have, and control the various stages of the photographic process so perfectly that they are able to put personal expression into their pictures.

The movement is a very young one; it is scarcely ten years old, and started simultaneously in America and several European countries, notably in Germany, France, and England. The public remained long ignorant of the fact. The enterprises of the artistic photographers were managed on too exclusive a scale, and their publications as well as their exhibitions only influenced the profession, not the public at large.

At that time New York (from which the movement started) had two photographic clubs, the Society of Amateur Photographers, incorporated in 1884, and the New York Camera Club, incorporated about 1889. Both societies were as good as dead. There was no vitality in them. Photography was merely a pastime to them, and all they had to show were innumerable portraits, transcripts of nature views, and snapshots such as is in the power of almost any one to produce. Of course, there were some men with higher aims, whose work showed evidences of personal influence and feeling, but they worked in obscurity, and had no opportunity to come to the front.

Then in 1896 came a sudden change. The two clubs consolidated and from the ashes of the two societies rose, phoenix-like, the Camera Club, which was destined to become one of the leading factors in the advancement of artistic photography. How this was brought about is far beyond the scope and aim of this article. I am neither the historian of the club, nor was I in any way connected with it when the metamor-



PORTRAIT OF ALFRED STIEGLITZ BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

phosis took place. All I know is that it took place and that when, in the same year, I was called upon to write an article on the progress of photography, I found the Camera Club full fledged and well established, although still in its old quarters on Thirty-eighth Street. When

I made known the purpose of my visit I received the answer, "Wait till Mr. Stieglitz comes;" and, strange to say, nearly all the questions for information that I put to various members of the club were answered in the same way: "Mr. Stieglitz will soon be here," or "Mr.



THE WILLOWS, BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

Stieglitz will tell you all about it." Why, I thought, this Mr. Stieglitz must be a most extraordinary person; he must be another Charles Morice. When I was in Paris last and mixed with the Symbolist crowd, I often heard a special school of literature mentioned by the name "Les Poètes Français." I wished to be introduced into this circle, and found to my great astonishment that it consisted only of one man, Monsieur Charles Morice.

Mr. Stieglitz has been prominent at exhibitions for a longer period than any other living American photographer, and succeeded in carrying away medals in all parts of the world. He has been a persistent advocate of the higher claims which have been made for photography.

New talents have come up on all sides, each with a new message and some new triumph to add to the store of former achievements, so that it has become difficult for the older workers, like Robert Eichemeyer, J. E. Dumont and F. H. Day, to hold their own. Artistic photography began to attract attention and finally found an opening in magazine and book illustration of a superior order, of which the two recent publications of Clarence H. White's "Eben Holden" and Yarnall Abbott's "Madame Butterfly" are the two most noteworthy examples.

In the meanwhile several artistic photographers had opened studios—among them such well known workers as Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier and E. J. Steichen—in the endeavor to introduce a new style of portraiture. They are sworn foes to the fashion of popular photography, and intend their prints to represent a sort of artistic revolt against the minutiae of detail, the glossy surfaces and the mathematical precision still displayed in the showcases of Daguerre's successors.

The latest addition to the ranks of the artistic photographers is Alvin Langdon

Coburn, of Boston. He is the youngest of them all, but fully their equal in feeling and knowledge. He is a cousin of the photographer, F. H. Day, who created quite a sensation several years ago with his crucifixion scenes, and it was in his studio that young Coburn mastered the technical problems of his profession. Later on he studied composition with the landscape painter, A. W. Dow. Refinement is at present the keynote of his individuality. All his work is imbued with a rare elegance and a vague poetical feeling which lends a peculiar charm to every print.

Comparatively few people are, at present, willing to recognize in a photograph those qualities and possibilities which may ultimately bring it within the pale of the other fine arts. And yet we think the majority of thoughtful, educated people require little persuasion to accept such work, even if offered to them in the ordinary commercial way. Recently, while sitting in the studio of some artistic photographer, a client called, and in the course of conversation remarked that he had been dusting out his drawers, and had come across some portraits that had been taken in the studio some five years ago. The sitting had been invited, and though not at all inclining towards the eccentric, the portraits were not of the ordinary type. "I didn't like them then," the client remarked, "but when I saw them yesterday I was very pleased with them."

How far the general advance in matters of art and matters of taste may be responsible for such a change of opinion like this during a period of five years, we must leave for the more speculative of our readers to decide, but the fact itself cannot but be encouraging to all who are interested in this new movement, and in particular to the workers themselves, who sow good seed in the hope of reaping the future harvest.



W. D. HOWELLS

From a hitherto unpublished photograph by Zaida Ben-Yusuf

MR. HOWELLS ON LOVE AND LITERATURE

BY A. SCHADE VAN WESTRUM

WHAT I say to-day I may deny to-morrow," said Mr. Howells in the course of the interview here reported. "Our opinions are changed for us inevitably by the ever-varying procession of life. I have always claimed the right to revise mine, and always exercised it. Moreover, what one says on the spur of the moment, in conversation—and an interview is nothing more—should certainly not be tortured into lifelong convictions."

Mr. Howells follows the development of our literature, and that of several other literatures, far more closely than do most successful writers, who are generally too busy with their own work to pay more than passing attention to that of others. He is a man-of-letters as well as an author. He certainly keeps in close touch with current American fiction, the main current at least. The weak tributaries that rise from shallow sources in the obscure *Hinterland* and go to swell the volume of the stream without adding to its strength he disregards. His sharp eye for the discovery of young talent, his hearty encouragement of its early efforts is well-known, but, as he himself said some years ago at the dinner given in honor of James Matthew Barrie at the Aldine Club, he has reached the age where he waits for new reputations to "blow over."

To one who witnessed the headlong battle over realism of fifteen years ago, Mr. Howells appears to-day much as a warrior who, having won his fight, rests on his laurels, secure in his domain, yet ever alert. Having delimited the boundaries of the enemy, and recognized his rights within them, he claims all life as the realm of the realist.

"Realism does not mean preoccupation with the common things of life," he says. "That was the initial misunderstanding of its opponents, and it still persists. On the contrary, realism makes all things its province, the uncommon as well as the every-day affairs of human existence, tragedy, disaster and crisis as well as the small round of daily events, but as these predominate, lead up to the climaxes and away from them again, their cause and result, realism holds that they, and not the momentary arrests of life, should be most important in the fiction that aims to reproduce that life with faithfulness."

"But are not the tragedies of life, its catastrophes more productive of revelation of character, are they not more effective artistically?"

"That is a theory from which I differ most thoroughly. First as to the revelation of character, and secondly as to the artistic value."

"The culmination of a tragedy, its climax, does *not* reveal character to the full. It rather stuns all the faculties, all the emotions except a single one—defiance, perhaps, or fear, or despair. At such moments the interaction of life and human character ceases; there is no play as of sunlight upon the facets of a diamond. Life—fate, if you please—crushes the individual; the situation becomes supreme, character is passive under the weight it cannot lift or shift or move. Man is a creature of light; tragedy is darkness. In its presence he stands before the unknown, before the night, and the result is not revelation, but impenetrable darkness. There is but one color in the picture—black, dreariest gray at the best.

"Now, life in the aggregate is not

black, and it does not stun character. In art, the catastrophe must be the close of the work, for otherwise there will be what is called an "anti-climax," a thing to be avoided. Life, on the other hand, is not afraid of anti-climaxes; it produces them daily. No tragedy in real existence but has its to-morrow, unheroic, perhaps, artistically, but unavoidable, inexorable. Art may stop where it pleases, life must go on. Realism endeavors to take note of the continuity which nothing can arrest for long, and considers it more important to the individual and humanity at large than the violent interruption.

"By all means, let us have tragedy in fiction as part of life; but the study of human character is best pursued in the normal daily round, with its endless variety of revelation of traits and formative influences, its gentle humor and gentler pathos, its ills for which it ever has its uses and its cures."

"There is a striking difference, Mr. Howells, in the treatment of love in American and European fiction. Over there it is the greatest *motif* of tragedy; here, according to some native and foreign critics of our novels, it is dealt with superficially; there seems to be no depth to it, they say, only a beauty that is skin deep, rather immature, and decidedly evanescent. You treat it in your own novels as almost exclusively the affair of youth, an important episode in the early years of the daily round, but after them of but small significance."

"Love in fiction is a convention, a tradition," said Mr. Howells reflectively. "We still live more or less under the influence of Thackeray. He asked us to believe in lives spent in gentle melancholy on account of an early disappointment in love—'crossed in love' is the expression coined for this bit of romanticism that, like most romanticism, is decidedly false to life, certainly to the life of our day."

"As a matter of fact, men love, lose

and forget—and women, too; life drives them on. Or they love and win and marry, and happiness is succeeded by placid contentment, or internecine war ending in armed neutrality; but ever life drives them on. We have no time for either eternal regret or the constant renewal of an ecstasy of the past. Love is for the springtime of life; in maturity it pales, in the most fortunate cases into a beautiful friendship, into loyalty rewarded by contentment, which is a more enduring prize than the ill-defined state vaguely described as happiness. Broken hearts are healed by more urgent calls upon the energies, by vaster interests: the inexorable, prosaic daily round, ever widening, is a blessing."

"Still, Mr. Howells, if European fiction is to be relied upon, European men and women are not satisfied with this post-nuptial contentment; they are apparently always seeking to renew the ecstasy of first love, without regard to morality? Paul Bourget's heroes and heroines, for instance, who make love a science and an art, or Anna Karénina, who was swept off her feet by a *grande passion* in the days of her maturity? In American fiction there is hardly a trace of such tragedies of love in the fulness of life, and where it is found it is almost invariably traceable to foreign influences rather than to observation at home?"

"Conditions are different over there," said Mr. Howells thoughtfully; "it is a vast problem. One thing is certain: it would be vain to pretend that the dramas of love, as the French depict them, for instance, are part of our daily life. They are essentially foreign, it would appear, to the American temperament. Such things happen with us occasionally, I know, but they are exceptions; the mass of us consider them puzzling departures from the normal, without deeper significance. On the other hand, almost every European

grasps the psychological meaning of such a drama, sees, moreover, its artistic possibilities. What would be overwhelming material for a novel in Europe—in England, even, nowadays—is with us fit only for the news page of a yellow journal—a ‘sensation’ to be forgotten in a few hours.”

“But there must be some fundamental cause for this difference in emotional attitude?”

“There are several, no doubt, but it is not so easy to formulate them on the spur of the moment.” Here Mr. Howells added the words with which this interview opens.

“Has not,” persisted the interviewer, “regard for the Young Person something to do with the matter?”

“It undoubtedly has in our fiction,” said Mr. Howells readily, “but that does not affect the fact itself, which is unquestionably a phenomenon of our real life.

“We may as well admit that our novels are chiefly written with due regard for our women, and especially for our young girls, who form the overwhelming majority of American novel readers. But even that consideration does not do away with the fact that our fiction reflects, in its treatment of the love *motif*, the real state of affairs among us. Yes, I certainly do think that love is with us an affair of youth, beautiful to behold in its heyday, but ever dwindling in imperative power and importance as maturity is approached.”

“Then it is a case of arrested emotional development?”

“I should rather call it a case of inhibitive environment. Our men and women do not develop along the same lines. There is no doubt but that our women are superior to our men; we give them better opportunities for self-cultivation. Their education is prolonged far beyond the years of their brothers in the formative period; and later in life

they have leisure to develop, shielded by their husbands, their mankind, who wage the battle with the world that absorbs all their energies.”

“But is there not great danger in this superiority, which implies isolation?”

“There might be, but evidently there is not. First of all, our women are not inclined towards the unwholesome conception of love current in Europe; then, again, their isolation is so complete that it protects them. Honestly speaking, the average American—the rushing, money-making, preoccupied man of business—is a stick. He is chivalric, devoted, true as steel, he means generously well, but the graces of the higher intellectual and emotional life are strange to him. Now, Mrs. A., discovering in Mrs. B.’s home the same lack she vaguely feels in her own, concludes that it is the inferiority of the sex: their very isolation forces our women to flock together. The semi-consciousness of a void is transmuted into activity, the boundless energy of the American woman, perhaps not always wisely expended, but beneficial as the safety-valve none the less. This dim realization of something lacking is, perhaps, responsible in part for our women’s adoration of foreign nobilities: here is an ideal made tangible, real—maybe the very thing that is wanting to make whole their own mankind.”

“But this state of affairs cannot be healthful in the long run? In this way our men and women are drifting ever farther apart?”

“I believe that a reaction is sure to come. By and bye our men will have more time for the social graces, for education, for closer companionship with their wives.”

“Then true companionship does not exist at present?”

“It does exist, but it is too seldom realized. A catastrophe is often needed to bring it to the surface. Here, by the way, is an illustration of the theory of

the realist in fiction. Kipling and nearly all other foreign students of our social life have spoken with enthusiasm of the energy, devotion and spirit of self-sacrifice which our indulged, spoiled women suddenly develop when their men are overtaken by financial ruin. Now, to the realist the catastrophe itself would be of less interest than the morning after, and the years to follow of closer, dearer companionship in adversity, the changes, also, in the new relation that those years, the remaining initial psychological asymmetry, and, perhaps, prosperity regained, would bring. For after the climax there would follow an anti-climax of some sort."

"But why not seek this companionship in days of prosperity as well?"

"The average American man—the American business man, who is in the majority—is a stick, I repeat it. He falls in love, he marries; thereafter he considers that episode of his life closed. He is blind to the fact that marriage is but the beginning of an important experiment; on the contrary, he takes it for granted that everything has been settled by the ceremony. It then becomes his duty, and in the performance of it he honestly believes that he does his whole duty, to make as much money as possible to give his wife every comfort, every luxury she can desire, or her neighbors enjoy. Her less material needs, her emotional cravings, are above him; he has not even the dimmest flicker of understanding of them: he believes seriously that what is incomprehensible in her to him is satisfied by her companionship with other women, her social life. He holds that Tennyson's "perfect whole" is made by a woman, her husband, and her dearest woman friend. The theory is wrong, but it is preferable to the *ménage à trois* of French fiction."

"Admitting that intellectual and emotional companionship, in its highest sense, is for the moment impossible,

owing to the average American man's limitations, would not the French sense of business partnership in marriage be a good beginning at least?"

"Here again we have one of the admirable traits of that dear, blind, generous, well-meaning American man of affairs. He knows how much business takes out of him, the crushing cost of material success, and he would not for the world shift part of the burden to his wife's shoulders.

"It is different with our professional men—artists, architects, writers. Ask their wives about their husbands' affairs and prospects, and you will find that they are partners, indeed, in all the concerns of life, better partners than the French, for what causes isolation elsewhere in our social life—the woman's superior development—brings perfect understanding here on a far higher plane."

"But could not woman, who is the superior, draw her adoring, well-meaning inferior up to her own level? Could she not open his eyes to the possibilities of higher development? It would pay her, certainly. She educates the average American from the moment he enters kindergarten to the hour in which he enters upon his business life; why not continue the training in the art of living life?"

"Perhaps she has begun to do it. I believe that she has. Things will adjust themselves in time. You may take my word for it."

"But the fact remains that just now love is the chief episode of youth, and nothing more, that it becomes a negligible, or rather a much neglected, factor in the life of the average mature American man and woman?"

"That is the result of my observation, not counting exceptions among and above the average."

"From which it may be concluded that the thin, superficial treatment of

love in current American fiction, of which complaint is made now and then, is but a realistic reflection of the facts?"

"Yes. One might put it that way."

"Mr. Howells, what is your theory of the literary quality of fiction? Some critics have been saying things about the colloquial quality of your 'Letters Home.'"

"Write always as people speak and write, or as nearly as you can. That is part of the realistic theory of fiction. And it is productive of true art in the hands of a master. Did you ever read Defoe's 'Roxana'? Well, read it again. It is colloquial, it is written in the spoken tongue of that day. But you will agree with me, I think, that it is one of the best-written novels in the language."

"There is an opinion abroad, Mr. Howells, that the literary quality of our fiction is deteriorating, that the English 'minor novelist' is technically again far superior to his, or her, American colleague."

"I must differ from that opinion. Of course, there is the 'annual rubbish-fall' of fiction, which disappears almost as soon as it is thrown upon the market, and no doubt its literary quality is very bad. But what I have seen of the work of the young men and women who are beginning to count in our literature has led me to quite a contrary conclusion."

"Do you see any trace of the influence of the preponderance of women among present-day novelists in the tendencies and quality of current fiction?"

"I fail to see much difference between the male and the female intellect, at least in novels. I know that much stress has been laid upon a distinction that to my mind hardly exists, and that many ingenious theories have been brought forward. Of course, there have been, there are, 'feminine' novelists—but, on the other hand, there have been, and are, many men among the favorite writers of

and for women. And the reverse is true. I know that I am quoting an extreme instance, but is there really any difference between George Eliot's mind and that of the great writers of the other sex? On the whole, I believe that this question of the sex of the novelist can be safely disregarded in the study of the novel."

"Now that the historical romance has had its day, what will be the trend of our fiction in the immediate future?"

"I expect that the advance will be along psychological lines, that man, not situations, will more and more attract the attention of our novelists. From what I have just been saying you may conclude that I do not expect the psychology to be mainly concerned with love, at least not for the present."

In conclusion, the interviewer asked Mr. Howells the great, futile question of questions—merely for the sake of the record. Said Mr. Howells:

"Why should we expect a great American novel, or wish for its coming? Can you name the 'great' English, French, German, Spanish, or Italian novel? Has there ever been one? No. Even the Russians, who probably came nearer to producing a great national novel than any other people, have none to show. The great 'national' novel, to be truly representative, would require a degree of uniformity of national life and character that would make it dull."

"Then China might hope to produce one?"

"If we knew as much of Chinese life and character as the Chinese know themselves, we should probably see an infinite variety of conditions and types. That is undoubtedly the reason why there is no 'great Chinese novel,' either. Believe me, the 'great national novel' is a dream."

"And not even a beautiful dream, as Moltke said of universal peace."

WHERE LITERATURE IS GROWING WEAK

BY J. M. BULLOCH

LONDON, January, 1904.

THE same week which saw the publication of Mr. Morley, the scholar's, life of Mr. Gladstone, the idealist, also witnessed the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain of Birmingham starting on a crusade against the doctrine of Free Trade and in favor of our discarded creed of Protection. The spectacle was remarkable less on account of the validity of the two doctrines, than by reason of the totally different standards of aspiration in the two men, the standard of the university-bred scholar and thinker, and that of the man of action, intent on applying the immediate remedy. Putting Mr. Gladstone aside, we have seen Mr. Chamberlain completely swamp the suave philosophy of Mr. Balfour; and his triumph is, I think, not so much a personal victory, as a parting of the ways in public life by which the leaders of the people are to have less of the social status and of the intellectual breeding which marked the parliamentarians of the old school.

Without taking a side on the desirability of the change, its existence, I think, is undeniable. Parliament, it is true, still attracts some of our best scholars and men of letters. It is only a quarter of a century ago since Mr. Balfour gave us his "Defence of Philosophic Doubt," and he has since followed up this book by some speculations far removed from the cries of the crowd, who care nothing for the foundations of belief and the study of theology in which Mr. Balfour is profoundly interested. We have Mr. Bryce, the philosophic commentator on the United States and the brilliant expositor of the Holy Roman Empire. We have Mr. R. B. Haldane, who is more interested in Schopenhauer and

Hegel than in any burning questions of to-day. We have Sir Richard Jebb, the great Grecian. We have had Mr. Lecky, the historian of Rationalism and of European Morals. We have publicists like Sir Charles Dilke, industrious writers like Sir Gilbert Parker, novelist and dramatist, Sir Herbert Maxwell, the biographer of Wellington; and even Lord Salisbury's "black man," Mr. Naoroji, who is no longer in the House, has turned to literature, for he is the author of a book on the East India Company, and he has translated the late Queen's "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands" into Gujerati.

The most casual glance at some of our greatest writers will recall the fact that they figured largely in parliamentary history. Richard Brinsley Sheridan entered the House of Commons when he was 27, and made a great name for himself as an orator, especially in his famous speech of five and a half hours against Warren Hastings. Bulwer Lytton's restless activity found a ready outlet at Westminster, and his son, the first Earl of Lytton, was a poet as well as a proconsul. The re-discussion of some of the points which were won by the Reformers of the Thirties recalls the splendid fight for liberty which Macaulay illuminated with his wide historical knowledge in the arena of the House of Commons.

It is not astonishing that Mr. Gladstone, intensely interested as he was in letters—he ranged with almost equal delight from Homer and Dante to John Inglesant and Robert Elsmere—should have gathered round him men who made their mark in literature. His administrations included Macaulay's nephew and biographer, Sir George Otto Tre-

velyan, who found time in a busy parliamentary life of over thirty years to give us a great book on Charles James Fox (his younger son, George Macaulay Trevelyan, has carried on the literary tradition of his house to the third generation, for he wrote his "England in the Age of Wycliffe" as a mere youth). Mr. Gladstone was supported by Forster, the biographer of Dickens (whose adopted son, Mr. Arnold Forster, is our new War Minister); Sir Roundell Palmer, first Earl of Selborne, whose "Book of Praise" has become a classic of hymnology; the Duke of Argyll; Mr. Bryce, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. (now Lord) Goschen, who in his old age has given us one of the most delightful books on book-selling ever written. On the opposite benches literature found many representatives, most notably in Mr. Gladstone's great rival, Disraeli, whose novels after a period of semi-eclipse, have begun to take their place of classics of their kind. The rank and file of the House on both sides presented men of the keenest culture. Richard Monckton Milnes, created Lord Houghton, who sat for our constituency for six and twenty years was, as somebody said, a "Mæcenas of poets." He biographed Keats, and it was he who got Tennyson the Laureateship. Lord Derby found time, not only to be, in Lytton's phrase, the "Rupert of Debate," but also to translate the "Iliad." I cannot emphasize my point better than by recalling the fact that the year 1868 saw Derby, Disraeli and Gladstone successively Prime Ministers. Nobody ever quotes Homer in Parliament to-day, and Virgil and Horace have dropped out of debate. Is Democracy antagonistic to literature? The facts about our Parliament and the recent speech of Herr Bebel, the German socialist, who has been warning the proletariat against learned leaders, almost make one believe that it is.

Not only has the writing of literature largely disappeared from the Houses of Parliament, but spoken literature, oratory to wit, is far to seek, for even Mr. Gladstone's utterances will for the most part perish. The fact is that Parliament has ceased to attract the best men. Literature has become more and more specialized, so that the men of the Grote type—men of business from ten to six, and gentlemen of letters in their spare time,—have gradually given way to professionals or academicals. Mr. Thomas Hodgkin, the author of the colossal "Italy and Her Invaders," began life, like Grote, as a banker; and Mr. Edward Clodd, the enthusiastic folk-lorist, still plies that useful calling; but, as I say, literature has mainly fallen to the professionals; and the tendency is to cast a doubt on all kinds of academicism as a factor in the solving of every-day problems. Thus we have seen the professors of economics, who dared to join in the fiscal fray, treated with supreme contempt on the grounds that they were living in the peaks and the silences too far removed from the storms of the commonplace world to have any weight in deciding the issues which affect it from time to time. Much of the literary art which used to be directed on current affairs, or produced by men of action, is now represented by journalism, which is now absorbing the best energies; but which by reason of its swiftness, is bound to fall into quick oblivion. When Mr. Balfour, reverting to an older method, published his views on the fiscal question in a learned pamphlet, published at a shilling, he was thought to have thrown away his chance of a wide audience by avoiding the publicity of the newspapers. Such things as this, together with the dominance of Mr. Chamberlain, who represents the rough and ready school, show how the tide is drifting. We have few Parliamentarians who are men of letters; and prac-

tically no men of letters who are publicists: certainly none with the influence of Carlyle.

Outside Parliament something of the same kind is to be found. Some critics declare that good literature is not being read. They see in the deluge of penny and halfpenny journalism (the outcome of thirty years of enforced education) the death blow to all serious reading. If this is true, it is difficult to understand why so many reprints of our classics should be put upon the market year in and year out. It can hardly be that these books are bought like so much furniture, because our daintier editions do not even serve the useful purpose of being able to hold up the window. One is, therefore, forced to the conclusion that if literature is not being produced, it is at least being re-read to a greater extent than it has ever been before. If it is not read, why so many resurrections of all that is best in our literature, re-produced in all sizes and at every price?

The only new books that are being read extensively are novels. That is the experience of all the great public libraries, and Mr. William Faux, who has been for fifty years in the service of W. H. Smith, the great newspaper distributor, has just been saying that 80 per cent of the books they circulate is fiction, and that this is now the average figure for libraries throughout England. As you go further North, he continues, you will find that people read more serious literature than they do in the South. It is very significant, for Mr. Faux describes "those who love and understand literature" as the "Old Guard of readers." But the libraries are no real test of the serious reader of reprints at least, for these have become so cheap that the reader buys, instead of borrowing, them.

As to reviewing, we constantly hear complaints about its shoddiness in the newspapers. The views seem to me too

pessimistic. A daily newspaper is not the place for a specialized review of real literature, for we are more and more coming to see that a newspaper should deal with news and not with opinions. Certain it is that daily newspaper "notices," if you care to call them so, do not sell a book, as they once could do. This is not to be wondered at, for a daily newspaper's conditions of quick production absolutely bar judgment of any kind worth having. A great book cannot be read at a sitting, nor seriously criticized while a printer's devil is waiting hungrily for "copy." I have already tried to demonstrate in these pages that it was really an evil day for the author when he gave himself up to the daily journalist, for he is made the subject of a "boom," and soon outlives the demands set up for him. When "masterpieces" are as plentiful as mushrooms (so far as the statements of the daily critics go), it is small wonder that the public becomes a little shy, and still less of a wonder that these "critics" begin to doubt their own validity.

Strange as it may seem,—almost a paradox in our advanced civilization—literary culture is, I firmly believe, a decreasing asset in the minds of the public as a test for efficiency in every-day life. Nay, there is even a suspicion that it tends to a hazy outlook on the realities; and Mr. Chamberlain's complete innocence of anything that suggests the study and the library is marked as a point in his favor. But even in the purely literary appreciation of literature there is a feeling that all the great men are gone, or are going. There are those left who have an enormous sale, but there is nobody in the younger generation of the first class. We have probably never had a higher level of mediocrity; but the first rank is not reached. A literary Parliament is certainly a phantom of yesteryear.



REPRODUCTION OF A PHOTOGRAPH IN
THE POSSESSION OF MRS. SMALLEY

HERBERT SPENCER

BY PHOEBE GERNAUT SMALLEY

ONE after another the lights go out, but, happily, some have a long afterglow. Now it is Herbert Spencer. He, like Browning and Carlyle, was better known during many years in America than in his own country. Being a serious student, he was more or less of a recluse, that is he rarely went to dinners or evening parties where, first or last, the great world meet each other. He was never in robust health, and conscientiously saved every atom of his strength for his great work, upon which he spent so many years of his long life. He had a few intimate friends to whose houses he loved

to go, and I had the great interest of meeting him frequently on a Sunday evening at "high tea" at the Huxleys, where his mind unbent and where he received and enjoyed the sympathy and friendliness he needed so much.

He struck me as peculiarly a solitary man; he seemed apart from all the subjects of humanity, which interested him so much—standing outside of them in order to study them impartially—and his whole attitude was pathetic, searching the heavens and earth for what, if he had trusted to his instincts more, he would have found lying at his feet. His organization was exceedingly sensitive

and he held himself very steady, as in controversy he was so often in strong opposition and had not the strength to be opposed. I remember one night when I sat next to him at supper, in 4 Marlborough Place, he said, with great naiveté, "I do not feel well to-night and cannot bear to argue, so please not to contradict me," knowing, I suppose, he

drew him out of his shell. The sparring was very lively and always good-natured, and Spencer's sad face beamed with smiles as beautiful as they were rare.

At supper, at another time when he was studying the phenomena of the affections and Love, and wanted to get data from no matter how humble a



HUXLEY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE
POSSESSION OF MRS. SMALLEY

might say something to which I should be obliged to take exception. Of course, I promised to agree with him, even if he said the moon was made of green cheese.

But from Mr. Huxley he could bear anything, and delightful were the evenings when we drew up round the open fire, with Mr. and Mrs. Huxley and their group of clever children (of whom Mr. Spencer was very fond) and Pater, as we all called Mr. Huxley, gradually

source, it was touching to hear him discuss it as if it were a thing beyond his grasp, though, after my answering many questions, he said he thought he had experienced some of the symptoms, and was chagrined when I ended by telling him that I thought if it were the real thing it could neither be reasoned or talked about.

At another time, when he was studying the "coeducation of the sexes in

Sunday night
Dear W. Smalley

I had no sleep
last night & fear I
shall have but little
to night. Such being
the case I dare not
run any risk. May
for this reason excuse
me.

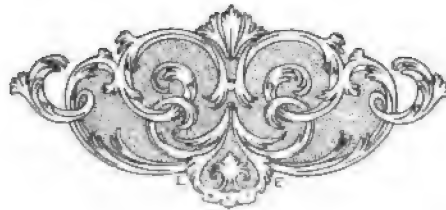
Sincerely yours
Herbert Spencer

America," he came posting down to Chester Place, I being the nearest available American, to ask my opinion upon the effect it had on the manners of the people, and he plied me with personal questions as to the difference between American and English children, implying that—or was it asking if—the manner of the latter were better and more gentle—perfectly unconscious for the moment that I was a living American mother and not a list of statistics. Of course, I thought our relation to our children was more intimate and natural, as it ought to be, and ended by saying, "If you want to know what the best American home influence is like, you will find it at the Huxleys." His ideals! It was so unexpected that for a moment he looked aghast! and then said, "Did you ever tell *Moo* that?" I nearly burst into laughter, and afterward Mrs. Huxley and I had great laughter over the situation. He was sublimely unconscious that there was any want of tact in what he had said; he had simply, in trying to reach an abstract end, left out the personal element altogether. But he was always courteous to every one, and had a gentle bearing toward women,

about whom there hung a certain mystery for him. Society was bad for his health, and yet solitude was worse; dining out was impossible for him, and yet eating alone was harmful; so he solved the problem by going to live in a quiet boarding-house. In London no one lives in a boarding-house except solitary waifs and strays, spinsters and old ladies who drift together from fear of being left alone, and he patiently, for years, ate at the table with the dear old things who comforted without exciting. But at times he had his holidays and stayed with some dear young friends whom he loved. I am glad that, at least, he had that pleasure.

Once in a while one met him taking the air in Kensington Gardens, when he would drop his problems and be charming; and once at Whitby I found that he took keen enjoyment in the picturesque, when I, as the best guide to every nook and corner of the dear old place, was told off to show him its beauties, and an interesting companion he proved.

The *I* comes into this little notice as often as in a peacock's tail—but how very few old people are left who can say *I* saw—I knew such and such a one?



BOSWELL'S CHAPBOOKS AND OTHERS

BY RALPH BERGENGREN

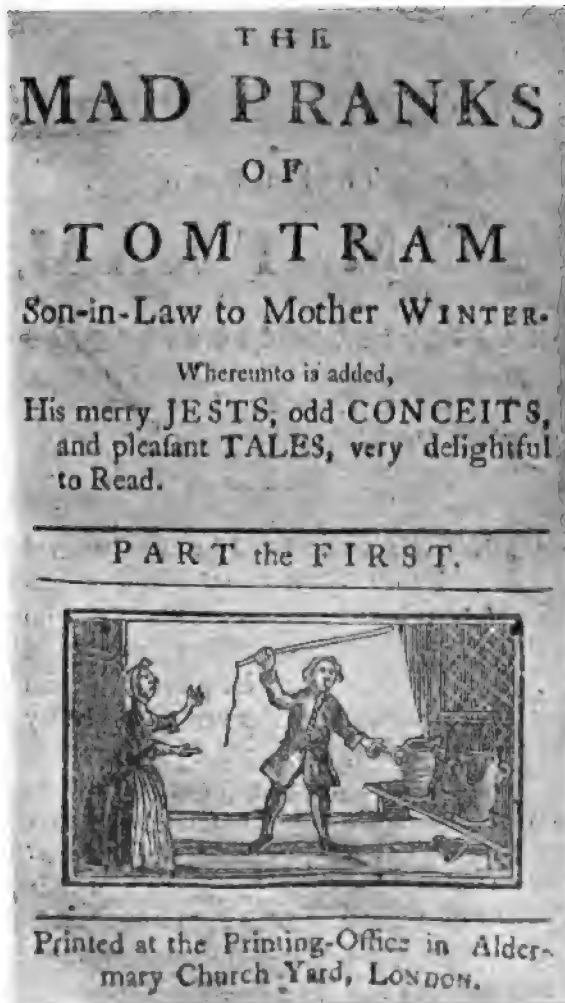
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS OF TITLE PAGES FROM THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY COLLECTION

EARLY in the seventeenth century there was born in England, in very humble circumstances, a popular literary epoch that survived well into the first quarter of the nineteenth, and has now come finally to rest in such chapbook collections as those of the British Museum and our own Harvard College Library. Without that useful person, the collector, scarcely an original specimen of this once popular literature would probably now be in existence, although in "Jack and His Giants" and in "Dick Whittington and His Cat," to say nothing of many other nursery favorites, one would still find it difficult to avoid a passing acquaintance with some of its most interesting figures. Taken as a whole, however, it was the little brother of modern popular writing in very many branches, nowadays most nearly approximated by the dime novel which delights the twentieth century messenger or elevator boy, or by the "dream books" and "fortune tellers" that still hold an appreciable number of kitchen audiences; readers of one class would doubtless still find pleasure in the adventures of "Captain Hind, the Great Robber of England," nor would those of the other long hesitate to accept the authority of "Mother Bunch" on all questions pertaining to the romantic affections.

These small audiences are all that remain of a vaster audience, the entire rank and file of the British nation, that once absorbed the chapbooks in such countless numbers that to-day the great collections of the world contain very few duplicates. A superficial examination of these collections, either at the British Museum or on the shelves of this department of the Harvard Library, would find a great

many apparent duplicates; but a closer inspection would show different imprints and reveal the fact that not only did one absurd illustration do duty for many different stories, but practically every story was printed and reprinted almost indefinitely. The sum total must therefore have been quite incalculable and it is known that the publishers amassed fortunes that compare favorably with the financial returns of modern popular publishing. Modern chapbook publishing is a different matter, the modern chapbook comparing with its original only in point of size and neither in intention, character, nor audience; the older chapbook, frankly published for the amusement of the masses, was much more worthy of respectful consideration. As for the "first cause" that called the chapbook into existence—namely a desire for cheap and amusing reading on the part of great numbers of human beings—the Sunday supplement of the daily newspaper now fulfils the same requirements, and fulfils them, with a few familiar exceptions, on a much higher level of refinement, barring the crude vulgarities of its page of humor.

Whether the American or English collection of these waifs of a past popular literature is the better—and in the case of material in which there are so few actual duplicates any collection may righteously claim the distinction of being unique—is a mooted question, but the American collection at Cambridge is unquestionably the better arranged and more readily accessible. It includes between 2,000 and 3,000 individual publications, the bulk of them found in such collections as the Gibson Craig, the two Boswell collections and the Ritson collec-



tion, and the remainder coming from various sources, many of them picked up from time to time in the gradual bringing together at Harvard of what is undoubtedly the greatest present holding of miscellaneous folk-lore. Without attempting to cover this remarkable collection as a whole, one may find in its latest, and from one point of view most important, addition an intelligently representative sample of practically the whole body of this peculiar literature taken in its simplest expression and at a time when the greater number of its authors

were modestly anonymous; in its broadest aspect the volumes, always small, were of various sizes, and reprinted even such imperishable writings as Pope's "Essay on Man" or an occasional play of Shakespeare's. This recent addition is the chapbook collection of no less a person than James Boswell, bound together in three small volumes with the descriptive title "Curious Productions," and with an autograph note by the great biographer.

"Having when a boy," wrote Boswell, "been much interested with 'Jack the Giant Killer' and such little story books, I have always retained a kind of affection for them, as they recall my early days. I went to the printing office in Bow Churchyard and bought this collection and had it bound up with the title of 'Curious Productions.' I shall certainly, some time or other, write a little story book in the style of these. It will not be an easy task for me, it will require much nature and simplicity

and a great acquaintance with the humors and traditions of the English common people. I shall be happy to succeed, for he who pleases children will be remembered with pleasure by men."

Boswell's collection, which now stands side by side with several other volumes, each containing a dozen or more English chapbooks that were long supposed to have been collected by the same hand, but are now believed to have been brought together by his son, the younger Boswell, contains some 85 chapbooks so well selected as to suggest the thought that the

collector, who probably did no more than purchase all the chapbooks that the printer had in stock at the time of his visit, might perhaps have intended to make the results of his labor representative as well as "curious." Now more than literally worth their weight in gold the volumes probably cost Johnson's friend and biographer something less than the price of having them bound together, and the entire collection was made in 1763 in the printing office in Bow Churchyard, then the principal London factory for chapbook publication.

The English chapbooks, current at the time when Boswell made his pilgrimage to Bow Churchyard, have been roughly classed as religious, diabolical, supernatural, superstitious, romantic, humorous, legendary, historical, biographical and criminal,—as already suggested, they attempted much the same task of meeting all degrees of the popular taste that now devolves upon the Sunday editor. Under these subdivisions appear an inexhaustible list of romances, dream books, jest books, riddle books, histories, tales, legends, garlands of songs and verses and miscellaneous what-not printed in small 16 or 24-page pamphlets and adorned with the crudest imaginable wood-cuts. They were distributed in the eighteenth century by the Chapman or travelling pedler, who, like Autolycus in the "Winter's Tale," carried them from village to village with his other merchandise; whose reputation was far from being admirable—and from whom later genera-

THE
FRIAR and BOY;
OR, THE
Young PIPER's
Pleasant Pastime.

CONTAINING,
His witty PRANKS, in Relation to his
Step-Mother, whom he fitted for her un-
kind Treatment.

PART the SECOND.



Printed and Sold in Aldermay Church-
Yard Bow Lane, London.

tions have derived the word chapbook. Printed on cheap paper and obviously submitted to the hardest usage that could befall a book their life was necessarily precarious; and it would have been more so except for the collectors, whose names have sometimes given the chapbooks of their own collections a further and extraneous interest. Pepys, for example, as great a biographer of himself as Boswell was of Johnson, had his own chapbook collection, and when "my wife and I did number all the books in my closet, and took a list of their names, which pleases

The Strange and Wonderful
HISTORY
 AND
PROPHECIES
 OF
Mother Shipton.



Printed and Sold in Aldermay Church-Yard, at
 Bow-Lane, London.

occasion, travelling in jovial company with the son of King Arthur, and neither of them supplied with ready pocket money—a condition that hardly suits one's preconceived notion of princely finances in the days of the Round Table. Except for the nursery—and even from the nursery there are persons so lacking in a sense of the humor of such a position that they would fain banish the Giants on the trumped-up charge of bearing false testimony—Jack's famous giants are no longer vital figures in literature, nor can we get even a mild tremor at the grim possibility that any one of them has merely

"Gone to get his brother, who Will kill and likewise torture you."

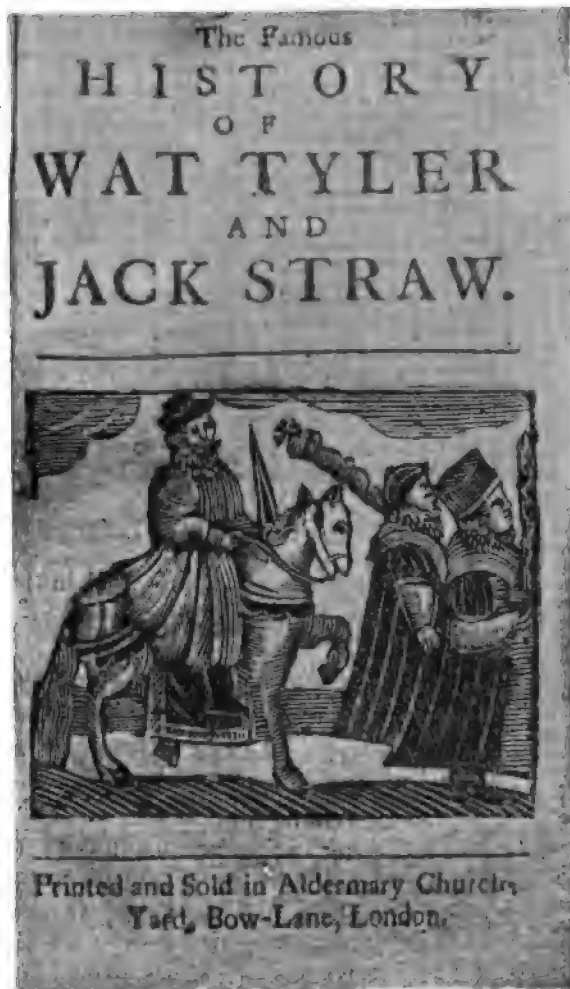
But in the giant that was, the genuine Jack's giant who "to terrify him told that men's hearts were his favorite diet, which, he said, he most commonly eat with pepper and vinegar," it is still interest-

me mightily, and is a jobb I wanted much to have done," there were probably a certain number of chapbooks included within the scope of their domestic activities. In its own degree it is something of a victory for the Harvard Library that both of the Boswell collections are now domiciled on this side of the water.

In the collection made by the elder Boswell the "History of Jack and the Giants" finds naturally the place of honor at the beginning of the first bound volume. The curious reader easily recognizes this Jack as an old acquaintance, although perhaps surprised to find him, on

ing to note a touch of realism that hardly lingers in modern nursery versions. Of the eighty-odd pamphlet volumes that follow, many of the title-pages are, after the fashion of the time, little less than spectacular digests of the attractive contents. There is "the Compendious Record of the Merry Life and mad Exploits of Captain James Hind, the Great Robber of England. Together with the close of all at Worcester, where he was drawn, hanged and quartered for High Treason against the Commonwealth, Sept. 24, 1652"; the "Mad Pranks of Tom Tram; whereto

is added His Merry Jest and Conceits and pleasant Tales, very delightful to Read"; "The Golden Cabinet or, the Compleat Fortune Teller. Wherein the meanest Capacities are taught to understand their good and Bad Fortunes, not only in the wheel of Fortune, which is calculated to the nicest Degree of any yet extant; but also by those Sublime Arts and Mysteries of Palmistry and Physiognomy whereby you may discover at first Sight the Temper, Disposition and likewise the Manner of whomsoever you desire to know"; or "The History of Dr. Faustus, Showing How He Sold Himself to the Devil to Have Power to Do What He Pleased for Twenty Four Years. Also, Showing Things Done by Him and His Servant Mephistopheles, with an Account of How the Devil Came for Him and Tore Him to Pieces." Many of the curious little volumes bring the reader face to face with characters whose names are inevitably familiar; there are the "Wise Men of Gotham," the "Babes in the Wood," "Mother Shipton and Her Prophecies." Nor can one leave this region of seductive title-pages without a passing mention of "Joaks upon Joaks, or No Joak like a true Joak"; and the "History of Mother Bunch of the West, Containing Many Rareties Out of Her Golden Closet of Curiosities," a chapbook highly valued by youth or maiden acutely or chronically seeking affection in the eighteenth century. In the volumes of the Boswell collection, indeed, the col-



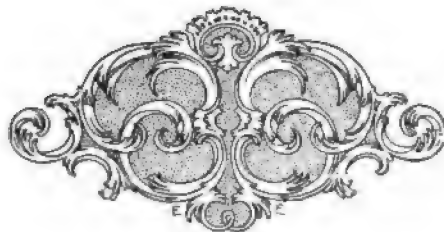
lector succeeded in bringing together a type of nearly every kind of very popular chapbook, the omission of such volumes as Boswell himself would have considered "literary" being perhaps not altogether unintentional.

These chapbooks, which reflect popular manners as well as taste, were very fully and very poorly illustrated, the illustrations growing poorer and poorer as subsequent editions wore out the wood-cuts and enriched the publisher. There seems in those days to have been little or no waste of conscience on the

part of those who produced the chapbook literature, for, although the imprint often declares that the cuts are exclusive, the same pictures were used over and over to illustrate different stories, histories, jest books or garlands. So far did this go that even devils and angels were interchangeable; nor would the "honest publisher" have hesitated to make the noble Guy of Warwick do duty as Captain Hind, or that notable highwayman do duty as the noble Guy of Warwick. There was apparently no surplus of honor even among publishers, for the successful editions of a new chapbook were pirated as fast as presses working under the figurative skull and cross-bones could print them; Boswell's volumes, coming fresh from the Bow Churchyard printing office, are, therefore, exceptionally good examples.

Despite the passing of this chapbook epoch, which lingered well into the nine-

teenth century—lingered, indeed, until it was quite purged of the coarseness inherent in the humor of the period that gave it birth and vanished finally in fairy lore and children's stories—it would be possible still to trace in the popular writing of the present century the same element of human nature that made the chapbook popular. There still remains the love of things heroic and marvellous, the delight in matters odd, supernatural or exciting curiosity, the morbid interest in the lives and doings of the criminal classes; all, of course, more or less altered to fit a different human environment. This human environment has far outgrown the chapbook; but although nothing could nowadays be more intrinsically valueless than a single specimen, the great collections, with their many thousand quaint examples, are an invaluable mirror of the age that produced them.



GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON

BY ROBERT BRIDGES

THERE was something very attractive, romantic, and courtly about the personality of General John B. Gordon, who died on his plantation at Biscayne Bay, Florida, on Saturday, January 9th. These qualities led him to be known all over the South as "the knightly Gordon." The admiration and affection that the Southern people gave him would naturally flow from the brilliant career of Gordon, the soldier of the Confederacy, and Lee's right arm in the last year of the great Civil War. They attested it by electing him Governor of Georgia and United States Senator for several terms, and the veterans themselves confirmed it by making him for many years the commander-in-chief of the Confederate Veteran's Association. But the affection which he inspired was not sectional. For years he has lectured all over the North, East and West, describing "The Last Days of the Confederacy." The slim, tall, erect figure of the old soldier, his face pierced but not disfigured by a bullet wound, the fiery eloquence of a natural orator, and the genial humor of the keen observer of men and a lover of all kinds of humanity, combined to make him a striking figure on the platform and to win his audiences everywhere he went. His friendship for General Grant, and his appearance as a pall-bearer at his funeral gained for General Gordon the sturdiest appreciation in the North of his patriotism for the reunited country.

His attractive personality appeared in every page of his recently published book, "Reminiscences of the Civil War," which he happily lived to complete and to enjoy the successful appreciation which came to it from many critics, as well as the letters from friends and admirers who found in it the charm of the

man. A few weeks ago he was in the North delivering lectures throughout New York State. Then he was full of new plans and new stories. He once said that he planted new orchards on his plantation with the same satisfaction now as though he expected to live to enjoy the fruit of them, and he added that he did not find any diminution in the ardor with which the world appealed to his feelings and ambitions. "We are a long-lived race," he said, and he hoped to have many years yet in which to enjoy the friendship of the hundreds who gave him their admiration.

A few months ago, walking along Fifth Avenue, he was stopped by three negroes, who greeted him with joy as one of their own "white folks" from the homeland. The General's manner toward them was as courtly and kindly as it would have been to one of his most distinguished friends. He remarked when he left them that he believed he could be elected to any office in the United States if the negroes of the country had the controlling vote.

There had been a Gordon in every war in this country for more than one hundred years. When the Spanish War broke out, President McKinley wanted to give a commission to General Gordon. He said that he had a Lee and a Grant, and he wanted a Gordon. The General felt that at his age it would be unwise to accept, but at the President's request, he named a kinsman whom President McKinley straightway appointed. General Gordon also sent two sons to the Spanish War.

Every fibre of his mind was patriotic, and he used to tell stories of Revolutionary days, handed down to him direct by his grandmother who, as a little child, remembered the British Tarleton and

the raids of his famous Legion in the Revolution. All bitterness in him toward the North vanished when the war was over, if, indeed, there ever had been any bitterness in his nature. In public life at Washington he counted among his warmest friends many Republicans of distinction, and he never tired of expressing his admiration for Senator Hoar, who won his affection by the stand which he took in favor of the bill for the relief of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, in a technical question of the copyright on her husband's memoirs. Recently he spoke of Senator Hoar as the best-equipped man in the Senate of the United States. When he died,

among the hundreds of tributes and messages of sympathy, was one of deep respect and appreciation from President Roosevelt. At his funeral, in Atlanta, with the thousands of Confederate Veterans who followed him to the grave, there was a regiment of United States Regulars. There were memorial exercises in the State Capitol; eulogies were pronounced by governors, generals and statesmen of the South. In many Southern states honor was paid to the great General. Away off in Bell County, Kentucky, at the hour of the funeral, every Confederate Veteran ceased work and bowed his head in memory of his lost leader.

THE AIM

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

From "The Book of the Rose," by permission of Messrs. L. C. Page & Co.

O THOU who lovest not alone
The swift success, the instant goal,
But hast a lenient eye to mark
The failures of the inconstant soul,

Consider not my little worth,—
The mean achievement, scamped in act,
The high resolve and low result,
The dream that durst not face the fact.

But count the reach of my desire.
Let this be something in thy sight:—
I have not, in the slothful dark,
Forgot the Vision and the Height.

Neither my body nor my soul
To earth's low ease will yield consent.
I praise Thee for my will to strive.
I bless Thy goad of discontent.

HENRY JAMES AND HIS COUNTRYMEN

BY HERBERT CROLY

MR. HENRY JAMES, so it is stated on excellent authority, is on the point of returning to the United States for a number of months, in order to renew his impressions of this country; and to anyone who is familiar in a general way with the course of Mr. James's work and the length of his expatriation, the announcement is one of altogether extraordinary interest. It provokes the question, indeed, whether during all the years of his absence, his native country has grown away from Mr. James or towards him. Would it or would it not fulfill any more completely at the present time the demands which he made upon it in the seventies, and which apparently at that time it failed to satisfy? What, on the other hand, has been the effect of his expatriation upon Mr. James himself? What has he gained thereby? And what has he lost? These questions cannot be answered without some discussion of the motive which induced one of the foremost American novelists and the first American stylist of his generation to persist in living abroad, and of the relation which he and his work occupy to the new American life, letters and literary ideals.

Here is an American man of letters, who started abroad when he was a very young fellow, and, like many of his literate countrymen before and since, straightway succumbed to the fascination of Europe. In most of the other "cases," the pilgrimage cast a spell, the effect of which persisted in one way or another throughout the rest of their lives. In the case of Henry James it did more; it wrought a revolution; it transformed or reformed his whole intellectual and spiritual outlook. Deeply rooted in his disposition, there was an instinct, of which it is sufficient to say at

present, that it demanded for its satisfaction the utmost refinement and completeness of form. That instinct was starved in America. Europe aroused it into happy and vigorous activity, the sense of which overflowed immediately in his work. He began to write stories about passionate pilgrims. His earlier books are peopled with young Americans who are famished by the artistic and intellectual dearth and disorder of their native land, and who do not reach their full growth until they have fed upon the ripe fruit of European art and history. All this was, of course, the reflex of his own experience, the benefit of which he did not and could not forego. It determined the form, the purpose and the circumstances of his subsequent life and work.

Other American men of letters returned home after their European pilgrimage and took up their pre-established tasks. Europe became to them a sentimental association, a pensive memory, the subject-matter for essays and histories, and even, as in the case of Cooper, the standard whereby they in some measure estimated and criticized American society. A robust and austere mind like that of Emerson was strengthened by the experience, without being perturbed by the contrast; to the weak and impressionable spirit of N. P. Willis the memory of his pilgrimage and the sense of his loss was merely enervating; James Russell Lowell had a way that was all his own of keeping his feet planted on both sides of the water. It was the strength and the weakness of Henry James, however, that in his case both the experience and the dilemma which issued from it, were more critical. He could not be content with writing about his pilgrimages merely as travel-

ers' gossip, or of translating it into art criticism or history; neither could he unconcernedly resume his profession as novelist in this country, but with his subject-matter and standards partly derived from Europe. As a novelist, he must deal with the vision and values of life as they appeared to him; and according to his moral outlook European life was life itself raised to a higher power, because more richly charged, more significantly composed and more completely informed. He could not renounce this vision without intellectual mutilation; yet he could not give it free and sufficient expression in his native country.

The dilemma was one of the most momentous which can occur in the life of an artist; and it is no wonder that Mr. James hesitated for some time before making a final choice. During the ten years following his trip to Europe in 1872, he spent part of his time on one side of the water and part upon the other, and the people in his stories followed in his footsteps. It was the period chiefly of his studies in comparative national psychology and manners. He not only shifted extremely American Americans, such as Christopher Newman, to Europe, so as to see how they might look and behave in Paris; but he also tested the behavior of some Europeanized Americans, when returned to the self-conscious simplicities of native American society. While most of his stories were concerned with these international comparisons, he did attempt some elaborate searching of undiluted American life; but such books as "Washington Square" and "The Bostonians" do not rank among his successes. If one may judge from the result, Mr. James, during these years, was convincing himself by conscientious experimentation that his method and point of view demanded European surroundings and chiefly a European material. At any rate, he finally took up his permanent

residence abroad, and for twenty-two years he has not returned to his native country. He decided that in his own case the penalties of expatriation were less to be feared than the divided allegiance inseparable from a residence in the United States.

Whatever we may think of the choice, it obviously was not made without a clear consciousness that he was running a risk and incurring a penalty. Intellectual work of any kind derives much of its momentum and effect from the extent to which it embodies and fulfills a national purpose and tradition; and the artist, whether literary or plastic, who forsakes his country is necessarily thrown back to a much greater extent upon his personal resources. The loss of this national impulse does not make so much difference to a painter or a sculptor, because the United States, at any rate of a generation ago, was without any local tradition proper to the arts of design, but even James, Whistler and William Story, while they can hardly be imagined in any surroundings but those of their own selection, did not make the selection with impunity. As Henry James says in his "Life of William Wetmore Story," "He (William Story), therefore, never failed of any plenitude in feeling—in the fullness of time and on due occasion—that a man always pays, in one way or another for expatriation, for detachment from his plain primary heritage, and that this tax is levied in an amusing diversity of ways." In his second volume (page 222) Mr. James takes up the parable on his own account and explains what manner of payment Story managed to make. "This moral seems to be," he says, "that somehow in the long run, Story *paid*—paid for having sought his development even among the circumstances that at the time of his choice appeared not alone the only propitious, but the only possible." He classes Story among "those exist-

ences, numerous enough, that in alien air, far from their native soil, have found themselves the prey of more beguilement"; so that he figures Story's career as "a sort of beautiful sacrifice to a noble mistake."

So far as I know, Mr. James has not told us how he himself has paid for his detachment from his "plain primary heritage"; but manifestly the payment exacted from a man of letters must both be different from and in its way heavier than that exacted from a sculptor. He himself suggests that Story might have been more of a poet in Cambridge than he was a sculptor in Rome, which could scarcely be true unless the "plain primary heritage" of an American man of letters contained what the heritage of an American sculptor did not contain—a local tradition, proper to literary art, of some power and consequence. It follows that an American man of letters in forsaking his own country, both sacrifices something of greater value to his work, and under ordinary circumstances, acquires something of decidedly smaller value, in suchwise that while a great many artists have felt impelled to live permanently abroad, very few men of letters have submitted to a similar compulsion. Mr. James's "case," however, was, it must be admitted, in every way exceptional; and its peculiarity consisted in the fact that his work was more closely allied in method and purpose with the structural and plastic arts than it was with previous or subsequent American literature. He could afford to forego the impulse of the national habit and tradition, because his method and purpose were peculiar to himself, and derived their power from an intense and exclusive personal faith. As an American man of letters, permanently resident abroad, he was very conscious of his situation and very resolute to justify his choice. Whatever penalty he had to pay, the very last mistake he was

like to make was that of Story—that of permitting himself to be diverted by his surroundings. No one knew better than he that he was thrown back on his individual—as compared to the national intellectual outlook, that he must "live with his conception"; and the way in which he has paid his penalty issues as directly from this personal concentration as Story's did from his easier beguilement.

In any attempt to estimate the rewards and penalties of Mr. James's expatriation, the fact must be constantly kept in mind that it was in London he took up his residence. His earlier stories were as much, if not more, concerned with France and Italy as with England. Christopher Newman, like all good Americans in the seventies, went to Paris to live. Roderick Hudson, at the bidding of the prevalent preference for inspiration to technique, followed one of the roads that led to Rome. Daisy Miller had the Forum and St. Peter's as the scenery for her colloquial exploits. In the beginning, Mr. James himself seems to have passed as much time on the Continent as in England. Finally, however, the neighborhood of London became definitely his home; and the study of English society, with an occasional American interpolated by way of relief or contrast, more persistently his task. Even when the scene shifts to the Continent, as it frequently does, English people, however modified by the scenery, remain his subject-matter; and though in his last novel, "The Ambassadors," he returns to his earlier study of the effect which Paris and a Parisian woman may have upon susceptible Americans, the liveliness of the effect is partly due to its novelty.

The expatriated American of the present day, even when he lives on the Continent, takes on English characteristics; and the fact that Mr. James lives in England and writes chiefly about its

inhabitants, helps both to qualify and define his expatriation. He is, after all, no more than half divided from his native country. He is writing of a people whose language we use in our own way, whose literary traditions we have in some measure inherited, and of whom he may write and we may read without any violent intellectual transposition. Of course, these very facts have in some cases only helped to Anglicize an American resident of London much more thoroughly than he could possibly have been Italianized in Rome; but no such disaster, at least so far as his work is concerned, has befallen Mr. James. He has taken what England had to give him. He has found the maturity of English life, its treasures of fully formed types, of fixed traditions and of domestic scenery, the incomparable social spectacle that it offers—he has found this all very much to his purpose. Yet this purpose is as alien to English as it is to American literature. It is nothing but his own purpose, his own conception; and Mr. James, in writing of Story, classes London with Boston or New York, as a city in which an artist must "live with his conception." So, while it cannot be said that he has remained much of an American in London, at least he has not become, artistically speaking, much of an Englishman, and we may at least surmise that he has been more of an American in London than he would have been in New York.

The great fact about Mr. James is that wherever he lives, he is, above all, deliberately and decisively the individual artist. In England the American literary artist was allowed free personal expression, whereas in this country he was not. English life he could approach more sympathetically from his point of view, and he could handle it more saliently with his equipment and methods. The artist, as Mr. James sees him, is the man who seeks fullness of in-

sight and perfection of form at any cost. Art is second only to religion in the sacrifices which it demands from its followers. What all artists need and what American artists can obtain only by some violence of behavior, is moral and mental detachment—the freedom from practical obligations which will compromise his work, the freedom from intellectual and social ties which will obscure his vision. In the "Lesson of the Master," for instance, Mr. James makes it out that the artist, in this case a novelist, should not marry, because after marriage his work, if he be conscientious and successful, will be subject to a jointure in his wife's interest; it becomes tied to a fixed income and the whole social establishment. So far as I know, he nowhere advises the artist to deny himself a country as well as a wife, but patriotism, either enthusiastic or official, obviously has its dangers for a man to whom intellectual integrity is of the first importance. In a remarkable passage in the second volume of Story's life (pages 53 and following) he complains of Mrs. Browning that her "beautiful mind and high gift were discredited by their engrossment" with the Italian cause, not, of course, because her Italian patriotism was passionate, but because her passion destroyed that "saving and sacred sense of proportion," which we demand from great genius. The patriotic American, particularly the patriotic American artist, whether genius or not, is not much troubled by any saving sense of proportion, for there seems to be something about American patriotism which levies a heavy tax in the way of intellectual and moral credulity. The momentum of our practical life certainly tends to convert the novelist who attempts to formulate its issues, into something of a stump-speaker; and one can easily understand that an artist who places such a high value upon a large and disinterested intellectual outlook may find it desirable

to exalt his art at the expense of his patriotism.

American life is in the making. Its social forms are confused and indefinite; its social types either local or evasive, or impermanent. Its ideal of a democratic society in a democratic state is constantly present as an ideal, but mostly absent as a reality, offering a problem to be worked out rather than an achievement to be generalized and portrayed. Its intellectual interests are for the present subordinated to its moral, practical and business interests. The atmosphere of its life is charged with activity and endeavor rather than with observation and reflection. The novelist who attempts to represent this life finds himself in a difficult situation. It is hard to reach or to maintain any sufficient intellectual concentration or detachment. He is himself generally caught up and whirled along by these powerful illusions, which strenuous Americans are trying to convert into realities. He becomes either a patriotic orator, masked as a novelist, or he confines himself to the description of the social eddies which the flood of American life occasionally casts off to one side. In such a society the permanent aspects which a novelist may fix, tend to be, as the work of Mr. Howells shows, somewhat unimportant; and if the better American novelists are particularly deficient in the power of coherent, salient and edifying thought, if they seem unable to compose large, powerful and vivid social pictures, the difficulty lies both with the material itself, and with the effect of their surroundings in diluting the blood of their intellectual purpose.

In abandoning his own country, Mr. James seems to have been driven by the logic of his choice to fasten his attention more exclusively than ever upon those social traits in which his countrymen, when at home, are most completely lacking. He instinctively, he con-

sciously, preferred the study of definite and mature social types. Although coming from the country of little leisure, Mr. James almost always portrays leisured people, or people in their leisured moments—men and women who have for one cause or another abandoned the day's work. They may not be rich; but if so they have either consented to their poverty, or are seeking wealth, as did Kate Croy, by devious and daring social diplomacy. They are not interested in trade, in politics, nor as a rule in ideas; but they are "wonderfully" interested in each other; and the only active working people who are admitted to this set of economic parasites are the artists—the people whose active work illuminates the play of social contrast, diplomacy and adventure. Mr. James likes to arrange people of this kind in effective and significant combinations, heightened by an effective and significant background. It is a subtle, exciting and finished social situation, which he isolates, analyzes, interprets and composes, with his eyes fastened exclusively upon the psychological æsthetics of the people and the social æsthetics of their attitudes towards one another.

London is obviously much more in the shadow of this kind of social foliage than is New York or Boston. It contains a very large number of people, in good "society" and out, who would rather pursue interesting inquiries in human nature, or assume and watch interesting social attitudes than play the strenuous part. That there should be so many of these people in good "society," is in itself perhaps a sign of deterioration. This society has abandoned the solid distinction of aspect and behavior which it possessed in 1850, and Mr. James regretfully notes and even chronicles its loss of form; but the very contrast between its high memories and survivals and its present pursuit of the socially curious and remunerative person pro-

vides him with many an amusing situation. From his point of view, also, the value of these situations is enormously enhanced by the background of domestic scenery, partly historic and partly personal, which he can arrange around them. No writer of historical or romantic stories has been more careful to give his fables an appropriate historic or emotional setting than has Henry James to place his characters in houses and rooms which illuminate and intensify their personalities. He has given, indeed, a new value in the art of novel-writing to domestic properties and scenery—to such an extent that a woman like Madame de Vionnet is as absolutely identified with her house, and is as inconceivable apart from it as Meg Merrilies would be apart from Scottish moorland. Undoubtedly one of Mr. James's strongest reasons for preferring England to his own country is that, abroad, these finer proprieties of domestic life have had time to become authentic and definite. They are the creation of social position, of personal leisure, of historic accumulation, and in our own country the historic accumulation is meagre, social position vague and doubtful, and personal leisure almost a minus quantity.

We are now, perhaps, better prepared to understand how wide the gulf is which divides Mr. James from the life and literature of his contemporary fellow-countrymen. While he has renounced any attempt to deal with action, achievement, it is just such action and achievement by which they are fascinated and engrossed. The social and psychological spectacle which Mr. James presents, makes little of the common general appeal of the great traditional plot; and it is a literary rendering, adapted to American life, of the great traditional plot which Americans demand and which dominates our contemporary novel. Whatever else this

novel possesses, it must possess energy, excitement, momentum and purpose. Even the ordinary historical novel, which has, of course, always tried to be exciting, is often becoming infused with a patriotic purpose, which gives something more than a personal and romantic significance to its issues. As to the novel of contemporary life, while it is still circumscribed to a large extent by localities, and the romantic convention of a pair of lovers, it is making an ambitious attempt to be both dramatic and important—to give a thrilling version of some of the salient activities of American industry, politics and society. In short, it is character which fulfills itself in vigorous performance, which is swept along, almost always to success, by the living conspicuous national forces that the younger writers are trying to represent; and this material, as well as the literary methods whereby it is handled, and the artistic point of view wherefrom it is approached, is as different as possible from the material, the methods and the point of view of Mr. James.

One cannot keep sympathizing strongly with the strenuous innocence of the contemporary American novel and literary purpose. As yet, it has not been dignified by the appearance of any man who can write well or think deep. Its work is impressive only in the mass, and for what it promises. Earnest as it is, it is lacking in artistic and intellectual integrity; it is the issue of a curious moral and mental superficiality which is the result partly of inexperience, partly of want of imagination, partly of a naïve faith in good intentions. It tries harder to be contemporary, representative, popular and vital than it does to be well-fashioned, well-observed or well-considered. In short, the younger American novelist, like the American politician, has his ear to the ground and fails to be representative and formative in a large way, because he tries so hard

to be immediately influential and "efficient." Yet, in spite of the superficiality of this work, its lack of manners, of reserve, of weight and of dignity, it is the product of a genuine impulse; it is the line with the great story-telling tradition. The desire to give a vigorous and thrilling version of American life, to portray its typical actions, its momentous achievements, contains at least the chance of a great national literature and drama. The penalty which Mr. James pays for his expatriation, for his exclusive and consistent loyalty to his personal faith and vision, is just the penalty of being wholly separated from this main stream of American literary fulfillment. He will appeal profoundly only to an intellectual interest as restricted and as special as the point of view which has characterized his work, and I mean by this something more than the familiar comment that he is not and will not be a popular novelist. Not only will his public be small, but it does not and will not include—not to any effective extent—his American fellow-craftsmen—the men who will carry on the work, and, perhaps, have their share in the consummation.

It should be added, however, that if the consummation is reached, it will be reached only by the acquisition on the part of his literary fellow-countrymen of an artistic and intellectual integrity analogous to that of Henry James. What they need above all is some infusion of his incorruptible artistic purpose, of his devotion to good workmanship, of his freedom from stupefying moral and social illusions, of his ability, limited by his outlook though it be, really to simplify his material and really to construct his effect. Their need of an infusion of this kind can scarcely be exaggerated. Without it their work will remain at best a kind of literary journalism and will be as certainly ephemeral, as are all slovenly and superficial works of art. Much as his literate

fellow-countrymen need Mr. James, however, it is the misfortune of his position that they do not and cannot derive this artistic leaven directly from his books. In individual cases, of course, the ferment has been transmitted, but on the whole they cannot obtain any conspicuous benefit from him without a dangerous imaginative transposition. They cannot submit to his influence without risking what is best in their own point of view. He who is in some ways so great and admirable a master will be shunned or ignored as a teacher and model by his American fellow-craftsmen; and if they acquire any of his merits, it must necessarily be from a source which has some of Henry James's intellectual incorruptibility and disinterestedness, but which also has the quality of being momentous, contagious and popular.

To possess much of the style and intellectual vision which one's countrymen need, and yet to be so divided from them that you cannot help them in their poverty, seems to me a high price to pay for the advantages of Mr. James's expatriation. Yet I am not bold enough to say that the price is too high. An achievement so extraordinary and so individual as that of Henry James is absolutely its own justification, and American critics should recognize this plain condition by considering it chiefly upon its own merits, rather than upon its defects or effects.

These merits will in any case exact their due recognition in American literary history; and, provided American criticism plays its proper part, they may even have their due influence on American literature. An influence which cannot be exercised directly may be exercised indirectly—provided the men, who should understand the height of the achievement on the one hand and the greatness of the need on the other, have the sense to read the lesson and the voice to proclaim it.



A NEW PORTRAIT OF MR. BARRIE
From a photograph by Beresford, London

THE RAMBLER

THE absence from this number of President Finley's customary talk about books is due to circumstances which neither he nor the editor could change. He will resume "Letters and Life" in the March number with a review of Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone."



The last published novel of Henry Seton Merriman, "Barlash of the Guards," enjoys the repute of being the very best, or among the very best, of his earnest and busy career. The character of the old guardsman of Napoleon is one that will live certainly as long as any he has created, and the story unquestionably is among the most incisive and impressive of the great school of fiction in which he ranked among the very first. Few who read it will hereafter be able to think of the retreat from Moscow or, indeed, of the Europe of that period, without reference to the intensely realistic pictures which Merriman has painted of the time. Few authors of his distinction so successfully avoided personal publicity; few, in fact, in this country, even of his readers, knew that Henry Seton Merriman was only the pen name of Hugh Stowell Scott.



The strenuousness of the literary life in Chicago has never been so divertingly or so convincingly pictured as in a recent letter to the New York *Evening Post* by one of Chicago's own devoted brotherhood of writers, Elia W. Peattie. She confesses in the start to discouragement over the situation in that great center. All Chicago's writers have lost their first wind, and she is not sure they will get their second. They started out to picture the West, and some of them did it tremendously well. "What subject was so picturesque, so exciting, so

provocative? There was a splendid swagger in the subject which we all felt. Even when we wrote ungrammatically we wrote well. We were ignorant, but no one minded it—we least of all. It went with the subject and actually added to the virility of the work. We came nearer furnishing folk-lore than any of the other American writers ever did. For at the beginning of things in the East there were, of course, only the fine echoes of English voices. The good first books made there were English books written on American soil, notwithstanding the fact that the subjects were often American.

"But while we were trumpeting in strident chorus, what happened? Our West vanished before our eyes. The plains became villages; the wastes were peopled; the old-time hero lost his heroism; we became commercial and amazingly cosmopolitan. Our energy found new channels. Our picturesque savagery had vanished. We ceased to be even barbarians. We became merely *bourgeoisie*.

"That is why some of our best young writers, such as Margaret Potter Black and Oillie Liljencrantz, have gone to mediæval France and Viking days for their subjects. They have given up the West in general and Chicago in particular, in despair."

Others keep it bravely up, but something, some "essential passion and emphasis, some splendor or brutality" is lacking, so they do not quite represent Chicago's greed and frenzy for work and lust of life. Frank Norris might have done it, but he died. Henry Fuller, "who has the talent for anything," lacks the stomach for it. The robustness of the town offends him. Edith Wyatt and George Ade and Peter Dunne laugh over it.

"I've a notion that laughter is the



AUGUSTE RODIN AND HIS STATUE "LE PENSEUR"

A photograph just taken in his studio Mendon on the completion of the great statue for the French Art Section of the St. Louis Exposition.

thing that is going to win out. It usually does in America. The American who is willing to be at once 'the jester and the jest' is the one who strikes the note to which the common people respond. There's little use in writing for the dreamers, because there are so few of them. The wisest are trying to get at the heart of things—out here, I mean, where we are still chaotically American—and the heart of things is a jest! No book published in Chicago this year has so delighted the public as 'The Strange Adventures of Mr. Middleton,' by W. A. Curtis, and I met the other day another young writer, Mr. Rex Beach, associated at present with Mr. McClure's large staff of fiction makers, who also takes his world as it is and finds it endlessly diverting. Mr. Beach is in the fire-brick business, and likes it. He has lived in Alaska, a thousand miles from Dawson City, in the white wilderness, with a good bunch of huskies between him and death, and he likes that. He is the kind of a man who is going to dish up the stew extraordinary called Chicago. He likes the struggle, the intensity, the very terror of life, and finds it worth writing about. It's the new generation of writing folk out here who are going to justify Mr. Howells's prediction.

"Well, good luck go with them! If we older ones never do get our second wind, at least we have enough left to cheer them on.

"I understand that in the East the writers may or may not know each other—they may or may not like each other. It is different here. A profound interest is felt in each other among the members of the writing fraternity. I make no boast, and do not overstate the case when I say that the writers here care, as a whole, far more for the literary reputation of the West than they do for their own celebrity. They encourage each other. (I know, however, of very little

'log-rolling.') They have an enthusiasm for their body as a whole, and more than one of them, having good offers from the East, has refused to go, feeling that his reputation is bound up with that of Western writers, and wishing to keep it so to the end.

"We are so young, so new, so crude, so chagrined by the contrast of our work with the work of London, Paris, and Berlin—that being done by our contemporaries—so conscious of being even less than the men of New York and Boston, that we stand together. It is not to help each other so much as to help the work. We are planting our seeds, watering them, praying for sun and blossom-opening wind. That is the truth, though some of us would be too shy to admit it. Organization is the thing that has made Chicago what it is. It has, from the first, had a genius for organization. The writers have no formal society, but they move together after all, and it would be a proud day that would see a really great book come out of Chicago.

"But one has never yet come."



It is quite impossible for one who knows Mr. James L. Ford to read his recent social satire, "The Brazen Calf," with any kind or degree of impartiality. Rarely are book or author more wholly one. Every paragraph suggests a gesture or a tone of voice. The author laughs or scoffs or thunders at you out of every page. Every venom-laden shaft enters at the ear rather than the eye. Every delightful intemperance of print has, quite mysteriously, its corresponding intemperance of inflection and gesture. It is, in fact, not a book at all; it is Ford. Therefore, it is impossible to criticize the book, which also has become a law unto itself. For instance, it seems perfectly natural to read of a newspaper potentate creating and despotically ruling an em-



AN INTERESTING PORTRAIT OF EDITH WHARTON

pire of pure imagination called "The Four Hundred," and we accept a hundred other extravagances in precisely the same smiling spirit. Nevertheless there is a great truth at the bottom of "The Brazen Calf," and the book has the uncommon ability of making the thoughtless think.



"The learned men of the sixteenth century," says Grant Allen in his preface to the new edition of Gilbert White's "The Natural History of Selborne," "were individually wasted for the sake

of humanity that came after them. They spent their lives in useless wrangling over petty points of Ciceronian Latin and Periclean Greek; they accumulated stores of minute learning for which they could suggest no possible employment. But the materials they collected proved useful in time for the evolution of that higher type of scholarship which came out in Gibbon and the French Encyclopædists, and which has revolutionized the conceptions of ancient literature and ancient history in our own day. These men were like brickmakers who blindly fashion bricks which some

great architect may afterwards pile up with broad design into some noble fabric. Even so, I feel, the men of science of the eighteenth century were individually wasted for the sake of the future of their subjects. They collected great masses of unrelated facts, which seem tediously monotonous, and destitute of wide informing principles to a modern reader. They wrangled over the identity or distinctness of species. They framed with care endless artificial systems of classification. They noted petty points of structure, apart from function. And for the most part, they did it all without a glimmer of generalization, one passing glimpse of an idea or a theory. We would think their work impossible did we not know it to be true, and did we not see the same type of mind represented now in the restricted local botanist and ornithologist of to-day—the man who revels in the splitting of critical species, who discovers some new spot on a butterfly's wing, and who makes it his highest glory to have given his own name to this or that insignificant variety of the common stitchwort or the ordinary earwig. * * *

"In our own day, the desire to 'advance science' has been made on the whole a foolish fetish. Almost all scientific education has aimed at this end; it has striven to produce, not whole and many-sided men and women, but inventors, discoverers, producers of new chemical compounds, investigators of new and petty peculiarities in the economy of the green fly that affects roses. All that is very excellent in its way; but it is not the sole, or even (let me be frank) the main object of a scientific education. What the world needs is not so much advancers of science as a vast mass of well-instructed citizens, who can judge of all subjects alike in their proper place, and can assign to each its due relative importance. I know few things more instructive in its way than

to turn from the 'Natural History' to the 'Antiquities of Selborne,' and see how far White differed in the width and universality of his broader interests from the narrow and specialized man of science of to-day. The truth is, the vast majority of men can never do anything to 'advance science' in any noteworthy degree; and the desire to 'fake up' a petty name by pretending to advance it lies at the root of much of our current pedantry. But everybody can love and observe nature. Everybody can take lessons from White in such love and observation."



This description of "Ulick" in George Moore's "Evelyn Innes" is also a description of William Butler Yeats:

"He had one of those long . . . faces, all in a straight line, with flat, slightly hollow cheeks, and a long chin. It was clean-shaven, and a heavy mop of black hair was always falling over his eyes. It was his eyes that gave a sombre ecstatic character to his face. They were large, dark, deeply set, singularly shaped and they seemed to smoulder like fires in caves, leaping and sinking out of darkness. He was a tall, thin young man and he wore a black jacket and a long blue necktie, tied with ends hanging loose over his coat. . . . At that moment she remarked that Ulick's teeth were almost the most beautiful she had ever seen, and that they shone like snow in his dark face."

The parallel was so striking that Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman asked Mr. Yeats about it, and he thus reports the answer in the *Philadelphia Press*:

"Mr. Yeats laughed easily, boyishly. His laughter is charming and he by no means looks his 38 years.

" 'Well, yes,' he admitted, 'exteriorly—materially—I am the original of Moore's "Ulick." I don't mind; only he kept a note-book by him and put down



WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS AS SEEN BY PAMELA COLMAN SMITH



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WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS AS SEEN BY THE CAMERA

all the banal things I said, and invented all sorts of other commonplaces to put into my mouth. A man's morals are from God, but his opinions he is personally responsible for, and, so, though I don't mind "Ulick's" doing things I never did, it's not always pleasant to have my portrait saying things I never even thought of."

thing beautiful to be expressed. 'The less a writer's style takes thought of itself,' says Mr. Burroughs, 'the better we like it.' But if the style be part of the man, temperamental and organic, it is his business to cultivate it as assiduously as may be—else he falls amongst those who neglect their talent. When Sainte-Beuve said that the peasant, the



AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH OF EZRA CORNELL

From the collection of Robert Coster

"Literary value," says the *Academy and Literature*, reviewing John Burroughs's latest book, "is capricious and uncertain; it may be diligently and earnestly sought after by one man, and he shall never attain to it in all his days, while to some simple soul it may come as naturally as the sense of taste or of speech. A great writer may have infinite value without style, but we can recall no case of a writer having style whose work was valueless. Beauty of expression implies that there is some-

simple uncultivated man, always had style, he made one of those alluring, half-true statements which die so hard. The peasant may occasionally state a fact with startling directness or with unconscious beauty, but that is not to say that he has style; it indicates, usually, that he lives in a narrow and objective world, in which certain things have forced themselves upon a fallow mind. Style in literature is conscious of itself.

"We seem to have reached a time when there is a kind of critical reaction



A CHARACTERISTIC PICTURE OF THE LATE THEODOR MOMMSEN, FROM A RECENT SNAPSHOT,
SHOWING HIM IN COMPANY WITH GASTON BOISSIER

against style. That reaction, we hold, has arisen from a great deal of loose talk and flaccid generalization. It is a writer's business, clearly, to write as well as he can; if he has an artistic perception of the beauty and value of words he will have style, if he is without that perception he will be without style. But that is not at all to say that his work will be valueless; it will only have less beauty. Mr. Burroughs would have us believe that the style of the born poet or artist takes as little thought of itself as the lilies, 'it is the spontaneous expression of the same indwelling grace and necessity.' Should a painter, then, not cultivate his hand, a singer his voice? The instruments through whose medium ideas are given expression should be treated with reverence and diligently kept in order. It is no honor to a soldier to fight with a rusty sword."

No more alluring preface to a set of Turgénieff could by any means have been chosen than the essay by Henry James, used as an introduction to the beautiful and elaborate edition of these celebrated novels and stories which the Scribners have just published. In no other of his portraits has Mr. James so built up before our actual eyes the actual, physical man. We not only know the mind of Turgénieff after reading these limpid pages, we not only appreciate his literary quality and recognize his living genius, but we find ourselves personally acquainted with the man himself. We have felt the influence of his great, pervasive personality, we have come wholly under the charm of his loquacious enthusiasm, his friendly manner, his immense humanity. Hereafter Turgénieff is no longer a mere genius, the greatest of Russia's men of

letters; he is a man and a friend. "He was a beautiful intellect, of course," says Mr. James, "but above all he was a delightful, mild, masculine figure. The combination of his deep, soft, lovable spirit, in which are felt all the tender parts of genius, with his immense, fair, Russian physique, was one of the most attractive things conceivable. He had a frame which would have made it perfectly lawful, and even becoming, for him to be brutal; but there was not a grain of brutality in his composition. He had always been a passionate sportsman; to wander in the woods or the steppes, with his dog and gun, was the pleasure of his heart. Late in life he continued to shoot, and he had a friend in Cambridgeport for the sake of whose partridges, which were famous, he used sometimes to cross the channel. It would have been impossible to imagine a better representation of a nimrod of the North. He was exceedingly tall and broad, and robust in proportion. His head was one of the finest, and though the line of his features was irregular there was a great deal of beauty in his face. It was eminently of the Russian type—almost everything in it was wide. His expression had a singular sweetness, with a touch of glad languor, and his eye, the kindest of eyes, was deep and melancholy. His hair, abundant and straight, was as white as silver and his beard, which he wore trimmed rather short, was of the color of his hair. In all his tall person, which was very striking wherever it appeared, there was an air of neglected strength, as if it had been a part of his modesty never to remind himself that he was strong. He used sometimes to blush like a boy of sixteen. He had very few forms and ceremonies and almost as little manner as was possible to a man of his natural *prestance*. His noble appearance was in itself a manner; but whatever he did he did very simply, and he had not the least

pretension to not being subject to rectification. I never saw any one receive it with less irritation. Friendly, candid, unaffectedly benignant, the impression that he produced most strongly and most generally was, I think, simply that of goodness."

This is the figure that Mr. James then proceeds to endow with life and a soul and to do it with that preciseness and definition and distinction with which all his word portraits, and none more than this, are painted. We do not know any man between covers who wins the affection, inspires the interest and piques the curiosity to quite the same measure as Henry James's Turgénieff, and it is for this reason that no choice could have been made, better than this, of an introduction to an edition of numerous volumes.

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"Obscurity," says the *Spectator*, "may appear in the writer who is over-nice, no less than in the writer who is careless. The Elizabethan sonneteers draw out a conceit into fine threads, and obscurity follows the very attempt to utter the thought in every aspect. They are most obscure where they are carried away by the love of style. On the other hand, the manner of Browning, who wrote for the world precisely as he would have written for himself had he lived on a desert island, is obscure in just those passages where he cared for style too little. In spite of Browning and a few others, we shall be safe if we stand by the aphorism of the French critic, and believe that clarity of language and clarity of thought are never dissociated. After all, there is no need for anxiety if we cannot endure the rack of introspection to which the cleverness of very modern writers would condemn us. Great genius has nearly always united profound ideas with very simple speech. Even in that most difficult art, the analy-



A PORTRAIT OF SENATOR HOAR, BY BRADY, ABOUT 1869

From "Autobiography of Seventy Years," by permission

sis of human character, the highest achievements stand out in a frame of pellucid utterance. Nobody, therefore, has call to be ashamed if he confesses that in the main Mr. Meredith and Mr. Henry James are beyond him. In Shakespeare, Balzac and George Eliot he will find consolation when all his modernly artistic friends have done their worst in the way of reproach."



"Macaulay," said Lord Rosebery at the recent unveiling of a memorial tablet at Holly Lodge, "has had the singular preëminence to shine in no less than four of the walks of intellectual fame; for he was a great orator; he was, I think, almost, if not quite, a great poet (for he was a poet even in prose); he was a great historian, and he was—a capacity to which I personally attach the most value—the most simulating and admirable of essayists. I think that when the history of England for the last part of the last century comes to be written, in the confessions of men who have had any success in the world, they will be apt to attribute a large part of the stimulus which led them to eminence to the early perusal of Lord Macaulay's works. I know they are now charged with a certain amount of mannerism and a certain amount of mechanism. Such admirable mannerism and such admirable mechanism are above the rules of criticism.

"Where, I think, he has been of signal value as an intellectual stimulus is in this—that by his allusive style, his constant bringing of one part of history, or of literature to bear upon another, he has enlarged the mental scope of many a student and led them to seek out fresh

fields of intellectual enterprise which otherwise they would probably have left untrodden. He was a great man. One of my most poignant regrets in life has been that I never saw him. He was always in and out of my uncle's (Lord Stanhope's) house, which was removed by only one house from our own, and I had always reckoned on it in childhood as a matter of absolute certainty that some day my eyes should rest on him. But he was taken from us suddenly in what, in the modern statesman, would now be considered the period of youth, and I can remember the day of his death as well as if it was yesterday, if only for this—that it shattered the hopes of ever seeing him or of ever reading more from his pen."



CLAYTON MAYO (CLAY EMERY)

NOTES ON JAPANESE LIBRARIES

By J. T. GOODRICH

PROFESSOR IN THE GOVERNMENT COLLEGE, KYÔTO, JAPAN

IN Old Japan, that is before the Restoration of 1868, there were no such things as Public Libraries as we understand the term, namely, a library belonging to the community, either by gift or by official establishment, whether government, or municipal, or village. Nearly every bookseller of any importance had a kind of circulating library, the membership of each was tacitly restricted to his neighbors, each of whom paid a small sum for permanent membership, or a trifling fee for the privilege of borrowing a book for a short time. There were also private book-clubs, upon much the same plan as similar clubs with us; but it is not easy to get exact information about the old book-clubs of Japan, for the men who were actually members of them are conservative old fellows who are not much given to talking about former times. There were also a few places where books were stored and lent out for reading to anyone who would give proper security for the return of the book in good condition, and while these may, perhaps, be called a kind of public library, there was none of the organization which we look for in a properly conducted institution of the kind, and the acquisition of books was entirely a matter of chance contribution by some generous patron. Every Buddhist temple of any importance had its own library of religious books, many of them having been brought back to this country by priests who had traveled to China, or even to India, to investigate the doctrine of that particular sect which they affected. Some of those temples had full sets of the Buddhist Scriptures, either in Sanskrit, Pali, or transliterated into Chinese; besides these

canons there were many sūtras and commentaries in Sanskrit, Pali, or Chinese upon the Buddhist Scriptures themselves or upon the sūtras; but these devotional books were looked upon rather as sacred treasures than as intended for actual use, and it is certain that comparatively few of the priests possessed the ability to read them, while it is more than probable that those whose educational attainments qualified them to do so very seldom availed themselves of the privilege conferred upon them and took the trouble to read the books and commentaries. One even now sometimes sees in the grounds of a Buddhist temple a small, detached building which contains a "revolving library." There is usually in the "revolving library" a complete or, nearly complete, set of the Buddhist Scriptures; and anyone who turns the library completely round lays up for himself as much merit as if he had read through the entire canon. This gives an idea of the perfunctoriness of some of the study of scriptures! These temple libraries have, however, been of service to students of the Sanskrit and the Pali languages, and it is probable that many laymen who are interested in linguistic research now derive quite as much benefit from those treasures as did ever the priests connected with the temples wherein they are stored. It is certain that students of comparative philology have been able to trace some important linguistic affinities between the forms of Chinese construction which persist in classical Japanese and certain forms which are now obsolete in China, by means of those old Chinese transliterations and commentaries; and it is probable that more light would be shed upon

obsolete forms of the Chinese language, were such research to be prosecuted more diligently.

After the first Tokugawa Shôgun, Iyeyasu, had established himself firmly as temporal ruler *de facto* and had given assured peace to the land, the principal Daimyôs accumulated private libraries of greater or less extent, and many of their books were, according to the light of those days, of considerable literary value, being works upon philosophy, metaphysics, history, etc. The retainers of the Daimyôs, the samurai, were permitted to make use of their masters' libraries and were encouraged to do so by the organization of something very like our debating clubs, at which the Daimyô himself often presided, where subjects were discussed which demanded some preparation and investigation. This was notably the case with the Mito Daimyôs, who were nearly related to the Tokugawa Shôguns, and it is alleged that the investigations, which Komon Mito, the second Daimyô of that house, himself instituted and in which he encouraged his samurai to follow his example, helped greatly, though unconsciously, to the final overthrow of the Tokugawa dynasty, and of the whole feudal system, a century and a half after he lived, by means of his celebrated historical work, the Dai Nihon Shi, which first reminded thoughtful men that the Shôguns were usurpers, and the Mikados the only rightful rulers of Japan. The samurai, in those piping times of peace, had a great deal of leisure time at their disposal, and a good many of them became literati of no mean attainments. To the proper and often enthusiastic use of their opportunities by certain of those same samurai, Japan owes the conspicuous ability which has characterized some of the statesmen of the present day.

We hear of one or two Japanese books as having been composed in the seventh century of the Christian era, shortly after the spread of a knowledge of the

Chinese ideographs in Japan had rendered a written literature possible, for previous to that the Japanese had no means of preserving records in writing. The earliest work, however, that has come down to us is the Kojiki, or "Record of Ancient Matters," dating from the year 712; it was followed in A. D. 720 by the Nihongi, or "Chronicles of Japan." Some centuries later appeared Shoku Nihongi, and in this is mentioned an institution that must have been something in the nature of a private library, to which, however, the public were admitted: in the first year of the era known as Ten-ô (781 A. D.), on the death of one Iyetsugu Ishiyama, his family gave his former residence to be converted into a Buddhist temple. In one of the rooms was stored a considerable collection of books, none of them being religious. The room was called Un-teh, and anyone who wished to read the books was permitted to resort to that room without paying anything for the privilege. Certain rules were posted up for governing the premises and the patrons, and the place was called a kind of private school, but inasmuch as no mention is made of the course of education given to the pupils it would probably be more exact to call it a private library. After this semblance of a private library, there were several establishments founded and supported by certain private families, such as the Kobun-in of the Waki family, the Kobai-in of the Sugawara family, and many others; but since all of them were intended more for the education of students than for the dissemination of knowledge by lending books, they cannot properly be called libraries. For these we have to come down to very modern times, the 4th year of Meiji (1872), when the former Shoh-heh-koh, the highest educational institution of the Tokugawa régime, was converted into a library, and the following year opened to the public with permission to read

books in the reading-rooms, and to take volumes away under certain rules formulated upon the same general lines as are followed in other countries. This was the beginning of what is now the Imperial Library in Uyeno Park, Tôkyô.

A few years after, several collections of books which had been gathered together by the different departments of the Government, were merged into this and the control was vested in the Department of Education, and at last, after various vicissitudes, developed into the present institution, which bids fair to be permanent.

In the Twenty-Ninth Annual Report of the Minister of State for Education, for the thirty-fourth statistical year of Meiji (1901-02) there are some interesting matters relating to libraries in Japan. The number of libraries includes one government, 14 public, and 35 private establishments, showing a decrease of one public and an increase of eight private establishments, as compared with the previous year. By the government establishment is meant the Imperial Library, where an extensive collection of ancient and modern books and records, both native and foreign, is kept and is at the disposal of the public for perusal and consultation. The library contains 363,661 volumes of Japanese and Chinese works (many of the latter being rare old editions now quite unprocurable even in China) and 54,931 volumes of European works, the total being 418,592 volumes. Of these the public are allowed free access to 211,662 volumes, of which 171,084 are Japanese or Chinese, and 40,578 are European. If the number of books read and the classes be compared, it will be seen that the greatest number, or 22.1 per cent, consisted of works on mathematics, science, and medicine; next come works on history, biography, geography, and travel, the percentage being 19.8; third, works

on literature and language, the percentage being 19.5; then come works on state science, law, political economy, financial administration, sociology, and statistics, the percentage being 14.7; followed by works on engineering, tactics, fine arts, various other arts and industries, the percentage being 8.8; and finally on miscellaneous subjects, the percentage being 7.4. Of works relating to philosophy and education, or to Shintoism and other religious subjects, the percentage is not higher than 5.3 or 2.4 respectively.

The report does not give any details of the work done at the two Government Universities (Tôkyô and Kyôto), both of whose libraries are rapidly expanding into proportions which are far from contemptible. The Tôkyô is much the older of the two universities, as it is the outcome of several educational institutions established over thirty years ago, and found its remote germ in the Bansho Shirabe-jo, or "Place for the Examination of Barbarian Writings," founded by the Tokugawa Government in 1856: this name was changed in 1863 to Kaisei-jo, or "Place for Developing and Completing"; and after numerous modifications, the establishment was, in 1881, placed on a thorough modern footing and called the Teikoku Daigaku, or "Imperial University." The Kyôto University was established in 1897. Both have the same general title, but now Tôkyô or Kyôto is prefixed for identification. The libraries of both show a far larger percentage of books in foreign languages than any others in the land, as is to be expected. The Tôkyô University Library is now the possessor of the late Max Müller's library, especially rich in Sanskrit works, which was presented by Baron Yanosuke Iwasaki as soon after Müller's death as it could be purchased and sent to Japan from England.

CURRENT FICTION

BY ELEANOR HOYT

A PUBLIC accustomed to a supply of novels "fresh every hour" finds the lotos-eating repose that pervades publishing circles during January almost awesome. Still there is no reason why the fiction gourmand should go hungry. By no possible combination of appetite and capacity can he have devoured all of the novels published before Christmas; and, if he must needs have a volume hot from the printing press, there are a few such offerings from publishers who have no superstitious devotion to prejudice.

ELLEN GLASGOW AGAIN

"The Deliverance," Ellen Glasgow's new novel, deserves first place among the January novels, and would win consideration in any month of the year. Miss Glasgow gained recognition with her first novel; and, with each subsequent book, has made a distinct step forward. She is one of the young women who write, not because they have nothing else to do, but because they have something to say, and she says the something with decided force and brilliancy. Her work is full of flaws, open to criticism, but it is never commonplace, never lacking in originality and power.

This is true of "The Deliverance," as of the novels that preceded it, but there will be many to claim that here Miss Glasgow has failed to forge ahead, that the new book does not surpass, does not even equal, "The Battle Ground" in matter and technique.

It is a story of hate and love and class prejudice, in the tobacco district of Virginia, and the hate motif is handled with power and dramatic effect. It is grim, convincing, throbbing with real feeling; but with the introduction of the love motif the story loosens its grip. One

can hardly blame the author. Anticlimax was perhaps inevitable, and the love story is cleverly worked out, but the fact remains that the last half of the book has not the absorbing interest of the first half, is, in a measure, disappointing.

Miss Glasgow has drawn a number of the characters with unerring and logical skill, has set shrewd humor beside her pathos and her tragedy. Occasionally folk are dragged into the story by the heels in order to furnish this lighter element, and it is doubtful whether the vulgarity of Sol Peterkin or the morality of Mrs. Spade adds to the book. One feels that much matter included in the novel might have been omitted without loss, that there is non-essential repetition of theme, that various happenings are totally inconsequent. The twenty-year deception of Mrs. Blake staggers even willing credulity, as one thinks of the necessary changes in family life which even a blind invalid must have noted, of the separation from the old friends and intimates, of the social isolation of the family. The revelation made by Fletcher to the old lady, holding possibilities of vital tragedy, falls flat and trickles into inconsequence.

All of which but brings one back to the original proposition. It is easy to pick flaws in the work, to grumble about this chapter and that, but the novel is far above the ordinary and well worth the reading. (Doubleday, Page.)

THE O'RUDDY

The finishing of another writer's posthumous novel is a thankless task, but Robert Barr has made the best of a bad undertaking in "The O'Ruddy." The book is successful as a whole,

though even the most kindly disposed of critics could hardly strangle the wish that Stephen Crane might have written the latter half of the novel as well as the first half.

"The O'Ruddy" is the Irishman beloved of writers and of readers, the good-looking lad with the ready sword, the readier jest, and the inflammable heart readier than either sword or jest. He is in trouble and in love from the moment he sets out from the Cove of Cork to seek adventure and fortune in England and the tale of the trouble and the love affair is told with a rollicking gusto that carries the reader's interest with the hero and his friends, Jem Bottles the highwayman and Paddy of the auroral locks. Swords are clashing, glasses clinking, love messages flying, from venturesome start to happy finish; and, for any one who likes a story of this type, the last chapter and the wedding bells come too soon. (Stokes.)

OVER THE BORDER

In "Over the Border" Robert Barr has had things all his own way. So has his hero, Will Armstrong. The hero is a canny Scot, this time; but, after his fashion, as ready with sword and love word as the Irish O'Ruddy. The first chapters are given over to the downfall of Strafford, Earl of Wentworth, the rise of the Commons against Charles, and the introduction of the heroine, Frances, unacknowledged but legitimate daughter of Strafford; but, after young Armstrong comes upon the scene and agrees to carry a message from Scotland to Oxford and bring the king's answer safely back, despite Cromwell and his spies, the action settles down to a lively pace and the love interest joins hands with the daring and adventure.

The story hasn't the devil-may-care verve nor the originality of *The O'Ruddy*, but it is an entertaining tale

as swashbuckle novels go—and they appear to go well. (Stokes.)

THE BARONET IN CORDUROY

"The Baronet in Corduroy" lived in the days of stupid Queen Anne; and Albert Lee has mixed Mohawks, Sacheverell riots, coffeehouses, Swift, Addison, Steele, the Pretender, the debtors' prison of the Fleet, drunken orgies and aristocratic routs into a mass of conscientious local color, through which his most ruffianly hero swaggers his way to disgrace and violent death. There are interesting chapters in the story, and one leaves the beautiful heroine happy with a second husband good enough to compensate, in some degree, for the rascality of his predecessor, but the book is an unpleasant one, without a purpose sufficiently vital to afford excuse for the unsavory flavor. (Appletons.)

A NOVEL OF ADVENTURE

"The Wings of the Morning" is a story of adventure, but of present-day adventure. It has no historic props and needs none. A synopsis of the book sounds like absurd melodrama. The hero and heroine are shipwrecked on an island—a device hackneyed enough, in all conscience—but their island experiences are scarcely hum-drum. Louis Tracy has spared the young couple nothing, has dealt out to them attacking savages, poisoned arrows, hidden treasure, a fight with an octopus, caves hiding crumbling skeletons, places emitting poisonous gases menacing all life that approaches.

Oh, it is a lively retreat, that island, and the odd thing about the book is that, with all the elements of a penny dreadful, it absolutely escapes trashy melodrama and succeeds in being a story of absorbing interest, a story that even a blasé reader will be likely to read at one sitting. (Clode.)

THE SPIRIT OF THE SERVICE

Edith Elmer Wood, the author of "The Spirit of the Service," is the daughter of one naval officer and the wife of another, so it is natural she should write a novel of naval life, and naval folk will doubtless find much to interest them in "The Spirit of the Service."

For the outsider, the interest is small. The thread of story is a slight one and no vital human feeling clutches at the reader's attention. The tales of the destruction of the Maine and of the battle of Manila are dramatic enough, but they have been told too often and too well to be available material in the hands of a novelist not inspired.

Mrs. Wood has written a pleasant little story and written it gracefully, but the book is definitely amateurish. (Macmillan.)

THE FORERUNNER

Whatever one may say of "The Forerunner," one will not accuse it of lack of vital force. Neith Boyce has written a strong book, an interesting book, around the vigorous, buoyant, daring, self-made American, who is furnishing the central character for so many latter-day novels.

Daniel Devin is young, virile, self-reliant, uncultured, big-hearted, and he marries a wife who loves his masterful success and the luxuries it wins. When the bottom falls out of the Los Angeles boom, and the blow sweeps away home, position, ease, family ties, the absolute devotion of her husband might reconcile her to the change, but he is absorbed in new schemes for regaining what he has lost, held away from the woman he loves and for whom he covets the money he is bound to win. The wife is young, beautiful, luxury loving, vain, not bad. She misses the lover even more than the house and the money—and she finds another.

It is all natural enough, logical enough. Even Dan sees that. "A cruel fate had turned his efforts against himself, led him somehow to injure her and their life together. In his grief there was no room for resentment."

The author has worked her theme out cleverly, even brilliantly, and her story rings true, demands credence, has qualities of virile energy and convincing consistency seldom found to so marked a degree in a woman's novel. (Fox, Duffield.)

A SEQUENCE OF HEARTS

"A Sequence of Hearts" is, on the other hand, essentially feminine in literary tone, yet it might be as feminine as it is, without dropping so far as it does below the level of excellence in "The Forerunner."

Mary Moss has written an exasperating book. It is so delightful—in spots, so full of charming, detached touches, so rich in promises unfulfilled.

The group of characters introduced early in the action suggests coming entertainment of a very agreeable sort. None of them are stupid, all have individuality, all are interesting types. One meets them as at an afternoon tea, they are most agreeable—but nothing happens. At an afternoon tea that is the inevitable. One goes in full consciousness of the function's limitations—but in a novel—really Miss Moss should have given her folk a chance.

To be sure, there's a hopeless love, but it isn't remarkably interesting, and there's a strike—no well-regulated, up-to-date novel omits a strike—but it is as colorless as the love affair. If the guests had not been so amusing, even in hastily snatched interviews, one would regret having gone to the tea. (Lippincotts.)

OUR LADY'S INN

A great deal happens in "Our Lady's Inn," and J. Storer Clouston relates the

happenings with considerable lightness of touch and gay humor. If the story isn't always plausible, it is, at least, amusing, and one must not expect all things in what is confessedly a light comedy.

Barbara Cheyne, running away in men's clothes, from marriage with an elderly suitor, takes refuge in Our Lady's Inn, where she has chambers next door to the disinherited son of the staid fiancé from whom she has fled; and, out of a comradeship and later love affair between the neighbors, is evolved a story much more readable than many a more serious literary effort. (Harpers.)

THE MARK

"The Mark" has the disadvantage of inevitable comparison with "Kim." It suffers by the comparison, but putting Mr. Kipling's masterpiece out of the question, this story of Indian life and oriental occultism has much merit of its own.

Mr. Kempster is not always so lucid as he might be. Clearness of style is not necessarily inconsistent with mysticism of subject, and though the occult has a fascination for even the mundane, there should be scruples in an author's soul against befogging his reader's brains more than is necessary in dealing with the unknowable.

Allan Meredith, the English doctor who undergoes an avatar and, as Sal-kura, the Raj-bhat prince, leads to war the tribes that have awaited him, loves once more Soondai, his heart's desire, and perishes with her as he has perished with her centuries before, is the central figure of the book; but Yah Mohammed, the wise, Loda, the sorceress of the bazaar, and a host of other suggestive figures, wrapped in a haze of mystery, move through the story against a boldly sketched and picturesque background of Indian life and custom. (Doubleday, Page.)

THE MAKING OF A PIANIST

M. E. Francis has dedicated "Christian Thal" to "the music makers," but the book will be enjoyed by many who are likely to "die with all their music in them." It is a slender little story of the making of a master pianist out of a genius whose temperament inclines him to loiter in primrose paths of youthful dalliance instead of stoically practising five-finger exercises.

An idyllic love affair is offered up upon the altar of genius, but later on love is found consistent with concert tours, and the story ends happily. Amusing pictures of German student life lighten the tales, and in Annola, the dumb singer, whose one absorbing passion is the developing of Christian Thal to the point where he can give to the world all that is pent-up within herself and cannot find expression, the author has created an original and striking character, beyond the general level of excellence in the book. (Longmans.)

STAY AT HOMES

L. B. Walford's "Stay at Homes" might well have for sub-title "Much Ado about Nothing." An elaborate and intricate plot is woven about a pretty woman with a past; but as the past includes nothing more reprehensible than extreme poverty, it is difficult for a moderately democratic mind to understand why the situation should have called for such Machiavellian strategy.

The exposure, when it comes, appears hardly so cataclysmal as the author would have one understand, and the reader is not overpowered as were the book folk by the heroine's monumental nobility in defending the culprit. (Longmans.)

THE BLACK CHANTER

Nimo Christie does not belong to the Kailyard school, though he lapses fre-

quently into "braid Scots." The group of tales collected under the head of "The Black Chanter and other Highland Stories" are not cheerful reading. They are grim with the Gaelic grimness of the Highland clans. Courage, fatalism, and poetic suggestion are in them, and though they are mere sketches, with no depth or intricacy of plot, they have a trick of lingering in the mind, after the book is closed. (Macmillan.)

THE LITERARY SENSE

"The Literary Sense" is an excellent title for a collection of short stories dealing with the man and woman proposition from various points of view. E. Nesbit's lovers are interesting,—interesting to themselves as well as to the reader. They live up to their ideas of what love-making should be. They have no deliberate intention of being deceitful or untrue, but they appreciate

situations and make the most of them. Occasionally the desire to round out a scene effectively, to say the artistic word, arrange the artistic curtain, brings misunderstanding and disaster; but in other tales, the complications are merely humorous, and a majority of the stories are cleverly contrived and skillfully developed. (Macmillan.)

PLAYS FOR THE PARLOR

A number of light and amusing parlor plays have been gathered into a volume entitled "A Bunch of Roses and other Parlor Plays," by M. E. M. Davis. The book should be welcomed by promoters of private theatricals, for the plays present no difficulties to awe amateurs, yet are constructed round situations really amusing and offer excellent opportunities for the exhibition of any embryonic dramatic talent. (Small, Maynard.)

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS

THE ANGLO-SAXON CENTURY. John R. Dos Passos. Putnams. 8vo, \$2.00.

In this volume the author advocates the unification of the English-speaking peoples by natural and effective steps.

ROME AND THE RENAISSANCE. Julian Klaczko. Putnams. Ill., 8vo, \$3.50.

The story of the Italian Renaissance at its culminating epoch.

A HISTORY OF GREENBACKS. Wesley Clair Mitchell. University of Chicago Press. 8vo \$4.00 net.

A treatment of the subject from both the historical and economic points of view, with special reference to the consequences of their issue.

HISTORY OF FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE. Prof. Joseph H. Dubbs. Franklin & Marshall Alumni Association. Ill., 8vo.

CONTROL OF HEREDITY. Caspar L. Redfield. Monarch Book Co. Ill., 8vo, \$2.00.

A study of the genesis of evolution and degeneracy, illustrated by diagrams and types of character.

THE LOVER'S WORLD. Alice B. Stockham. Stockham Pub. Co. 12mo, \$1.00.

KORADINE. Alice B. Stockham and Lida Hood Talbot. Stockham Pub. Co. 12mo, \$1.00.

A novel.

DIVINITY AND MAN. W. K. Roberts. Putnams. 12mo, \$1.75 net.

A discussion of the origin of cosmic energy in its relation to the development of the finite soul. The latter half of the book consists of a searching arraignment of modern Christian civilization.

THINGS FUNDAMENTAL. Charles E. Jefferson. Crowell. 12mo, \$1.50 net.

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An attempt to combine the religious truths of the New Testament and of experience into a system of thinking that will bring them into correlation with the rest of human knowledge.

THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN PREACHING. T.

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A MANUAL OF CHURCH HISTORY. Albert Henry Newman. Vol. II. American Baptist Publication Society. 12mo, \$1.75 net.

Covers modern church history from 1517 to 1903. By a well-known Baptist divine.

THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS.—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE LAMP, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

799.—Can you tell me who is the author of the following stanzas? I have seen them attributed to the Earl of Rochester, but have an idea that they belong to an earlier period:

There are two births; the one when light
First strikes the new awaken'd sense;
The other when two souls unite;
And we must count our life from thence;
When you loved me and I loved you,
Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us new souls did give,
And in those souls did plant new powers;
Since when another life we live,
The breath we breathe is his, not ours;
Love makes those young whom age doth chill,
And whom he finds young keeps young still.

E. D.

These are two of the five stanzas of a poem entitled "To Chloe, who wished herself young enough for me," by William Cartwright (1611-1643). The author was educated at Oxford and took holy orders. He was a friend of Ben Jonson, who said of him, "My son Cartwright writes all like a man." He had in his lifetime a high reputation as a poet, and his early death was made the subject of numerous elegies. But, with the exception of the graceful poem here quoted, there is not much in his published work to justify such praise.

800.—Can you tell me where Maurice Maeter-

linck says: "The Macbeth or Hamlet we see upon the stage in no wise resembles the Macbeth or Hamlet of the book. . . . He has visibly retrograded in sublimity. . . . Lear, Hamlet, are best not acted, and it is dangerous to show them upon the stage?" E. O. C.

801.—Kindly inform me whether Béranger is considered, *par excellence*, the poet of the people, rather than Villon. Also, whether a cheap edition of Béranger's poems (in French) is to be had in this country. Also the best translation. A.

To your first question we should say he is, though it is matter of opinion. A very good translation is that by William Young, published in Edinburgh. The French edition can be had upon order.

802.—I once heard a friend say that a famous passage in Tennyson's "Locksley Hall" had been anticipated by an earlier poet. This is the passage:

For I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic
sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly
bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a
ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central
blue.

But I have forgotten the name of the earlier poet and his production. Can you or any reader tell me who it was?

K. L. H.

Your friend probably had in mind this passage from Erasmus Darwin's "Botanic Garden," written about 1770, which used to be in some of the school readers:

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.
Fair crews triumphantly, leaning from above,
Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move;
Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,
And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud.

803.—Apropos of a collision between two vessels, a recent publication remarks: "The evidence in this case, as in most other cases of maritime collision, reminds one of the incident which made Sir Walter Raleigh despair of the possibility of writing accurate history." What was the incident?

C. C. M.

The story is, that after Raleigh, then a prisoner in the Tower, had written his "History of the World," he witnessed from his window a quarrel in the court-yard, which ended in a murder. A little later two friends, who also had witnessed it, called upon him, and gave disagreeing versions of what they had seen, while Raleigh himself told the story different from either. Thereupon he exclaimed that it was not for him to write the history of the world, if he could not relate accurately what he had seen only fifteen minutes before, and with that he tossed his manuscript upon the fire. One of his friends snatched away two of the volumes, but the others were burned.

804.—Can you tell me who wrote the following books?

(1) "Janet Hamilton and Other Tales," by the author of "Slight Reminiscences." (2 vols. Philadelphia, 1837.)

(2) "The Sisters of Soleure," by C. S. W. (Philadelphia, 1857)

K.

805.—Can you tell me who wrote, and where to find, a poem entitled "Love's Argument"? Quotations from it are given at the tops of chapters of one of Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's nov-

els. Possibly she wrote them herself, to fit her chapters, and made them look like quotations. Novelists do so sometimes.

J. E.

806.—(1) I have seen somewhere an epitaph on one of the Roman Emperors, discovered in a ruin at Rome, which set forth his vices and crimes in strong language. Can you tell me where I can find it?

(2) Which is the best book of synonyms of recent compilation?

(3) Were there two poets named David Gray, and, if so, how are they to be distinguished?

D. L. C.

(1) The epitaph is on Domitian, the last of the Cæsars, and it may be found in Hone's "Table Book." But we believe there is some doubt as to its authenticity.

(2) We prefer James C. Fernald's "English Synonyms and Antonyms" (Funk and Wagnalls).

(3) There were two. David Gray, a Scottish poet, was a friend of Robert Buchanan, and they went up to London at the same time. Gray spent a night in a park there, took cold, and soon died. His posthumous volume of poems was republished in Boston. The other David Gray was a resident of Buffalo, N. Y., editor of the "Courier," and lost his life in a railroad accident a few years ago. His writings were published in two volumes after his death. Some of his poems are attributed, in some of the anthologies, to his Scottish namesake.

807.—In reading Æsop's fables, the idea has occurred to me that the statement of the moral of each has been added by some transcriber or editor, and not written originally by the author, since the lesson of the story is evident enough without explanation, and it would be more artistic to omit that. Can any learned reader tell me whether I am right in this conjecture?

R.

ANSWERS

791.—The novel "Too True" was written by Metta Victoria Victor, who was born about 1830, and died in the eighties. Her maiden name was Fuller, and she was the wife of Orville J. Victor, the author.

SCRIBNERS

A GLANCE at the BOOK SEASON

NOW PASSING

THE most encouraging, perhaps the most notable, feature of the season's business has been the increased demand for good books other than fiction. This is most strikingly illustrated by the following:

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Second impression, December 8.

Third impression, December 15.

Fourth impression, January 10.

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Two volumes, \$7.50 net. (Expressage extra.)

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"We are not given to the indiscriminate praise of American novels. As a rule they are just as dull as their workmanship is praiseworthy. But here is one that beats with human blood, and if we were to fill this column with its praises, we could do no more than advise you to read it."

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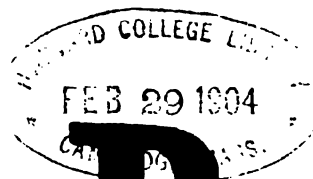
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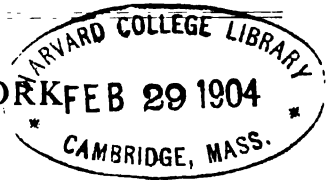
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No. 2

HOLBEIN AND HIS WORK

BY E. H. BLASHFIELD



SUMPTUOUSLY printed and illustrated monographs upon great artists have within a few years so increased in numbers, that the buyer, unless he have a bottomless purse and unlimited library space, begins to hesitate and select. He will, however, do well not to hesitate in his selection of Mr. Gerald S. Davies's *Holbein*, and he will choose all the more readily if he remember the same author's admirable study of Frans Hals, published a year ago.

The present book will command the interest of every lover of Holbein by its comprehensiveness, and the sanity and impartiality of its criticism. It treats not only of that side of the artist which has given him immortality, and which is exemplified by his amazing force, simplicity, style and truth in portraiture, but discusses the same qualities and others inasmuch as they enter into his mural paintings and his studies for glass and metal work.

Probably the first characteristic of the book which strikes the mind because it most obviously meets the eye is its handsome size. In any monograph upon an artist, we wish not only to hear about his work, but to see it reproduced, and if the reproduction be good and clear, it becomes illuminating almost

in the ratio of its superficial surface. There are admirable art books, much smaller than Mr. Davies's volume, but the fact that the latter affords to its pictures a page measuring nine and a half by nearly fifteen inches, is a very gratifying one indeed, especially when it is realized that because of the lightness of the paper used, added surface does not imply great weight and difficulty of handling.

The book contains twenty-five reproductions of Holbein's painted portraits, and thirty-six of his drawings in chalk, sometimes black, sometimes red, sometimes black and red together, or in combination with other colors, most of which are studies for portraits afterwards executed in full color. These portraits together with the Madonnas of Solothurn and Darmstadt, furnish the principal pictorial interest of the book, but they are supplemented by nearly a half-hundred other illustrations including designs for mural paintings and glass (mostly in the museum of Basel) for jewels (in the British Museum) and reproductions of the wood-cuts for the "Alphabet of Death," the "Dance of Death," and the "Old Testament Illustrations." Mr. Davies begins with a brief review of "German painting in the last half of the fifteenth century," and a sketch of Augsburg, a town which,

if less florid in its stateliness than Nuremberg, is yet quaint to-day with a beauty all its own and perhaps more reposeful than that of the museum-city of Franconia. A short biography of Holbein is followed by a division of his artistic life into the first Basel period, the first English period, the second visit to Basel, and the "Steelyard" period in England. The volume concludes with Holbein as the King's Painter and as designer for wood-engraving and the handicrafts. There is a short bibliography and the Appendix contains an "Approximate Chronological List of the most important Works" and a "List of the Chief Works of Hans Holbein the younger, in the Public and Private Collections of Europe."

Holbein is one of the twelve great gods of Olympus. It is probable that almost any one would place him among the dozen greatest artists who have lived; he is of those whom we put up over museum doorways in medallions, and in German-speaking lands, as tutelary genius he admits only Dürer to be his peer. Like nearly every master of the Renaissance, Holbein was many-sided, but it is as portrait painter that he takes his seat among the immortals, by right of his *Sieur de la Morette*, his *Christine de Lorraine*, his many portraits of Erasmus, most of all perhaps by the marvellous group of drawings preserved in the library of Windsor Castle. If the word striking did not exist as an adjective, we should have to coin it for the definition of Holbein's result in these same drawings so prodigiously forceful, direct and concentrated is it. When in turning over some collection of photographs of masterpieces by various painters, we come upon one of the best of these red or black chalk portraits from the Windsor portfolio, the image of Holbein's sitter seems to project itself from the paper. This is not in the Philistine's

vulgar sense of "standing out" by *trompe l'oeil* relief of light and shade, for the artist troubled himself little about chiaroscuro, but the essentials, leaving all that is secondary behind them, start forward, simple even to austerity, so that the image becomes a personality which abides, since it brings with it absolutely nothing extraneous to fatigue the mind of the spectator by any sense of complication. Never was draughtsman who knew so unerringly exactly what to do with his point, and so exactly what to leave undone. Like his German peer, Dürer, he loved line, but with a difference. Dürer loved line as line in his copper-engraving; he juggled with it, making it a decorative factor of the highest value. Holbein loved it as a means of expression, and used it decoratively indeed, but as sparingly as was consistent with the best result.

As painter he belonged rather to the fifteenth than the sixteenth century; he came too early chronologically to perform feats with Velasquez and Hals in the handling of pigment, and he was too transalpine and distant to know much of the new color which Giorgione and Titian were developing. He painted rather like Jan Van Eyck or Giovanni Bellini, smoothly, flowingly, but with more of modern elasticity than the Fleming possessed, and far more modern science than the Italian could be heir to. Mr. Davies says: "It is noticeable throughout his whole career that he clung to what one may call perhaps an archaic method," and "that his color scheme consists of contrasts wisely modified rather than of harmonies richly symphonized." For that matter one may add that Holbein instinctively arranged his compositions rather by spots than by colors. Again the author declares that Holbein is a superb artist in the old methods and in spite of them; but he did not as has sometimes been said



ERASMUS, 1523. LONGFORD CASTLE
From "Hans Holbein, the Younger." By permission of the Macmillan Co.

of him inaugurate the modern method." What he did not perhaps quite inaugurate, since Lorenzo di Credi and others too had practiced it in a graceful and lovely if much less forceful way, but what at any rate he did push to its uttermost possibility, was the distillation of characteristics into a most pungent essence, and the precipitation of that essence in a few lines of charcoal or crayon, upon a sheet of paper soaked with body-color.

If he gave only essentials in his drawings, which to him were but studies, the bases of future and complete accomplishment, he, on the other hand, in his painted portraits unsparingly rendered every detail yet retained breadth. He does not stand back with Velasquez and Hals and help us to realize atmosphere and generalization, but brings us close up to stuff and cut stone; he convinces us that he knows as much about the latter as does his own master Hans of Antwerp, keeper of the king's jewels, as much about the stuffs as does one of his own merchants of the Steelyard. An artist may have been trained to broadest effects of impressionism, and yet stand amazed before the black satin, silk and binding of the *Sieur de la Morette's* sleeves. He paints them so that they are right there under your very nose, you may touch them; a young man from Arnold's or Altman's could tell you their quality and price, and yet when you see them from the other side of the room they still do not look amiss.

Mr. Davies says much of this broad rendering of detail, but he never overloads his pages with descriptive detail of his own, and the ever so patient reader of old-time art books cannot but be grateful to him for his abstention.

He says that he shall avoid "description of minutiae except where it is necessary to the understanding of motive or of technique to emphasize such points. Where a reproduction is

given, the reader can inform himself as to the pose of a figure, the attitude of an arm, the position of a flag. Where no such reproduction is given and where the picture is not known to the reader, I do not believe that such details very often convey much impression," and he adds prettily that he will send his reader to "the originals themselves, there perhaps to disagree with me, but assuredly not with Holbein." Gossip, too, the author eschews, since the ascertained facts about the artists are few, the gossip baseless, and while admitting that few painters have suffered more from the attribution of spurious pictures, Mr. Davies declares that he shall assiduously avoid all but the most necessary controversy. This is well, for the works which are best suited to the uses of polemic are often, though not always, the feebler ones. "If," says the author, "I send my readers to the presence of the man himself in the pictures, which he certainly did paint, I shall have led them to form their own standard for judging of what he did not paint, and shall avoid cumbering my pages."

Although Holbein, even if judged by the other Olympians aforesaid, is singularly *sui generis*, he is like all other great artists, a link in a chain, and Mr. Davies brings the master's inspiration from Bruges to Basle by way of Colmar, through Marten Schongauer, from Roger Van der Weyden and perhaps Gerard David.

He is not disposed to give much place to Italian influence in the development of Holbein's talent, admits the effect of Mantegna's engraved work, does not believe that the *Lais Corinthia* and *Venus* are by Holbein at all, granting that at most he may have added the figure of Cupid to the latter picture, and concludes that if three or four of the artist's works suggest Italian prototypes they still cannot prove influence since "in-



ESBETH HOLBEIN. BASEL

From "Hans Holbein, the Younger." By permission of the Macmillan Co.

fluence in the true sense does not act intermittently and in patches," while "experimental imitation, of course, does."

Mr. Davies is in love with his subject as every monographer should be,

and it will perhaps be difficult for some readers to feel as fully as does the author, Holbein's greatness in his designs for glass and mural paintings. The "Triumphs" of Riches and of Poverty, painted by the man who could



THOMAS CROMWELL. WILTON HOUSE

From "Hans Holbein, the Younger." By permission of the Macmillan Co.

give to the world the Madonnas of Darmstadt and Solothurn may have ranked with the greatest mural paintings ever executed, but the design for, and copies of, Holbein's mural work which have come down to us are not entirely convincing. Neither is the dictum of Zuccherò, that the said mural paintings were greater than those of Raphael.

The saying may have been sincere enough, but Zuccherò at the Court of Elizabeth was very far from the Stanze of the Vatican, very near to the Steelyard, and we may not forget that in Zuccherò's day the time was near at hand when a Caracci's borrowed thunder should sound grand in ears that had lost the nicer sense of hearing. With



QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN. WINDSOR CASTLE
From "Hans Holbein, the Younger." By permission of the Macmillan Co.



THE MEIER MADONNA. DARMSTADT

From "Hans Holbein, the Younger." By permission of the Macmillan Co.

all allowance for changing taste, the mural work of such a world's master as Holbein must have been admirable. To believe that it was supreme would be to equalize it with his portrait sense, and that a sense so prodigious should find its twin within the same cerebrum seems well nigh incredible.

In his portraits, Holbein ceases to be German, and belongs to every land. In his designs for glass and wall paintings we see him as a typical German. For it is in his portraits and his two great Madonnas, examples again of portraiture, that his delicacy shows itself. In his little saints and soldiers of the Basel Museum, one sees more of a certain German roundness, that is also roughness than in Dürer's work, for instance. The latter in analogous compositions is more subtle, more special, more exotic somehow and if in Holbein's types of scriptural characters we realize the correctness of Mr. Davies's deduction of his art from that of the ancient Flemings, in Dürer's work we find something which seems to have come from further afield than Flanders, something racial that has journeyed perhaps even from Eytasch in Hungary, and which leaves Dürer German indeed, but also something more. Something more than German, Holbein too becomes as he grows in years; in Basel he is still a Swabian, but with his great English portraits the Augsburgur takes out universal naturalization papers and is *urbis et orbis*. Beginning with his native inheritance, the Teuton's love of telling not only the truth but the whole truth (until a Dürer background becomes a microcosm), Holbein, as Mr.

Davies points out, triumphs upon this very field of racial disadvantage eliminating every non-essential until he becomes in his way as forceful as Velasquez, yet with even a simpler material for expression than had the Spanish painter. Indeed Holbein's method is so simple, and so invariable, that he furnishes less interesting subject matter than does Frans Hals, for instance, of whom Mr. Davies wrote so admirably last year. The Augsburgur painted his first portrait much as he did his last; one cannot, as in the case of Velasquez and Hals, peer into his technique, scrutinize the canvas at four inches of distance, and then at four hundred, in the attempt to fathom the mechanics of some marvel of a painted skirt, say, of gray and silver, which seems made into a real fabric of so many loosely-woven brush-strokes. With Holbein all the mystery is the mystery of a perfect directness which was never rugged yet never weak, which saw and conquered with a few lines of pencilled characterization, then elaborated and finished without either clogging or diminishing the effect. All this Mr. Davies has fully felt, and fully insisted upon. His reproductions do not always do justice to his text; those of the drawings lacking the demi-tint and subtlety of Braun's autotypes, for instance; nevertheless they are superb in character and illustrate not only a great artist, but one of the most interesting epochs in history. No lover of Holbein can afford to pass Mr. Davies's book by, and it is pleasant to look forward to yet another and kindred volume from this sympathetic author.

HAWTHORNE

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

ALL Hawthorne's work is one form or another of "handling sin." He had the Puritan sense of it, in the blood, and the power to use it artistically, in the brain. With Tolstoy, he is the only novelist of the soul, and he is haunted by what is obscure, dangerous, and on the confines of good and evil; by what is abnormal, indeed, if we are to accept human nature as a thing set within responsible limits, and conscious of social relations. Of one of his women he says, that she "was plucked up out of a mystery, and had its roots still clinging to her." It is what is mysterious, really, in the soul that attracts him. "When we find ourselves fading into shadows and unrealities": that is when he cares to concern himself with humanity. And, finding the soul, in its essence, so intangible, so mistlike, so unfamiliar with the earth, he lays hold of what to him is the one great reality, sin, in order that he may find out something definite about the soul, in its most active, its most interesting manifestations. To Hawthorne what we call real life was never very real, and he has given, as no other novelist has given, a picture of life as a dream, in which the dreamers themselves are, at intervals, conscious that they are dreaming. At a moment of spiritual crisis, as at that moment when Hester Prynne and Arthur Dimmesdale meet in the forest, he can render their mental state only through one of his ghostly images: "It was no wonder that they thus questioned one another's actual bodily existence, and even doubted of their own. So strangely did they meet, in the dim wood, that it was like the first encounter, in the world beyond the grave, of two spirits who had been intimately connected in their former life, but now stood coldly shuddering, in mutual

dread; as not wonted to this companionship of disembodied spirits." To Hawthorne, by a strange caprice or farsightedness of temperament, the supreme emotion comes only under the aspect of an illusion, for the first time recognized as being real, that is, really an illusion. "He himself, as was perceptible by many symptoms," he says of Clifford, "lay darkly behind his pleasure and knew it to be a baby-play, which he was to toy and trifle with, instead of thoroughly believing." To Clifford, it is mental ruin, a kind of exquisite imbecility, which brings this consciousness; to Hester Prynne, to Arthur Dimmesdale, to Donatello, to Miriam, it is sin. Each, through sin, becomes real, and perceives something of the truth.

In this strange pilgrim's progress, the first step is a step outside the bounds of some moral or social law, by which the soul is isolated, for its own torture and benefit, from the rest of the world. All Hawthorne's stories are those of persons whom some crime, or misunderstood virtue, or misfortune, has set by themselves, or in a worse companionship of solitude. Hester Prynne "stood apart from moral interests, yet close beside them, like a ghost that revisits the familiar fireside, and can no longer make itself seen or felt." The link between Hester and Arthur Dimmesdale, between Miriam and Donatello, was "the iron link of mutual crime, which neither he nor she could break. Like all other sins, it brought along with it its obligations." Note how curious the obsession by which Hawthorne can express the force of the moral law, the soul's bond with itself, only through the consequences of the breaking of that law! And note, also, with how perfect a sym-

pathy he can render the sensation itself, what is exultant, liberating, in a strong sin, not yet become one's companion and accuser. "For, guilt has its rapture, too. The foremost result of a broken law is ever an ecstatic sense of freedom."

"I tremble at my own thoughts," he says somewhere, "yet must needs probe them to their depths." His people are always, like Miriam, "hinting at an intangible confession, such as persons with overburdened hearts often make to children and dumb animals, or to holes in the earth, where they think their secrets may be at once revealed and buried." All his work is such a confession, which he seems to make shyly, and, at the end, to have only half made. He wonders, speculates, plays around a dreadful idea, like a moth around the flame of a candle; and then draws back, partly with the artist's satisfaction, partly with a slight natural shiver. In the preface to the "Mosses from an Old Manse" he dwells on the story of the boy who wanders upon the battle-field, axe in hand, out of the woods where he has been felling trees, and, by a sort of fierce unconscious instinct, kills the wounded British soldier. "Oftentimes, as an intellectual and moral exercise, I have sought to follow that poor youth through his subsequent career, and observe how his soul was tortured by the blood-stain." He is always searching for these blood-stains on the conscience, delicately weighing the soul's burden of sin; and it is his "intellectual and moral exercise."

Though Hawthorne has said, not without truth, "so far as I am a man of really individual attributes, I veil my face," there never was a more sincere or a more personal writer. Everything in his work is a growth out of his own soil, and we must be careful not to attribute any too deliberate intentions to what may seem most conscious or persistent in his work. The qualities which we prize most in it seem to have been those

against which he tried hardest to be on his guard. We find him wishing for some contact with the "small, familiar, gentle interests of life," that they may "carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility." He is interested only in those beings, of exceptional temperament or destiny, who are alone in the world; and yet what he represents is the necessity and the awfulness, not the pride or the choice, of isolation. "This perception of an infinite shivering solitude, amid which we cannot come close enough to human beings to be warmed by them, and where they turn to cold, chilly shapes of mist," brings with it no sense of even consciously perverse pleasure. His men and women are no egotists, to whom isolation is a delight; they suffer from it, they try in vain to come out of the shadow and sit down with the rest of the world in the sunshine. Something ghostly in their blood sets them wandering among shadows, but they long to be merely human, they would come back if they could, and their tragedy is to find some invisible and impenetrable door shut against them.

It had always been the destiny of Hawthorne to watch life from a corner, as he watched the experimental life at Brook Farm, sitting silent among the talkers in the hall, "himself almost always holding a book before him, but seldom turning the pages." In all his novels, there is some such spectator of life, whom indeed he usually represents as a cold or malevolent person, intent for his own ends on the tragic climax which he will not actually precipitate. Hawthorne's attitude was rather that of a sensitive but morbidly clear-sighted friend, or of a physician, affectionately observant of the disease which he cannot cure. It was his sympathy with the soul that made him so watchful of its uneasy moods, its strange adventures, especially those which remove it furthest

from the daylight and perhaps nearest to its true nature and proper abode.

"Not supernatural, but just on the verge of nature, and yet within it": that is where he sets himself to surprise the soul's last secrets. What Hawthorne aimed at doing was to suggest that mystery, which is the most definite thing which we know about human life. "It annoys me very much," says Hilda, in "Transformation,"* "this inclination, which most people have, to explain away the wonder and the mystery out of everything." To Hawthorne it was the wonder and the mystery which gave its meaning to life, and to paint life without them was like painting nature without atmosphere. Only, in his endeavor to evoke this atmosphere, he did not always remember that, if it had any meaning at all, it was itself a deeper reality. And so his weakness is seen in a persistent desire to give an air of miracle to ordinary things, which gain nothing by becoming improbable; as in the sentence which describes Hester's return to her cottage, at the end of "The Scarlet Letter": "In all these years it had never once been unlocked; but either she unlocked it, or the decaying wood and iron yielded to her hand, or she glided shadowlike through these impediments—and, at all events, went in." His books are full of this futile buzzing of fancy; and it is not only in the matter of style that he too often substitutes fancy for imagination.

Hawthorne never quite fully realized the distinction between symbol and allegory, or was never long able to resist the allegorizing temptation. Many of his shorter stories are frankly allegories, and are among the best of their kind, such as "Young Goodman Brown," or "The Minister's Black Veil." But, in all his work there is an attempt to write two meanings at once, to turn what should

be a great spiritual reality into a literal and barren figure of speech. He must always broider a visible badge on every personage: Hester's "A," Miss Hepzibah's scowl, the birthmark, the furry ears of the Faun. In all this there is charm, surprise, ingenuity; but is it quite imagination, which is truth, and not a decoration rather than a symbol? He passes, indeed, continually from one to the other; and is now crude and childish as in the prattle about the Faun's furry ears, and now subtly creative, as in the figure of the child Pearl, who is in the true sense a living symbol. Nor does he insist less that every coincidence shall be as obedient as a wizard's phantom, nature and circumstance always in attendance to complete the emotion or the picture. He has used the belief in witchcraft with admirable effect, the dim mystery which clings about haunted houses, the fantastic gambols of the soul itself, under what seem like the devil's own promptings. But he must direct his imps as if they were marionettes, and as he lets us see the wires jerking, is often at the pains to destroy his own illusion. Hawthorne is the most sensitive of those novelists who have concerned themselves with the soul's problems; and he concerns himself, though all in hints and reticences, with the great spiritual realities. The subject of "The Scarlet Letter" is the most poignant in the world. In "Transformation" Hawthorne asks himself, seriously enough: "The story of the Fall of Man! Is it not repeated in our romance of Monte Beni?" He is at home in all those cloudy tracts of the soul's regions in which most other novelists go astray; he finds his way there, not by sight, but by feeling, like the blind. He responds to every sensation of the soul; morbidly, as people say: that is, with a consciousness of how little anything else matters.

Yet is there not some astringent quality lacking in Hawthorne, the masculine

*"Transformation" was the title given to "The Marble Faun," in its British edition.—Editor.

counterpart of what was sensitively feminine in him? Is he not like one of his characters "whose sensibility of nerves often produced the effect of spiritual intuition?" No one has ever rendered subtler sensations with a more delicate precision. When he speaks of flowers, we can say of him, as he says of Clifford: "His feeling for flowers was very exquisite, and seemed not so much a taste as an emotion." Speaking of a rare wine he says: "The wine demanded so deliberate a pause in order to detect the hidden peculiarities and subtle exquisiteness of its flavor that to drink it was really more a moral than a physical enjoyment." Of all natural delights and horrors, of every sensation in which the soul may be thought to have a part, he can write as if he wrote literally with his nerves. And he is full of wise discretion, he knows what not to say, he will never dissect, with most surgical analysts, the corpse of a sensation. Yet there is much in his sentiment and in his reflection which is the more feminine part of sensitiveness, and which is no more than a diluted and prettily colored commonplace. That geniality of reflection, of which we find so much in "The House of the Seven Gables," is really a lack of intellectual backbone, a way of disguising any too austere truth from his sensibilities. The two chapters, in that often beautiful and delightful book, written around Judge Pyncheon, as he sits dead in his chair, show how lamentable a gap existed in the intellectual taste of Hawthorne. They need only be compared with the treatment by Maeterlinck of a not unsimilar situation in the little dramatic masterpiece, "Intérieur," to see all the difference between the work of the complete artist and the work of one in whom there remained always something of the amateur.

Mr. Henry James has, very unjustly, as I think, accused Hawthorne of pro-

vincialism. There was nothing provincial in the temperament or intelligence of this shy and brooding spectator of human affairs, but he was not without some of the graces and limitations of the amateur. His style, at its best so delicately woven, so subdued and harmonious in color, has gone threadbare in patches; something in its gentlemanly ease has become old-fashioned, has become genteel. There are moments when he reminds us of Charles Lamb, but in Lamb nothing has faded, or at most a few too insistent pleasantries: the salt in the style has preserved it. There is no salt in the style of Hawthorne. Read that charming preface to the "Mosses from an Old Manse," so full of country quiet, with a music in it like the gentle, monotonous murmur of a country stream. Well, at every few pages the amateur peeps out, anxiously trying to knit together his straying substance with a kind of arch simplicity. In the stories, there is rarely a narrative which has not drifted somewhere a little out of his control; and of the novels, only "The Scarlet Letter" has any sort of firmness of texture; and we have only to set it beside a really well-constructed novel, beside "Madame Bovary," for instance, to see how loosely, after all, it is woven. Even that taste, which for growing things and for all the strange growths of the soul is so fine, so sensitive, passes into a vague, moralizing sentimentality whenever he speaks, as he does so often in "Transformation," of painting or of sculpture. He seems incapable of looking at either without thinking of something else, some fancy or moral, which he must fit into the frame or the cube, or else drape around it, in the form of a veil meant for ornament. Yet, in all this, and sometimes by a felicity in some actual weakness, turned, like a woman's, into a fragile and pathetic grace, there is a continual weaving of intricate mental cobwebs,

and an actual creation of that dim and luminous atmosphere in which they are best seen. And, in the end, all that is finest in Hawthorne seems to unite in the creation of atmosphere.

In the preface to "Transformation" Hawthorne admits that he "designed the story and the characters to bear, of course, a certain relation to human nature and human life, but still to be so artfully and airily removed from our mundane sphere, that some laws and proportions of their own should be implicitly and insensibly acknowledged." And he defends himself, on the ground of reality, by saying: "The actual experience of even the most ordinary life is full of events that never explain themselves, either as regards their origin or their tendency." Is it not the novelist's business, it may be objected, to explain precisely what would not, in real life, explain itself, to those most closely concerned in it? But to Hawthorne, perhaps rightly, even the clearest explanation is no more than a deepening of the illusion, as the poor ghosts, like Feather-top in the story, see themselves for what they are. Something unsubstantial, evasive, but also something intellectually dissatisfied, always enquiring, in his mind, set Hawthorne spinning these arabesques of the soul, in which the fantastic element may be taken as a note of interrogation. Seeing always "a grim identity between gay things and sorrowful ones," he sets a masquerade before us, telling us many of the secrets hidden behind the black velvet, but letting us see no more than the glimmer of eyes, and the silent or ambiguous lips.

Hawthorne's romances are not exactly (he never wished them to be) novels, but they are very nearly poems. And they are made, for the most part, out of material which seems to lend itself singularly ill to poetic treatment. In the preface to "Transformation" he says: "No author, without a trial, can

be conscious of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery no picturesque and gloomy wrong." Yet this shadow, this antiquity, this mystery, this picturesque and gloomy wrong, is what he has found or created in America. Already in the "Twice-Told Tales" ("these fitful sketches," as he called them, "with so little of external life about them, yet claiming no profundity of purpose—so reserved, even while they sometimes seem so frank—often but half in earnest, and never even when most so, expressing satisfactorily the thoughts which they propose to image") there is a kind of ghostly America growing older and older as one looks at it, as if some wizard had set ivy climbing over new walls. In "The House of the Seven Gables," and in his masterpiece, "The Scarlet Letter," we have, without any undue loss of reality, a more admirably prepared atmosphere which I imagine to be quite recognizably American, and which is at least as much the atmosphere proper to romance as the Italian atmosphere of "Transformation." Each is not so much a narrative which advances, as a canvas which is covered; or, in his own figure, a tapestry "into which are woven some airy and unsubstantial threads, intermixed with others twisted out of the commonest stuff of human existence." A Puritan in fancy dress, he himself passes silently through the masquerade, as it startles some quiet street in New England. Where what is fantastic in Poe remains geometrical, in Hawthorne, it is always for good and evil, moral. It decorates, sometimes plays pranks with, a fixed belief, a fundamental religious seriousness; and has thus at least an immovable centre to whirl from. And, where fancy passes into imagination, and a world, not quite what seems to us the real world, grows up about us with a new, mental kind of reality, it is as if that

arrangement or transposition of actual things with which poetry begins had taken place already. I do not know any novelist who has brought into prose fiction so much of the atmosphere of poetry, with so much of the actual art

of composition of the poet. It is a kind of poetry singularly pure, delicate, and subtle, and, at its best, it has an almost incalculable fascination, and some not quite realized, but insensibly compelling, white magic.

LONDON AND LITERATURE

By J. M. BULLOCH

LONDON, February, 1904.

I CAN well imagine that nothing astonishes the American pilgrim so much in London as the immense ignorance displayed by the average inhabitant in regard to its great historic landmarks. He knows the geographical position of the Tower (which he has probably never visited), St. Paul's, the Abbey, and Trafalgar Square; but there is nothing of that intimate knowledge displayed even by people who have lived for long in the same district which is to be found in smaller towns, especially on the Continent of Europe. How often I have heard an American visitor ply a 'bus driver with queries about Dickens land, only to elicit the most stolid ignorance even of Dickens's name.

London will always be a difficult place to keep a reckoning of, for its landmarks are always being obliterated by the perpetual re-building which is always necessary under its present landlord system, and which is comparatively easy in any place which is built of brick. But quite recently London has shown a new impulse towards recording its history. The great unifying principle has been the London County Council, a body which without question attracts the most able men, even although it has roused strong opposition; for London has till recent years been merely

the geographical term for a congeries of townlets and villages, annexed one after another in the process of expansion. In one year, 1868, the Society of Arts, of which Mr. H. B. Wheatley, the great Pepys scholar, is secretary, started a most excellent movement in the way of putting tablets on the houses where distinguished men had lived. This method has now been taken over by the County Council, and it got a great public send-off when Lord Rosebery unveiled the tablet on the house in Campden Hill Square where Macaulay passed away as he was reading the first number of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

The scheme is a future success in the hands of the County Council, for the Clerk of that great body, Mr. G. L. Gomme, is an enthusiast in everything dealing with history. Mr. Gomme, who is a Londoner by birth, has edited the *Antiquary*, and the *Archæological Review*, but he is best known as an authority on Folk-lore, a subject on which he has been writing for nearly a quarter of a century. He is greatly aided by his wife who has written a book on "The Traditional Games of Great Britain." Under the Society of Arts only 35 houses were named, which is at the rate of about one per year. The work of commemorating these dwellings will probably proceed much more rapidly, for since the Council took over



GEOFFREY CHAUCER

From the bust by George Frampton, R.A., just unveiled in the Guildhall

the scheme, it has approved of nine houses. An analysis of the 35 houses named by the Society of Arts gives some interesting facts. Only 10 of the residents thus commemorated were born in London; 15 were writers, and of these six were born in London, including Milton, Browning, Byron, Gibbon, Keats and Ruskin.

The houses in London associated with literature and marked by these commemorative tablets might well be

the object of a day's pilgrimage for the intelligent traveler. They are:—

Joanna Baillie (born at Bothwell), Bolton House, Windmill Hill, Hampstead.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning (born at Durham), 15, Wimpole Street.

Robert Browning (born at Camberwell).

19, Warwick Crescent, Paddington, Edmund Burke (born in Dublin), 37, Gerrard Street, Soho.

Lord Byron (born in London), 16, Holles Street (pulled down).

A fresh memorial of Byron placed in an architectural frame of Portland stone has been erected on the new house on the site.

Madame d'Arblay (Fanny Burney) (born at Lynn), 11, Bolton Street, Piccadilly.

Charles Dickens (born at Landport), Furnival's Inn (pulled down).

John Dryden (born at Northampton), 43, Gerrard Street.

Edward Gibbon (born at Putney), 7, Bentinck Street.

John Keats (born in London), Lawnbank, Hampstead.

Samuel Johnson (born at Lichfield), 17, Gough Square, Fleet Street.

John Ruskin (born in London), 54, Hunter Street, Brunswick Square.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan (born in Dublin) 14, Savile Row.

William Makepeace Thackeray (born at Calcutta), Kensington Palace Green.

John Milton (born in London), Bunhill Row.

The County Council also purpose putting tablets on the house in Great Portland Street where Boswell died; the house in Wimpole Street where Hallam lived; No. 22 Theobald's Road, now a noisy, dirty street where Benjamin Disraeli first saw the light; while the disappearance of Furnival's Inn, where Dickens once lived, will be balanced by the tablets to be placed on the houses at 48 Doughty Street, and 1 Devonshire Terrace, which he occupied at different times, for as the greatest of all the poets of London life—and the author of *Pickwick* was essentially a poet—Dickens deserves to be commemorated at every turn.

These tablets are, at best, but a poor recognition of history, but then London has remarkably few memorials of literature. It is symbolical of her neglect of letters that there is only one statue of Shakespeare in the town. There is a curious irony in the fact that

this was erected (in Leicester Square 30 years ago) by a German-Jewish company promoter, the somewhat notorious Baron Grant, and it was done by an Italian from the effigy on the Westminster Abbey cenotaph. Of the other statues in London very few indeed commemorate literature. There is a very indifferent one of Lord Byron by Belt, in Hamilton Gardens, Hyde Park; a sentimental figure of Burns on the Embankment; one of Carlyle; and another of Beaconsfield. This almost exhausts the list. Recently, however, the City of London, as if to rival the energy of the greater area which is governed by the County Council, has begun to adorn the Guildhall, and only the other day a memorial to Chaucer presented to the Corporation by an Alderman, and executed by Mr. Frampton, R. A., was unveiled. The enthusiastic Dr. Furnivall, speaking at the unveiling ceremony, well remarked that it was a reproach to Londoners that they had been so long neglectful of the "greatest ornaments" of their City—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. The plain living and high thinking of Dr. Furnivall, stood out in curious contrast to the gourmandising associated with the Guildhall, when he said that he should like to persuade the Lord Mayor to give "the cost of one City dinner," towards equipping the City with memorials of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton, as mates for the Chaucer memorial. Shakespeare, of course, was not born in London, but his greatest triumphs were intimately connected with the capital, although to-day it sees fewer of his plays than do the provinces.

The paucity of memorials of literature in London is, after all, but commensurate with the small contribution which the capital has made to literature. Though Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, to name but a few poets, were

born in London, the capital has not been, and cannot be, a genuine nursery for literature or indeed for any of the arts. It is a notorious fact that three generations practically exhaust the intellectual qualities of people born and bred continuously in London. Like all big towns, it is constantly being recruited from the country, for it cannot supply the impulses which go to the making of real literature. The force of the argument will be seen most clearly when I state that three of the most notable contributors to the literature of London itself were born out of it. Dickens, who has made the Cockney immortal in fiction, was born at Landport, and his mother and grandmother came from the provinces. Mr. Henley, who has done London in song most gorgeously, came from the west of England, and Sir Walter Besant, who was its most enthusiastic historian, was born at Portsmouth. Even of the literary men who have been born in London, a great many of them have been educated out of it during the most impressionable period of their lives. In any case, the real spirit of Cockneyism is absolutely antagonistic to idealism of any kind whatever. The true Cockney is a mere spasm in space, without a history and without a future. He was born in a desert of brick where the only thing to distinguish one house from another is its number, and the whole element of a background so necessary for the creation of the artist—whether it be physical nature or the strong character building which is the result of the small community, and which tends to become obliterated in the mob—is practically absent.

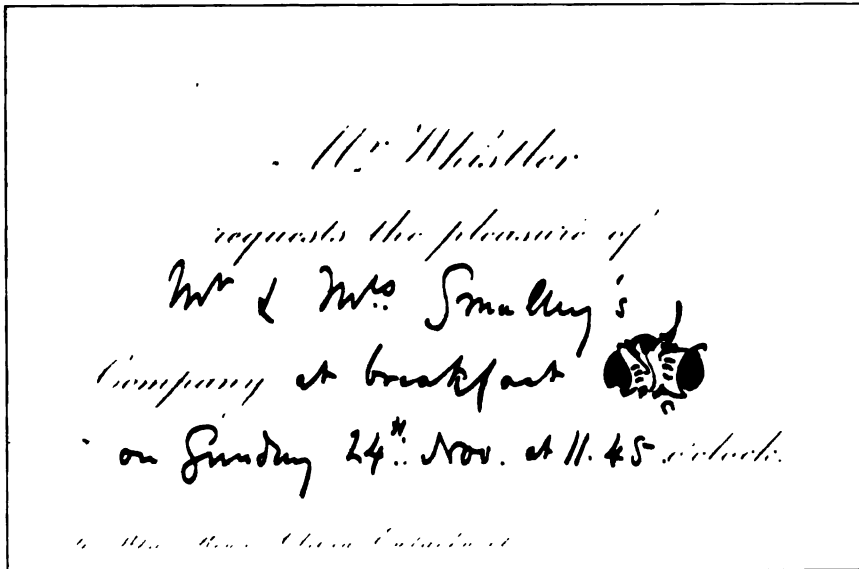
The social fascinations of London life are so tempting and so much on the increase, that one finds it difficult to remain a student or a thinker.

Another blow at literature which

London inflicts is the financial temptations of journalism. A young man appears as a critic, or writes a notable book (I am not speaking of fiction), and he is immediately drawn into the vortex of the newspaper which is becoming more and more anxious to get out of the beaten track of mere "reporting." But while he is increasing his banking account, his chances of continued study become smaller and smaller as the pressure of life increases, and few things are so sad as to watch the clever boys who remain even to the forties and fifties just clever boys for the lack of time to grow up in.

Even the helpers and the servers in literature lie beyond London. The great mass of our books are printed in the country, notably in Edinburgh, and the founders of some of our greatest publishing houses, such as the Macmillans, and the Murrays, have come from outside. At the present moment we are witnessing a remarkable exodus into the country again for the production of handicraft of various kinds, from furniture-making to the production of the book beautiful, for the finer craftsmen have betaken themselves to the small country towns to which the railways have brought desolation for years.

These house-tablets and the erection of other memorials do not indicate that the conditions for the production of literature in London are in any way improving. Indeed, the reverse is the case. They are mainly a sign of London's growing sense of unity, which has been greatly aided by the creation of its wonderful governing body, the County Council. London is beginning to remember that it has a glorious history and that literature has a high place in that history; and anything that helps the Cockney to remember that man shall not live by bread alone, is to be aided and applauded.



MORE ABOUT WHISTLER

BY PHOEBE GARNAUT SMALLEY

WHISTLER was asked, among other artists, to create a room, with its furniture, for the old Paris Exposition. He wanted to make a protest against the vulgar over-loaded ornament of the day and chose defiantly the "Greenery Yallery Grosvenor Gallery" theme, so ridiculed by the Philistines, for he took all the shades of the primrose from its soft green leaves up its yellow green stem to the pale dainty flower, and made a spring bower refreshing to come upon and rest one's eyes after the glare of the splendors, where everyone tried to see how much effort could be made. The furniture sprang up tall and slender, and straight as a graceful birch tree; and if a birch grove carpeted in springtime by banks of primroses, a bower for the Dryads, were compelled by transmutation to become a boudoir for some city dam-

sel, that was how it might express itself. Nothing could be greater than the contrast between the Quaker simplicity of the Primrose closet and the Oriental splendor of the Peacock room.

It is curious that he whose reputation will be lasting should have chosen for his familiar spirit so ephemeral a thing as a butterfly. He always placed it after his signature even on so slight a thing as a dinner invitation; he sketched it with incredible swiftness and varied it to express a passing mood—on it he rang all the changes from Psyche to a dragon-fly, or rather, as the old name runs, a "Devil's darning-needle," and one can imagine his look of glee or mischief as he lengthened out the tail to a sting and turned it up with a curl of defiance in signing some note to Ruskin or Seymour Haden.

A GAELIC POET AND DREAMER

BY ELISABETH LUTHER CARY

IN her captivating book, "Poets and Dreamers," Lady Gregory prints translations of four plays first written in Gaelic by Dr. Douglas Hyde, the Irish scholar, who belongs, his countryman, Dr. McDermot, has told us, to "an academical family, one of those leisured and cultivated families to be found in every part of Ireland, and which typify the unperturbed taste of all classes." Known for his learning and archæological research, Dr. Hyde is still better known for his indomitable patriotism in striving to fill the hearts of his people with knowledge of all that is beautiful and honorable in the traditions of their race, and with pride in their language and history. Indeed it is necessary to understand somewhat this passionate motive underlying all his accomplishment to enter into the spirit of some of that accomplishment—these little folk-dramas, for example, which to minds alien and uninformed might seem almost trivial, almost unreasoned, like the delightful but inconsequent playing of a child. But not even in this country, rival as it is of the ancient Babel in the number of tongues spoken within its borders, can we be indifferent to the poetry of his effort to save the fine old language of his people and their wealth of imagery and legend from perishing utterly. The emotion evoked by the melancholy slipping away of things so precious to those who recognize their significance, has been rendered characteristically by Fiona McLeod, who says, in a paper on the inheritance of the Gael:

"The last tragedy and the saddest for broken nations is when the treasured language dies slowly out, when a sad autumn falls upon the legendary remembrance of a people. It is a strange thing: that a nation can hold within itself an

ancient race, standing for the lost, beautiful, mysterious, ancient world, can see it fading through its dim twilight, without heed to preserve that which might yet be preserved, without interest even in that which once gone cannot come again. The old Gaelic race is in its twilight, indeed; but now, alas! it is the silent, rapid twilight 'after the feast of Samhin,' when still and dark winter is come at last out of the sea, out of the hills, down the glens, on the four wings of the world." Referring to the group of ardent men to which Dr. Hyde belongs, she adds: "There are some, however, who do care. There are some whose hearts ache to see the last pathetic passage of a defeated people, and who would gladly do what may yet be done to preserve awhile the beautiful old-world language and the still more beautiful and significant thought and legend and subtle genius enshrined in that language; who are truly loth to let die and become legendary and literary that which had once so glorious a noon, and has now a sunset beauty, is even yet a living aspect, is still the colored thought of life and not of the curious imagination only."

Read in the light of this intense sentiment the new Irish drama has a many-sided meaning. All of Dr. Hyde's plays are formed from material out of which the fabric of Irish belief and imagination has been woven. The first, *The Twisting of the Rope* (Casadh an t-Su-gain), has for its vagabond hero Thomas O'Hanrahan, a poet of Connacht, who lived in the eighteenth century. The plot is of the simplest. In a farmer's house in Munster a hundred years ago a dance is going on. Among those present is Hanrahan, monopolizing the daughter of the house, "white Oona

of the yellow hair," claiming her sympathy as "a poor bard without house or home or havings, but he going and ever going a-drifting through the wide world, without a person with him but himself," and making poetry to her golden hair. Neither the master of the house nor Sheamus, the betrothed of Oona, ventures to put out this unwelcome guest, for is he not a poet with a curse that would split the trees and that would burst the stones? "They say the seed will rot in the ground and the milk go from the cows when a poet like him makes a curse, if a person routed him out of the house." It becomes necessary to devise a trick and this expedient is hit upon. News is brought in that a coach has been overthrown on the road without and the bag in which are the letters of the country is burst. A hay rope must be twisted or "the letters and the coach will be lost for want of a hay sugain to bind them." Forewarned, the guests all protest their inability to twist a hay rope, until finally Hanrahan offers scornfully and boastfully to show them "what the well-learned, hardy, honest, clever, sensible Connachtman will do, that has activity and full deftness in his hands and sense in his head, and courage in his heart." While twisting the rope, he backs out of the door, which promptly is closed upon him, and he having gone out of his own free will is unable to make his curses effective.

This play was the first Irish play ever given in a Dublin theatre, Lady Gregory tells us, and it is a great success with Irish-speaking audiences who know the traditional incident in Hanrahan's life, and the song called *The Twisting of the Rope*, in which the incident is embodied. They know, also, the wild temperament of the typical Hanrahan, "his passion, his exaggerations, his wheedling tongue, his roving heart, that all but coax the girl from her mother and her sweetheart; but that fail after all in their at-

tack on the settled order of things, and leave their owner homeless and restless, and angry and chiding, like the stormy west wind outside the door." Everything in the play speaks to them in the Irish tongue, and touches the deep springs of national sympathy and racial instinct.

The Marriage is founded upon a story that is told in the west of Ireland about the blind poet, Raftery, who died more than sixty years ago, and whose picturesque personality Lady Gregory has revived for us. His warmth and bitterness, his love of drink and his swift repentances, his whimsy and humor, his violent praise and still more violent blame, his pride in his talent and his fancy for bringing the names of the Greek deities into his poetry; all this she has painted in her clear, bright phrase, with sympathetic insight, gathering her material from the memories of the old people who knew him when they were young or heard of him from their elders. Raftery was much feared for his curses, which were masterpieces of reverberant rhetoric, but he also bestowed blessings that, if not so common, were equally poetic. In the instance of *The Marriage*, he happened upon a poor home in which was taking place the marriage of a servant boy and girl. In the words of the cottager, who told Lady Gregory the story, it was "only a marriage and not a wedding till Raftery chanced to come in, and he made it one. There wasn't a bit but bread and her-rings in the house; but he made a great song about the grand feast they had, and he put every sort of thing into the song—all the beef that was in Ireland; and went to the Claddagh; and didn't leave a fish in the sea. And there was no one at all at all; but he brought all the *bacach* and poor men in Ireland, and give them a pound each. He went to bed after without them giving him a drop to drink; but he didn't mind that

when they hadn't got it to give." In the play it is the ghost of Raftery that enters the meagre room of the newly married couple, and fiddles for them, calling in the people who are passing by on their way from a fair, and persuading them to make donations of food and money until the poverty of the sorrowful husband is changed to competency. In this and in the previous play Dr. Hyde himself has acted the principal part, and Lady Gregory gives a charming description of the way in which the other players were brought from their work in shops and stores for the hasty rehearsal when the play was first given at a festival in Galway. "It will be hard," she says, "to forget the blind poet, as he was represented on the stage by the living poet, so full of kindly humor, of humorous malice, of dignity under his poor clothing, or the wistful, ghostly sigh with which he went out of the door at the end." To make it hard to forget Raftery and the sweet Irish tongue in which he sang, and all that belongs to his time and to the earlier time of Ireland's best years, this, of course, is what the author of *The Marriage* and his fellow workers keep constantly in mind, and no doubt they know best how to bring about their object, although in the translated play the foreign reader misses the exuberant poetry of the original incident. Raftery in the flesh, joyously imagining for the destitute home and bare table a feast of delicacies and a company of needy souls with whom to share it; shedding the light of his wit and fancy and merry philosophy over the dreary little scene, and going thirsty to bed afterward with a contented mind, seems to me a far more compelling and delightful figure than the spirit of Raftery who brings in place of shadowy meats born on the wings of wild satiric laughter, actual food and coin, and performs a commonplace act of mercy, a sort of pious platitude that has been re-

peated through centuries of kindly charity. But the touch of the supernatural, the invasion of miracle, is entirely in character with the mystic spirit of the old Gaelic world, haunted with unseen powers and mysterious visions.

The third play, *The Lost Saint*, also has been acted, but its simplicity and brevity make it hardly more than a little spoken fable, most in place upon some primitive stage, such as that from which *Everyman* first moved hearts. It tells of "a holy, saintly man" of Ireland who wrote sweet poems in praise of God and the angels, but was so humble that he put on himself the disguise of a poor man and was lost to knowledge among the laboring people. In a school one of his poems is given out to be committed to memory, and a sad young dunce finds it impossible to learn even the first two lines. Left alone to study them, he is visited by an old man who prays for him as he lies asleep over his lesson. When he awakens he is able to repeat the poem without difficulty, and says he has learned it in a dream from an old man who has put it within his heart, and from this miracle it is known that the visitor is the saint himself.

The fourth play, a Nativity Drama, is without marked originality of treatment, save for the introduction of two women who, having refused shelter and food to Mary on her journey toward Bethlehem, follow her to ask pardon, which is granted in the presence of the shepherds and the kings.

This kind of dramatic writing is so different from what Mr. Yeats calls the drama of commerce, and the Irish coloring of the simple life depicted is so tender and rich, that probably appreciative audiences could be found for any one of the plays in any intelligent community at the present day. But in spite of the fact that Dr. Hyde composes in the Gaelic tongue in order that if any good be found in his work it shall go to "the

credit of his mother Ireland" and not to the credit of his stepmother England, these translated examples seem farther removed from the purely Gaelic spirit than the writings of Mr. Yeats, who composes in English, but manages to convey to us the sense of his long inheritance of dreams and visions. To be sure, everyone who has attempted to put the thoughts of one language into the words of another must agree with Lady Gregory that translation at the best is poor work. Undoubtedly, as she says, the spell of the sound is lost from Dr. Hyde's poetry in translation, and undoubtedly, also, much of the charm of his prose is lost when the Gaelic is turned into English. But we have only to turn to Lady Gregory's noble translation of the Cuchulain manuscripts, or even to her slighter translations of the folk lore she has gathered during her wanderings among her people, to be assured that the emotional splendor and mystic appeal of true Gaelic literature can be very potently rendered in the beautiful English idiom of which she has gained such extraordinary mastery. In the plays of Mr. Yeats, that are based upon tradition and legend, we have always the inspiring consciousness of art. There is creation and there is divination in his labor, and he supplies the mind with haunting images that slip about among the grosser ideas like the fairies of his quaint belief. His rapturous imaginations cry out to the heart of nature in the ecstasy pervading the poems of the best Gaelic minstrels, modern and ancient, such ecstasy as one feels in these enchanting lines, for instance:

O sweet everlasting Voices be still;
Go to the guards of the heavenly fold
And bid them wander obeying your will,
Flame under flame till Time be no more;
Have you not heard that our hearts are
old,

That you call in birds, in wind on the
hill,
In shaken boughs, in tide on the shore?
O sweet everlasting Voices be still.

In Dr. Hyde's work, as it appears in Lady Gregory's volume, there seems to be but little of all this. His talent, like Friar Jerome, in *Where There is Nothing*, might be typified by a home bird rather than by a creature to the wild wood. The plays seem to show that their author is thinking more of the Gael than of art, and consequently is losing something of the Gael that only the most exacting art can preserve.

Somewhere Mr. Yeats has said that in his heart of hearts he has never been quite certain that one should be more than an artist or that even patriotism is more than an impure desire in an artist, and for this reason, I think, he evokes for all minds of all countries the essentially national characteristics of his own people more vividly than Dr. Hyde, whose scholarship is so great and whose patriotism is so dauntless. Lady Gregory, however, assures her readers that it is to Dr. Hyde over all other Gaelic writers that the branch should be given, which is the Irish formula for bestowing the myrtle wreath. And the people of Ireland agree with her, if one may judge from the enthusiasm with which they follow his leadership in reviving their ancient language. The Gaelic League, of which he is President, sold in a single year fifty thousand Gaelic textbooks, and has established branches all over Ireland, and in this country as well, where Irish men and women are learning eagerly the national tongue, which at home they never spoke, and frequently never even heard. Probably much of the Gaelic revival belongs to the region of poetry and dream, certainly if it did not, it would contain little enough of the old Gaelic spirit;—and probably, also, it will end in the

shadowy home of lost causes; but one great good is certain to spring from the regeneration of this dying language and from the persistent effort of sincere artists to express the elusive sentiment of this defeated race. New formulas will be invented to take the place of those which have lost their fresh and pungent savor; words will be newly fitted to ancient thoughts and emotions, and in the reaction against old forms and characterizations imported from Greek and Roman literature, in the effort to find an exact phraseology that shall retain all the rich and delicate influences of the Gaelic imagination, in the spurning of words and metaphors that have traveled round the wide world and no longer

arouse the sentiments of place, we shall gain additions to the vocabulary of modern poetry and prose that will enrich it for all time. The English of Lady Gregory's translations, of Miss McCleod's stories and of the plays of Mr. Yeats is different from anything else in our literature, and fully attests the firm foundation of art and scholarship upon which the new literary movement in Ireland depends. None of its disciples is in the melancholy position of the Fairy Fool, who complains:

Why did ye also give to me
Beauty and Peace to know,
The ears to hear and the eyes to see
And the hands that let all go?





CASTINE

From a drawing by Howard Clinton Dickinson

NOAH BROOKS AND CASTINE

BY HOWARD CLINTON DICKINSON

IN August last, when news of the death of Noah Brooks reached his many friends, invariably with the exclamations of regret and condolence were coupled expressions of the hope that Castine, his birth-place, the town so beloved by him, should be his final resting-place.

Voicing this thought, the following poem appeared in the press. Copies of it, together with obituaries, were sent by its author, the present writer, to distant friends with whom was not possible a closer condolence:

IN MEMORIAM

O sons of Fairport—was't not thus the pen
Of him, your brother, wrote of old Castine—
Ye whose hearts' strength is of her, and
whose thoughts
In sweet remembrances do return

To her as to a mother, ye who hold
Her fame and name as sacred as your own
Since ye are of her, since ye are her knights
And wear her colors, since upon your shields—
(That consciousness of home which comes between
Your heart and all the follies of the world)
Is the device engraved, "Castine! Castine!"
Ye sons of hers who in life's battle strive—
Ye in the charge, who may not pause to weep,
Hark! word sweeps down our line,
"Noah Brooks is dead!"
Noah Brooks who wrote "The Fairport Nine" is dead!
Noah Brooks who wrote "Tales of the Coast of Maine";



LIEUTENANT CLEMENT CLAUDE CASTINE



LIEUTENANT COLONEL CASTINE

Noah Brooks who wrote of the "Boy
Emigrants"
Has passed away. O, that his hand
might pen
This one thing more—the epic of the
souls
That journey to the city of our God!

Only our thoughts may follow on its way
His spirit, while in state his body lies
Here next our hearts. We see his
closed lids,
His silent lips, his rigid, pulseless form,
No more the light upon his countenance;
No more the smile we knew and loved
so well,
Only the port and dignity of death,
That found him far from his beloved
Castine!

Here we, the bearers of his pall, attend
And lovingly from Pasadena's hills
His cortège follow eastward o'er the
plains,
And thus he journeys homeward to Cas-
tine.

We sail with him across Penobscot Bay,
Slowly, with flag half-mast we near the
wharf,
Half-masted is the sad flag flutt'ring
there.
The people we behold who reverent
wait.
A mournful concourse throngs the
shaded street,
Each eye is filled, and every heart o'er-
flows
When to her breast the mother takes her
son.

Aug. 20, 1903.

Among the replies received is one of
marked interest, not merely to those
honoring the memory of Noah Brooks,
but also to historians and genealogists.

It is a letter speaking most kindly of
Noah Brooks from one who knew him
but as an author—it is written by the
man whose youngest child is the last lin-
eal descendant of the Baron de St. Cas-
tine, for whom the town of Castine is
named.



BARON JEAN VINCENT DE ST. CASTINE

An ideal portrait drawn in 1881 by Will H. Low. By permission of the Century Co.

What more fitting tribute—what proof more positive that Mr. Brooks was honored and beloved even in the uttermost parts of the earth—than the receipt of such a letter from Australia, the very antipode of Maine.

About the year 1665 Baron Jean Vincent de St. Castine, as Longfellow tells us—

.....left his chateau in the Pyrenees
And sailed across the western seas.

He had been a colonel in his king's body guard, and afterwards commander of a regiment called the "Carignan Salières."

He was ordered to Quebec with his troops. At the close of the war in which his services had been required, he was discharged from the army and made his way to the peninsula of Pentagoet, which projects into the Penobscot river, and upon which now stands the little town bearing his name.

In 1693 he became an English subject.

Stalwart upholders of the British crown his house remains, for Lieut.-Colonel J. W. Castine V.D., J.P., in his letter informs us that for six times has he been a Member of Parliament. He has also been prominent in military circles, his age now requiring him to retire from the command of over four thousand men. He wears a medal which was presented to him by the Prince of Wales for long service.

The fighting blood of their illustrious ancestors still, to the very last drop, runs rich in the veins of the Castines, for the youngest son of Colonel J. W. Castine, Lieutenant Clement Claude Castine, now on the Commonwealth military staff, was, during the South African war, with the Fighting 4th from

Prieska to Koomati Port, and was one of the first to enter Johannesburg. The medal he wears was presented to him also by the Prince of Wales.

In 1882 Noah Brooks wrote an article on Castine for the *Century Magazine*, entitled "An Old Town With a History," and for one of its illustrations Will H. Low was commissioned to paint an ideal head of the Baron Jean Vincent de St. Castine.

Artist turned to Poet for inspiration, reproduced upon canvas Whittier's beautiful word picture—

.....One whose bearded cheek
And white and wrinkled brow bespeak

A wanderer from the shores of France.
A few long locks of scattering snow
Beneath a battered morian flow,
And from the rivets of his vest,
Which girds in steel his ample breast,

The slanted sunbeams glance.
In the harsh outlines of his face
Passion and sin have left their trace;
Yet, save worn brow and thin gray hair,
No signs of weary age are there;

His step is firm, his eye is keen,
Nor years in broil and battle spent,
Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain, had bent

The lordly frame of Old Castine.

With the letter from Lieut.-Colonel Castine, was forwarded his photograph, together with one of his youngest son.

The recipient of letter and photographs called upon Will H. Low, who was not a little surprised on being shown the pictures, to note the family resemblance between the ideal head which he had painted and the present (why not again say ideal) head of the house of Castine.

SUDERMANN'S LATEST DRAMA

BY ROBERT H. FIFE

PROFESSOR OF GERMAN IN WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

THE Horatian *Parturiunt omnes* occurs to us again and again in connection with modern literary lights. Nowhere has there been such a disparity between promise and performance as among the leaders of the so-called realistic drama in Germany. The latest production of this school, Hermann Sudermann's "Storm - Brother Socrates," recently underwent its baptism at the Lessing Theater in Berlin, the first appearance of the author since the very sultry drama of Berlin society which was brought to this country last year by Mrs. Patrick Campbell as "The Joy of Living." In place of the expected social problem or a flight into the land of the mystic and ideal, the clever author of "Magda" and "The Three Heron Feathers" gives us a political satire, directed not against one of the many weak spots in the German social fabric but against the Quixotic extravagances of a few survivors of the revolution of 1848.

The scene is laid in the extreme East of Prussia, a couple of decades ago. Here Sudermann leads us into a tavern, where a handful of veterans of the great revolution year—"The Brotherhood of the Storm" they call themselves—continue to hold sessions. These sessions, which are secret only in name, are conducted amid all the worm-eaten paraphernalia of arch-conspiracy. Bismarck has erected a new German Empire, the great "victories of Königgrätz and Sedan have been forced down their throats," but the moss-grown disciples of freedom shut their eyes to the present and drink their beer and eat their bread-and-cheese under the black-red-golden banner of the Revolution. Each con-

spirator bears an assumed name; and as Giordano Bruno, Poniatowski, Cataline, Spinoza and Socrates, they prepare proscription lists against the day of reckoning and prate of barricades and tyrants' blood. Into these old fellows, whose hearts have ceased to beat in sympathy with the world around them, a moral canker has eaten. "Socrates" Hartmeyer has married a barmaid, and himself a dentist of the old school and of mighty biceps, he is bitterly jealous of his son's professional success; "Giordano Bruno," a school-teacher, has a liaison with a pretty waitress, and so forth—altogether a coarse and musty type which Sudermann introduces us to.

To perpetuate the band, the sons are to be initiated into the conspiracy. But the sons are of modern Germany. One is a Socialist, another a member of an aristocratic university corps, a third, a Jew, has found that in modern Germany, the Jew is expected to have no ideals. An unexpected visit from their old enemy, the local *Landrat* or government official, reveals the helplessness and poltroonery of the brotherhood, but the Socialist son comes to the rescue and purchases security for the conspirators by curing the prince's favorite dog of tooth-ache. And so the irreconcilables dissolve, while crowds and music in the streets celebrate the anniversary of Sedan.

The laugh-maker has a right to his material wherever he finds it, and it is possible that in some remote corner of East Prussia, Sudermann has seen just such moth-eaten dreamers as he pictures. There are still men on both sides of the Potomac and Ohio who do not

know that the war is over. But they are not the typical men of 1861, nor are the "Storm-Brothers" the typical men of 1848 as Germany and America know them. We have a right to ask that the dramatist who aspires to wear the sock of Aristophanes or Cervantes shall put before us recognizable types. The dreamers of 1848 failed, but they failed in striving for a noble ideal; and few even of practical Youngest Germany will find "Socrates" Hartmeyer or his Brethren of the Storm typical of men, who, like the great literary historian Gervinus, could understand no scheme for German unity which did not include the great sister-ideal, liberty.

As often with Sudermann, the minor characters are the truest. "Blond Ida" the waitress, the insufferably impudent corps-student Reinhold with his officers' slang, and the little Jew Siegfried are all drawn in the best manner of the realistic school. No living German can touch off the weaknesses of the bourgeoisie nor put his finger so unerringly on the sore spots in German social life as Sudermann. What a stirring picture of Jewish misery is little Siegfried Markus's description of his freshman visit to a "Corps-Kneipe" at the Königsberg university! The very sight of the square unyielding outlines of the young aristocrats sends his heart into his boots.

"Just as soon as I gave my name, the man across the table began to crack jokes on Jews. I play the naïve and keep the game going. Then you should have heard them snicker. I see plainly enough that they are laughing at me, but I clench my teeth and say to myself: 'You are going to *compel* them to respect by your superior intellect. . . I talked about everything—old idealism

and modern gaiters, Germany's inalienable national rights and the swellest way of training poodles, the unimportance of Hegel's conception of divinity and the importance of a good pug-dog. I quoted Plato, Schopenhauer, and the latest sharper. Everybody looked at me with mouth agape, and I thought I had them just where I wanted them, when my friend Hartmeyer came and whispered that he was commissioned to give me a hint that this was no place for my colossal jaw, and that it would be better if I staid away next time. Outside I shook my fist and swore: If you *won't* have us as friends, you have *got* to have us as enemies! Then we shall see who comes out on top."

With the possible exception of Ibsen, no one is such a master of the dramatic dialogue as Sudermann, and in this respect the "Socrates" shows a ripening of his powers. There are the same effective theatrical *coups*, which have marked all of Sudermann's dramas from "Magda" down and which give them all, especially in the closing scenes, a certain unnatural staginess. In this respect "Socrates" shows no development as compared with Sudermann's first masterpiece; indeed, it seems to have become easier for him to play the technical virtuoso at the expense of truth and nature. Those who have been expecting from Sudermann a solution of the question as to the future of the German drama find no answer in "Socrates." He leaves us still guessing whether there is to be development in the direction of a refined realism or whether with Hauptmann's "Der Arme Heinrich" and Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" we are standing on the threshold of a new romantic movement.

LETTERS AND LIFE

BY JOHN FINLEY

THERE have been written, doubtless, enough reviews of Morley's "Gladstone" to fill as many and as ample volumes as Mr. Morley has written in the biography itself. It is not my purpose to add to these reviews of it. Those who are eligible to sit on the Board of its Appraisers, who have some right and leave to estimate its values, historical and literary, must at least have known Mr. Gladstone in life, for the worth of this biography as a piece of artistic work is not yet to be assessed apart from the value of the "likeness" and the accuracy of the setting. My brief article makes no attempt (to borrow a figure from the field of finance) to put a valuation upon the capital of this wonderful human life, or to question Mr. Morley's reports of its intellectual and moral receipts and expenditures. It but assesses to local uses that portion of this great trans-continental line, which runs through what we may call our community of interests. But its purpose is not this alone, nor chiefly. A railroad is invited to a community not as an object of taxation, but as a means of transportation, and the biography, a bit of which I here describe, while it gives new objects for taxation by our interests (and criticisms) is, after all, best and most helpfully and profitably viewed as a means of transportation to other horizons—a railroad with an exclusive franchise, with one of the richest territories of history and with a most varied scenery. I have only the advantage of having traveled over its pages before the reader, if indeed, I have that advantage.

There is one chapter in this biography, from which one has a good view of the whole course of the life especially in its mature years. And it

may be parenthetically remarked that the earlier years, the youth of Mr. Gladstone, are not especially picturesque or attractive. The chief difference between his and an ordinary life is as the difference between a plateau and a plain, that of altitude. There is a consequent difference between the flora of the one and of the other, yet till the flora becomes efflorescent, that difference is not so marked. The close observer may find it more noticeable, for like the botanist of the fields and woods, the root, the stem, and the leaf tell him what an untrained eye must wait to distinguish in blossom or fruit.

The chapter I have in mind lies far past the middle of the book, and is entitled "The Octagon." It takes its title from the fire-proof octagonal room which was added in the eighties to what Mr. Morley calls Mr. Gladstone's "temple of peace"—the room at Hawarden where its master stored the letters and papers of a crowded lifetime. But it is not merely a granary of letters nor a sepulchre of a once potent life. It is an observatory, and the letters are as lenses which give one a long or a more intimate view, moving the past up a little nearer the present.

There are, first of all,—for they must have royalty's precedence—the nightly letters to the Queen, telling her what had gone on in the House, and "what sort of figure had been cut by its debaters." How better than Hansard's must these reports be, whose transcripts keep the memory of the days of tumult; of labors that the next day emerge into triumphs, of hopes that the next day fall in defeat. In these and the other papers of business, as Mr. Morley remarks, are "all the riddles of the great public world," and these are

some of them: "Why one man becomes prime minister, while another who ran him close at school and college, ends with a pension from the civil list; why the same stable and same pedigree produce a Derby winner and the poor cab-hack; why one falls back almost from the start, while another runs famously until the corner, and then his vaulting ambition dwindles to any place of 'moderate work and decent emoluments;' how new competitors swim into the field of vision; how suns rise and set with no return and vanish as if they had never been suns, but only ghosts or bubbles; how in these time-worn papers successive generations of active men run chequered careers, group following group, name blazing into the fame of a day; then, like span-gles of a rocket, expiring." These are riddles one does not have to go to a prime minister's correspondence to find; but in the letters covering a period of so many years of activity and invited by such varied activity and interest as Mr. Gladstone's, the perplexing mystery of it all is confirmed and intensified. There are letters of men who accept posts in high hope and "assurance of good words," and end "in failure and new torment." Neighbors to these are letters of radiant authors sending their books that were never afterward heard of. But there are happily set-offs "of dull unmarked beginnings to careers that proved brilliant or weighty." And "if," for I can't stop quoting short of a still more comforting conclusion, "if there are a thousand absurdities in the form of claims for place and honors and steps in the peerage, all the way up the ladder, from a branch post-office to the coveted blue riband of the garter, there are, on the other hand, not a few modest and considerate refusals, and we, who have reasonable views of human nature, may set in the balance against a score of the begging tribe, the man of just pride, who will not exchange

his earldom for a marquise, and the honest peer who to the proffer of the garter says with gratitude evidently sincere, 'I regret, however, that I cannot conscientiously accept an honor which is beyond my deserts.'" It is particularly pleasing to find a few pages beyond these general and impersonal observations, the confirmation of two illustrious instances. When Mr. Gladstone proposed a pension to Miss Martineau, she replied: "The work of my busy years has supplied the needs of a quiet old age. On the former occasions of my declining a pension, I was poor and it was a case of scruple (possibly cowardice). Now I have a competence, and there will be no excuse for my touching the public money." And then is added the most graceful sentence of gratitude: "You will need no assurance that I am as grateful for your considerate offer, as if it had relieved me of a weary anxiety." The other noteworthy instance is that of Mr. Watts, the illustrious painter, declining the proffer of enrollment among the baronets of the United Kingdom. It is not, however, from undervaluing distinctions that he declines (for he would "like to be a Duke and deserve the title"); it is because he felt it would be "something like a real disgrace to accept for work merely attempted reward and payment only due to work achieved." The letter has served its purpose to have been quoted in these two sentences, but one can not put it back without a glance at what follows, and glancing at it, one can not resist the temptation to quote it in part at least, for it contains the celebrated painter's analysis of human earthly existence: "Living mainly in a world of my own, my views are narrowed (I hope I may also say simplified) till a sense of the four great conditions which to my mind comprise all that can be demonstrated of our existence, Life and Death, Light and Darkness, so dominate my mental



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

From Morley's *Life of Gladstone*. By permission of the Macmillan Co.

vision that they almost become material entities and take material forms, dwarfing and casting into shadow ordinary considerations. Over the two first, human efforts broadly speaking avail nothing; but we have it in our power the two last (of course, I include in the terms all that belongs to good and bad, beauty and ugliness).” A certain recent school of physicists have, I believe, interpreted everything in terms of energy.

Mr. Watts’s is a very satisfying theory by the side of this. It allows the artist as well as the poet and statesman credit for his labor in dealing with great issues. And are not the forces with which the poet and artist works as real entities as what the physicists call the “associations of energies”?

I find my way back from this digression by help of one of Mr. Morley’s characterizations of some “charming

professors of poetry," impressively cautioning Mr. Gladstone about the weakness of the army, or the insecurity of the Indian Empire, as altos who "insist on singing the basso part." This brings us quickly to the realm of order, persistency, precision, and pragmatism, the region of Mr. Gladstone's true calling—the practical world in which he is besought, for example, by Mr. Matthew Arnold, for a recommendation to the "prosaic post" of librarian of the House of Commons, and is obliged to refuse him appointment to a place on the Charity Commission, though later constrained to make him proffer of a pension (which "his friends make him accept") "in public recognition of services to the poetry and literature of England."

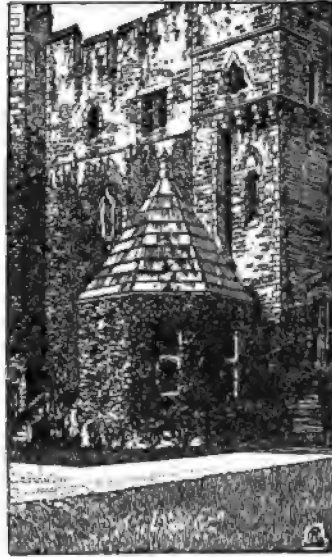
The Octagon letters not only give a "large inspection of human life," and perhaps a disappointing one (for it has been said that to peruse the papers of a prime minister is to have one's view of human nature lowered), but they afford, as Mr. Morley observes, a good opportunity for the study of parliamentary crises. They intensify into conviction the suspicion that "goodish people begin to waver in great causes when they first seriously suspect the horrid truth that they may not after all be in the majority," but there is the antiphonal compensation in the "letters of the staunch" of which Mr. Morley reminds us. As the Psalmist he is constantly balancing the good against the ill.

Then there are to be witnessed through these letters, not only parliamentary convulsions, but also all the religious agitations of the time, and not only Mr. Gladstone's, but the whole people's temper and bearing in the face of them. Mr. Morley's tribute here to Mr. Gladstone is all the more valuable in that he was not in full

and active sympathy with Mr. Gladstone on the religious side of mundane and supramundane things. Adopting Lord Salisbury's characterization of him as a "great Christian," he credits him with sedulously striving "to apply the noblest moralities of his own communion to the affairs both of his own nation and of the commonwealth of nations," and exposes the hypocrisy of those who, professing to prize the truths of Christianity, derided his supreme experiments in their application, and thus showed a scepticism "deeper and far more destructive than the

doubts and disbelievings of the Gentiles in the outer courts." And somewhere there must be among his letters that quotation from Dante (whom he read not merely for pleasure or as a lesson, but for the vigorous discipline of the heart, the intellect, the whole man; of whom he had learned, he said, a great part of that mental provision which served him in his journey of life)—a quotation which he called one of the canons of his living:

*In la sua volontade è nostra pace
Ella è quel mare, al qual tutto si muove.*



THE OCTAGON

From Morley's *Life of Gladstone*
By permission of the Macmillan Co.

"In His will is our peace." That does, indeed, seem to furnish the key to his tranquillity amid all the storm and stress of his life.

But the letters and papers and diaries of "The Octagon" give other views than of political struggle and religious controversy and aspiration, other insight than that which discloses human nature in the foibles and failings of its flesh and spirit; other reflections than of Mr. Gladstone's own patience, imperturbability and fortitude in the cause of church and state; they give intimation of the world-wide horizon of his life and its multitudinous interests. "The correspondence is polyglot," but the cloven tongue had descended upon Mr. Gladstone and every man was heard in his own speech. Cavour writes in Italian, the Archbishop of Cephalonia congratulates him in Greek (on the first Irish Land Bill); the Archbishop of Chios sending him a book writes in the same tongue; the Archimandrite Myrianthes forwards him objects from the Holy Land; the patriarch of Constantinople thanks him; Garibaldi writes his gratitude, and a note from Guizot becomes neighbor to it. "Foreign rulers, Indian potentates, American citizens" (as if to sum up the earth's important personages) all write to him. And most of them he doubtless answered, though I suppose "The Octagon" never saw a type-writer. Think what labor must be presumed to account for the existence of sixty thousand "selected letters" alone, and the score of large folios containing copies of the letters that went out from his hand. Mr. Morley calls it an "improvident thrift" which has preserved all the sixty thousand; but with all the waste space on the planet, one can hardly begrudge the few cubic feet which give shelter to the these gathered proofs of the world's ambitions and disappointments, hopes

and despairs, beliefs and doubts. If I had not already too much mixed my metaphors, I should say that the thresher ought not to complain of the amount of straw since it has yielded to his flail so much wheat, and to us such nourishing bread.

But I have not done with the intimations of the receptiveness of Mr. Gladstone's "Octagon" or of the voracity of his own interests. I suppose that as well as any modern man he illustrates the compounded scholar who is both ardent in search of truth and eloquent in telling it. As to the first capacity we shall have to concede that he was a scholar in persistent search though not "in abiding contribution," but in the second, in expression, in visualizing principles in policies, in stirring apathy to purpose and purpose to action, he certainly was a scholar pre-eminent. "His performances in the sphere of active government were beyond comparison." But as to the first-named quality of scholarship again, let one or two illustrative letters intimate his tireless seeking. Huxley sends him apparently at his solicitation, titles of books on the origin of the domestic horse; another scientist gives him statistics concerning the girth of great trees; another reports on some of Helmholtz's experiments in sound-vibrations; Darwin discusses with him colors and their names; a learned French statesman corresponds with him in the matter of the "curious prohibition of pork as an article of food," and a member of Parliament writes him apropos of a recent discussion to ask whether it was because the Greeks held the horse in such high estimation, that they refrained from eating his flesh. These are but suggestions of the distances he traveled from his immediate concerns, under compulsion of his insatiate desire for truth. And as every one must know it was not only

nor chiefly in search of material facts. A business letter is brought to an end with this: "I must close; I am going to have a discussion with Huxley on the immortality of the soul."

I intended to speak of his reading. The amount and diversity of it must put the man of only ordinary engagements to shame. I cite but one brief week's record, and that in his seventy-first year:

"April 11, *Sun.*—Church at 8 ½ A.M. . . 11 A.M. Read *Gospel for the 10th Century*. Examined liturgical books. . . April 12.— . . Read Brugsch's *Hist. Egypt, Guy Mannering*. Wrote some memoranda. April 13.— . . Read *Guy Mannering* and that most heavenly man, George Herbert. April 16.—Mr. Bright came over from Llandudno. . . April 17.—Finished my letter and revision of it. Cut down a sycamore with W. H. G. April 18, *Sun.*—Holy Communion 8 A.M.; morning service and evening. Wrote . . 17 letters. Read *Divine Veracity* or *Divine Justice*, Caird on *Philosophy of Religion*."

But this, we are cautioned by Mr. Morley to remember, "that his literary life was part of the rest of his life, as *literature ought to be*." (The italics are mine.) "He was no mere reader of many books, used to relieve the strain of mental anxiety, or to slake the thirst of literary or intellectual curiosity."

Reading was for him a habitual communing with the master spirits of mankind, as a vivifying and nourishing part of life. The next day after the week whose record I have just in part quoted he went back to London and to the turmoil of another ministry.

There is Mr. Morley's paragraph in summary, which ought to be heard before the door of "The Octagon" is closed, especially if one does not come to its threshold again. "Though man of action yet Mr. Gladstone too has a place by character and influence among what we call the abstract, moral, spiritual forces that stamped the realm of Britain in his age. In a new time, marked in an incomparable degree by the progress of science and invention, by vast mechanical, industrial and commercial development, he accepted it all, he adjusted his statesmanship to it all, nay, he revelled in it all, as tending to ameliorate the lot of the 'mass of men, women and children who can just ward off hunger, cold, and nakedness.' He did not rail at his age, he strove to help it. . . He knew how to augment the material resources on which a people depend." Then after asking when England was stronger, richer, more honored among the nations than in the years when Mr. Gladstone was at the zenith of his authority, he adds (which is the best tribute), 'Besides all this, 'he upheld a golden lamp.'"



The History of Oliver and Arthur.



Written in French in 1511, translated into German by Wilhelm Liely in 1521, and now done into English by William Leighton and Eliza Barrett, 1903.

REDUCED TITLE-PAGE, RIVERSIDE PRESS

HERE END THE POEMS SELECTED FROM THE
HESPERIDES OF ROBERT HERRICK
TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY COPIES
HAVE BEEN PRINTED
WITH INITIAL LETTERS AND DECORATIONS
CUT ON WOOD FROM DESIGNS BY
H. M. O'KANE



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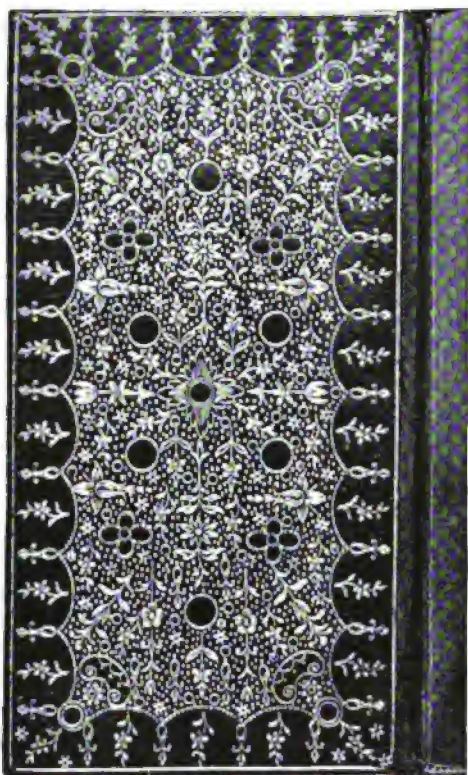
TYPOGRAPHY AND BOOKMAKING

BY FREDERIC SHERMAN

YEAR after year the little company of those who interest themselves in the making of fine books is enlarged by the addition of several ambitious recruits from the ranks of printers and book-lovers and the number of well-made and good-looking volumes shows a gratifying increase. Many, if not all, of these books, it is true, are marred by certain obvious imperfections. It has come to be common to hear them sneered at and their makers scoffed, as if indeed, good book-making began and ended with William Morris, as it seems a great many self-appointed judges are too ready to believe. One has only to compare the Kelmscott books with

those made at the Doves Press to realize that to the latter establishment belongs the credit for what is probably the highest achievement in book-making of modern times. Morris's fame as a printer will however endure, inasmuch as he it was who planned and executed that noble array of volumes the excellences of which revolutionized existing ideas of printing and inaugurated the present era of high endeavor in book-making.

Considering that the issues of the Kelmscott, the Vale and the Doves Presses, the three most notable latter-day English establishments devoted to artistic book-making, present variations



BINDING BY ROGER PAYNE
From "Bookbinders and Their Craft."

of but a single style in typography, the various and widely different styles of printing that are represented in the list of our American Riverside Press publications, entitle it to a measure of praise which as yet no single example of its work has commanded as a "tour de force." One of its latest productions, "The History of Oliver and Arthur," a handsome octavo volume printed in black-letter, in double column, suggests comparison with certain of Morris's books, and fortunately stands it better than most recent volumes of the kind done in this country. The book is printed in red and black throughout,

The History of Oliver and Arthur. Originally written in Latin. Now done into English by William Leighton and Eliza Barrett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press. 330 copies. Ill. Quarto. \$15.00 net.

and illustrated with many charming little woodcuts. The arrangement of these cuts, the tone of the red ink used and its disposition upon the pages, are admirable. The volume, however, surpasses its predecessors in the Riverside series most noticeably in the perfection of the registry and the printing.

The chief distinction of the Elston Press is the uniform excellence of the printing it does. Working with the same black-letter types, the use of which William Morris revived after they had been so long neglected as to be practically forgotten, Mr. Conwell equals if he does not surpass in presswork the results obtained at the Kelmscott Press. The "Poems from The Hesperides," lately issued from this press represents the highest achievement of a genuine and measurably successful endeavor to establish in this country a press where some of the most notable of the rules for good book-making laid down by Morris are conscientiously observed.

To Mr. Updike, whose work is invariably interesting, belongs the credit of having produced some of the finest existing specimens of contemporary book-making, a feat quite as noteworthy in every way as that of printing a book successfully in the manner of a by-gone day. "The Poet Gray as a Naturalist," one of the latest works from his press, is an almost perfect specimen of what may very well be styled, a hundred years from now, the ideal twentieth-century book. Using but a single face of type for a volume, as he generally does, Mr. Updike by the process of elimination succeeds in distinguishing many of his works by something of that same simplicity which is a very real though little appreciated feature of the highest

Poems selected from The Hesperides of Robert Herrick. The Elston Press. 260 copies. Octavo. \$7.00 net.

The Poet Gray as a Naturalist. Charles Eliot Norton. C. E. Goodspeed. The Merrymount Press. 500 copies. Ill., 8vo. \$5.00 net.

The books which Mr. Seymour has already issued and which he will issue henceforth under

TYPE DESIGNED BY RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR

PRINTING, An Essay by William Morris & Emery Walker, from "Arts and Crafts Essays." Large 8vo,

VILLAGE PRESS TYPE, DESIGNED BY FRED W. GOUDY

expression of any art. The reproduction of the poets pen-and-ink pictures upon the laid paper used for the text adds greatly to the appearance of the volume, and suggests many interesting possibilities in the illustration of books.

Mr. Ralph Fletcher Seymour and Mr. Fred W. Goudy have designed new faces of type of the Jenson order, which appear in their recent publications. Both faces are well adapted for book work and make up into effective pages upon the rough papers of volumes in which they are now used. Mr. Seymour's letters are the most individual, though Mr. Goudy's characters, for all their likenesses to those of several other faces, as for instance, the Golden font, are no less pleasing. "The Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise," in which Mr. Seymour's type appears, is by far the best book he has yet made. The edition of the essay upon "Printing" by William Morris and Emery Walker, in which Mr. Goudy's face is first used, is a most commendable initial endeavor in the art of book-making. Mr. Seymour, we are pleased to observe, has stopped using the grotesque design that ruined the title-pages of several of his early books. We hope that Mr. Goudy also, in time, will give up his

fancy for decorating the pages of his book with the little leaf ornament he has designed to go with his type.

In a handsome octavo volume, printed at the Gilliss Press and bound in gray

THE POET GRAY

AS A NATURALIST

**WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS NOTES ON
THE SYSTEMA NATURE OF LINNÆUS AND
FACSIMILES OF SOME OF HIS DRAWINGS**

By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON



CHARLES E. GOODSPEED

BOSTON: MDCCCXIII

Castle, Knight and Troubadour. Elia W. Peattie. The Blue Sky Press. 12mo. \$2.00 net.

The Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Ralph Fletcher Seymour. 515 copies. Octavo. \$3.00 net.

Printing: An Essay. William Morris and Emery Walker. The Village Press. 231 copies. Small Quarto. \$3.00 net.

REDUCED TITLE-PAGE, MERRYMOUNT PRESS

boards with vellum back, are published under a single cover the several interesting and illuminating essays upon "Book-binders and Their Craft," which Miss Prideaux has at various times contributed to American and English magazines. Many important phases of the subject are treated, including Early Stamped Bindings, French Binders of To-day, Some English and Scottish Bindings of the Last Century, Early Italian Bindings and the Characteristics and Peculiarities of Roger Payne. The volume is profusely illustrated with handsome reproductions in half-tone of the artistic bindings which are mentioned, and is well printed throughout. Miss Prideaux, who binds books herself, and whose binding are among the most beautiful of present-day workmanship, writes with understanding and authority, and her book will be welcome to all who delight in the possession of books artistically bound in a manner befitting their period or their charm.

The last two volumes of American make to be mentioned here are speci-

Book-binders and Their Craft. S. T. Prideaux. Charles Scribner's Sons. The Gilliss Press. 500 copies Ill., 8vo, \$12.50 net.

mens of "pretty" rather than "artistic" book-making. The first, Mr. Seymour's "Four Old Christmas Carols," is an unhappy attempt to reproduce in a printed book at a nominal price the effect of a hand-illuminated missal. The second, "Castle, Knight and Troubadour," a little book on modern lines, is a much better specimen of this kind of thing.

As a proper setting for the twenty-five illustrations made by George Cruikshank for "The Pilgrim's Progress" forty years ago, and never before published, a new edition of John Bunyan's immortal story now appears, printed on hand-made paper with these pictures reproduced on separate pages of Japanese vellum. The book is very successful from every point of view. The type is large and clear, the marginal notes and references well arranged, and the sketch of Bunyan's life by Mr. Edmund Venables, from the Biographical Edition, together with the characteristic illustrations by Cruikshank, are welcome and valuable additions.

Four Old Christmas Carols. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Ralph Fletcher Seymour. Small 4to. \$1.50.

The Pilgrim's Progress. John Bunyan. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. Henry Frowde. Henry Hart. 1000 copies. 8vo. \$7.00 net.

APPARITION

By YONO NOGUCHI

From "From the Eastern Sea." By permission of Fusanbo, Urajinbo-cho: Tokyo

'T WAS morn;
I felt the whiteness of her brow
Over my face; I raised my eyes and saw
The breezes passing on dewy feet.

'Twas noon;
Her slightly trembling lips of passion
I saw, I felt, but where she smiled
Were only yellow flakes of sunlight.

'Twas eve;
The velvet shadows of her hair enfolded
me;
I eagerly stretched my hand to grasp her,
But touched the darkness of eve.

'Twas night;
I heard her eloquent violet eyes
Whispering love, but from the heaven
Gazed down the stars in gathering tears.

VOLTAIRE, CYNIC

BY LIONEL STRACHEY

"YOU are English, my dear friend, and I was born in France, but they who love the arts are all co-citizens. Decent people who think have nearly the same principles and compose a single republic." Thus did François Arouet de Voltaire begin a letter to the English merchant Falkener, in which the French poet dedicated his tragedy of "Zaïre" to a mere shop-keeper in the perfidious island across "La Manche." Oh! the shame, the unheard of scandal—a courtier and celebrated poet of The Great Nation inscribing such a masterpiece to a traitorous, tape-measuring, tail-turning Briton, a member of the dastardly tribe that dared to defy (and defeat) French arms! And The Great Nation accordingly reviled this, the bravest writer of the eighteenth century, for paying that compliment to one of that race—which, however, in the said eighteenth century was roundly beaten by the said French arms, at Fontenoy on land, as well as off Minorca at sea. To own a cosmopolitan spirit: not to hate foreign nations—Voltaire hated none—especially if these were enemies of your nation, was an even worse offence in the eighteenth century than it is in the twentieth. But what Voltaire said about the patriotic forms of murder, arson, rape, and pillage, all embodied in the word "War," and internationally sanctified under that bloody name, holds good for all ages:

"As a fact, natural law teaches us to kill our neighbour, and this is done all the world over."

"They deplored the fate of men sent to cut each other up by monarchs, for a whim, because of a dispute which two decent people could settle in an hour."

"A million of enregimented mur-

derers, roving from one end of Europe to the other, practice disciplined slaughter and brigandage to gain their daily bread, because they have no better trade."

"Their particular form of insanity is a mania for shedding the blood of their brethren, and to devastate fertile plains in order to reign over cemeteries."

"All wars are simply a question of stealing."

Detesting the Christian fashion called war, Voltaire likewise bore down, tooth and nail, upon the habit indulged by Christians of persecuting, torturing, and killing each other because of their beliefs. His unrelenting fight in the cases of Calas and La Barre prove him not only the champion of free thought but of strict justice. Nor did he spare from his keen shafts the presumption of a cult setting itself up as superior to all other creeds and attempting to extinguish them:

"A troop of foreign priests who had come from the end of the west in the mad hope of compelling the whole of China to think as they did, and who, on the pretense of spreading truths, had already acquired wealth and honors."

He attacked doctrinal and historic Christianity every way, not even stopping short (much to his discredit), as in the poem: "The Maid of Orleans," at foul obscenities. In "The Princess of Babylon," a fancifully absurd and pungently satirical tale, he burlesqued the pomp and the boasting of Old Testament rulers and warriors. The versified drama "Fanaticism, or Mahomet the Prophet," was a disguised arraignment of his own country's fanatical priesthood. "A woman who rears two or three children," we read in "The Voice of the Sage and the People," "does more for the state than all the

convents." But he did things more immediately useful than to flourish an iconoclastic quill at men's pet traditions. Voltaire, true to his keen persuasion that nothing was more highly honored than venerable abuses, and that such served as laws throughout the whole world, indited countless pamphlets and satires against judicial, social, and fiscal fallacies and delinquencies existing in his day, by no means omitting to tease unmercifully their promulgators and promoters. As a diversion herefrom his restless pen would rattle down reams of ridicule upon philosophers, poets, statesmen, scientists, past and present, great and small, with whom Monsieur de Voltaire happened not to agree. Now it might be Locke, now Leibnitz, now Buffon, or Montesquieu, or Rousseau. Or it might be one who but for the honor of being called a fool by the author of "Candide" would never have been heard of—such as the petty poetaster Baculard d'Arnaud. All his life long was Voltaire criticising and satirizing, hacking and attacking. And he did this with a force of combined virulence and wit never excelled in the whole history of literature. When he best abuses, he most amuses.

A man may write after one manner, and behave after another. Thus the Sage of Ferney was quixotic enough in hospitality to bear comparison with the elder Dumas. Of his abode near Geneva, an everlasting stream of guests, invited and uninvited, welcome and unwelcome, made an actual hostelry. Fifty might sit down to supper—or a hundred. A visitor might stay a week, a month, a year—or several years. Once fame and prosperity attained and established, the unbelieving philanthropist was constantly besieged by Christian petitioners, whom he variously patronized or aided, and many of whom subsisted or flourished by his infidel bounty. Needy authors and

artists rarely made vain appeal to his purse. The people of his tiny territory of Gex lived happily under the wise beneficence and vigilant protection shed over them by this enemy to the church. Often he cared for the friends or relations of those fallen victim to the judicial infamies he was beleaguering in behalf of the dishonored dead. To vindicate the memory of Jean Calas he exerted himself for years while maintaining the survivors of that worthy burgess of Toulouse,—a Protestant,—tortured, broken on the wheel, strangled in public execution by order of a Christian tribunal upon the false charge of having murdered his own son to prevent the youth from turning Catholic. Similar were his pertinacious zeal and liberal charity in the cases of La Barre and Sirven. Yet was this tremendous champion of legal justice and religious tolerance an equally liberal liar and unflinching flatterer. He avowed himself a good Catholic when seeking admission to the Academy; likewise upon his deathbed! He dedicated "Fanaticism" to Pope Benedict XIV! Always craving for place and preferment, he accepted lucrative offices at the courts of Louis XV and Frederic II. Of the "Alte Fritz" he became the dear bosom friend, and paid him the sweetest compliments, him, the blood-guilty man of war, the cruel despoiler of Maria Theresa, the robber of provinces—although "All wars are simply a question of stealing." In the "Henriade" and "The Age of Louis XIV" he eulogized the martial renown of those first and third Bourbon kings. Was there ever so consistent a cynic?

Oh! you chaste wives, married in church, who strip your bosoms bare for the ballroom; you holy bishops, who drink champagne and ride in carriages on week-days, and on Sundays say aloud: "Go and sell what thou hast and give all to the poor;" you Christian

soldiers, who in glorious battle shoot and stab your fellow-professors of the religion of love and peace and gentleness—when you are dead how you will all cackle with consistent Christian cynicism in the congenial company of that amusing *Monsieur de Voltaire*!

We have been provoked to state the above facts (which perhaps they are not) and make the foregoing reflections (with which perhaps no one will concur) by the appearance of a new "*Life of Voltaire*." The author, "*S. G. Tallentyre*," who is not Tallentyre, shall, as far as we are concerned, remain pseudonymous. She has published a book essentially unbiased and entertaining; she has written two volumes always impartial yet never dull; she has composed a work at once lively and instructive, correct and pleasant. Her biographic sources are Condorcet, Morley, Parton, Desnoiresterres and a score of other reputable scribes, and she seems to have made a (rapid) excursion through the literary domains of *Monsieur de Voltaire*. The description we have read is the smart synopsis of a whole library. And it possesses the very fault to be expected in an agreeable composition by a charming woman; whether from incapacity or politeness, "*Tallentyre*" does not push her conclusions to the limit. If she did, she would, emphatically declare that, without prejudice to his talents or virtues, in private life her hero was an unbearably selfish, fretful, capricious, nerve-racking fidget, that he was a master of the arts—truly Gallic—of mean spying and worrisome chicanery, that he was conceited as a cockatoo and quarrelsome as a cat, in short, that his character was one by right belonging to a real genius.

Her sprightly account of *Voltaire's* half intellectual, half sexual amour with *Madame du Châtelet* and of his versatile activities at *Ferney*—where this prince of earnest humbugs went to mass

in state—make diverting lecture; so do her relation of the long sojourn at *Potsdam* and of the dispute with *Mau-pertuis*. She must not, however, be taken for a searching literary critic. Her estimate of the verses and letters may pass, is in fact a just appreciation. But she fails to analyze, or even perceive, the faults of the plays and histories. *Voltaire*, like many another philosopher, knew man better than he did men; also, the didactic and ironic senses were far stronger in him than the scenic and dramatic. The wit of "*Candide*," is colossal, monumental, immortal. Approved, seconded, endorsed. But how absurd to vaunt "*Candide*" as a "romance," a "story," a "novel," a "novelette." He, the quick iconoclast, never had the constructing art, nor gave the sacrificing leisure (which is also an art) necessary for the building of excellent narration. *Swift*, his second in satire, easily surpasses him in story-telling. "*Tallentyre*" knows well enough wherefor most of *Voltaire's* writings are doomed to oblivion; so why cannot she go to the end, explaining how such documents would in our day count for slashing polemic journalism? Nevertheless, we—hard to please—recommend this biography for your reading: wives, bishops, soldiers, journalists, and all you other cynics.

And now, at the last, we will cite a pair of little pieces, very proper to the occasion, the first from *Macaulay*, the second from "*S. G. Tallentyre*."

"*Voltaire* could not build: he could only pull down; he was the very *Vitruvius* of ruin. He has bequeathed to us not a single doctrine to be called by his name, not a single addition to the stock of our positive knowledge."

"*Voltaire's* real claim to eternal remembrance is far less how he thought or what he wrote, than what his writings did. Some of them are obsolete to-day, because they so perfectly accomplished

their aim. Who wants to read now passionate arguments against torture, and scathing satires on a jurisdiction which openly accepted hearsay as evidence? In his own day those writings produced many practical reforms, and paved the way to many more. . . . Through them [those writings], he saved innocent lives and restored stolen

honor. . . Whoso sits under that tree [of liberty] to-day in any country, free to worship his God as he will, to think, to learn, and to do all that does not intrench on the freedom of his fellow-men—free to progress to heights of light and knowledge as yet unseen and undreamt—should in gratitude remember Voltaire."

ARMISTICE

BY ROSAMOND MARRIOTT WATSON

From "After Sunset" by permission of John Lane

FROM the broad summit of the furrowed wold
The oxen, resting, gaze with quiet eyes—
Through the swart shining hide's obscurities
Shows, sharply hewn, the gaunt frame's massive mould,
Wide spread the horns in branching outlines bold—
Solemn they stand beneath the brooding skies,
Impassive, grave, as guardian deities
Carved on some stone sarcophagus of old.

Proud 'neath the yoke bends every stately head;
What tho' the burden drag, the goad-sting gall,
Rest is Earth's recompense for each and all,
Ours, as for these mute thralls of trailing tread,
Emblems of labor immemorial,
The dignity of toil incarnated.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS AND THE POETIC DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

OF THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

THE recent failure of "Ulysses" in New York, has led to a great deal of comment from those who claim that the poetic drama is dead, and can no longer be made financially successful on the boards. Those who love poetry in drama, however, can still point with pride to the extraordinary success of "Cyrano de Bergerac" only five years ago; and cannot feel that the downfall of "Ulysses" is an indication that poetry must be banished from the stage.

I

Many reasons have been brought forward to account for the failure of Mr. Stephen Phillips's play. We are told that the production was inadequate—that six feet of Olympus peopled by actors who mouthed and ranted their lines, a mechanical Hades with comical weird spectres and ill-ordered light effects, and a company of actors uncognizant of verse, made the drama totter to the ridiculous from the sublime. These strictures, no doubt, are true; but they do not strike at the root of the matter. For we must admit freely and frankly that "Ulysses" was a bad play, and in the true sense not a play at all.

About ten years ago the acutest of contemporary critics, M. Ferdinand Brunetière, made a remark about the essence of the drama which is rapidly winning a place among the stock statements of dramatic criticism. The drama, according to M. Brunetière, must set forth a struggle: where there is no struggle there can be no play.

Now if we consider this dictum we shall see immediately how the drama

differs in essence from all the other arts whose purpose is to represent people. Since Lessing's day it has been generally admitted that the sculptor and the painter, when dealing with persons, should set them forth at one of their moments of characteristic repose. Statues and paintings which represent a struggle, like the Laokoon group or Guido Reni's St. Michael and the Dragon, are not as perfect examples of plastic and graphic art as those which depict figures in repose, like the Venus of Melos and the Madonnas of Giovanni Bellini. The aim of those literary arts beside the drama that deal with fictitious characters, like epic and ballad poetry, the novel and the short story, is primarily to set forth a sequence of events linked together by the law of cause and effect. The characters in a narrative may be depicted in a struggle or they may not. They may come to a tense tug of passion, a fierce war between duty and desire, as in the climax of "Jane Eyre," or they may keep the even tenor of their way, unruffled as a budding rose, growing simply without trial and without effort. In the first case, the narrative verges on the dramatic; in the second, the story interests us merely as a tale that is told.

Novels, then, may present a struggle, in which case they may easily be dramatized; but more often, perhaps, they need not and do not, in which case they cannot be made into plays, not even by the hand of a master-craftsman. For this element of struggle is the essence of the drama. When Mascarille contrives to hoodwink the Précieuses Ridicules, when Beatrice and Benedick

indulge in their pretty war of miffs and reconciliations, when Lear dashes himself against the stony ingratitude of his daughters, when Hamlet struggles with his weaker self, we have scenes that are by nature dramatic; they are such stuff as plays are made of.

Now the theme of "Ulysses" is not a dramatic theme. The play fails to interest because it does not set forth a single essential struggle strong enough to dominate the drama from the beginning to the end. It shows a semblance of a struggle now and then; but the noisy wrangle of the gods upon Olympus is not human enough to be moving; and in the scenes in the palace of Ulysses, Penelope is too passive and Telemachus too feeble to oppose to the persistence of the suitors a force sufficiently strong to raise the contest to the plane of the dramatic.

The scene in Hades presents a further defect. The drama should deal not only with a struggle, but with a particular kind of struggle—a *struggle between human wills*. A crash of thunder-clouds presents a cataclysmic struggle and offers a fitting theme for poetry or music. But the drama must deal with men, and its purpose is to set forth the clash of character on character. Now in the scene in Hades, Ulysses is contending against an intangible and unhuman force, an army of imaginary terrors. Such a contest has a narrative and a poetic interest; but it is not dramatic because no tangible and human force comes forth to grapple with the hero. An actor cannot wrestle with electric lights; he must struggle with another actor or with himself, or else the scene will fail.

There is only one really dramatic scene in the entire play. After Hermes has roused Ulysses from his slumber in the odorous amorous isle of violets, there comes for a moment a tense struggle of contending human wills.

Ulysses wills to depart, Calypso wills that he shall remain; and the two contend nobly to the grapple. But one strong scene does not make a play.

Neither can it be said that poetry ever made a play out of a story that was in essence undramatic. The author of "Marpessa" is a great poet, and possesses a strong command of masculine blank verse that at times kindles with imagination and grows tremendous with a swelling phrase. "Ulysses" contains many speeches that are fraught with powerful poetry; but fine speeches cannot make a play, though Milton himself should write them.

II.

It is unfortunate for Mr. Phillips's reputation in America that the weakest of his plays should have been the first to be presented in New York. "Paolo and Francesca" and "Herod" had previously been produced in London with a considerable measure of success; and if one of these had been imported to America we might not have been told by melancholy critics that the poetic drama is only a memory of what has been and never more will be.

As a play, "Paolo and Francesca" is not without defects. Instead of presupposing the love between the hero and the heroine, the dramatist should have shown its growth through a series of graded scenes. The whole action is too compressed to produce a full effect upon an audience. More stuff should be mingled with its condensed extract of emotion. The characters, except Lucrezia, are not full-rounded enough to be human; they are embodiments, rather, of single simple passions. But in several scenes the play rises to rare heights of dramatic emotion—piteous and terrible and true.

"Herod," at least in its first two acts, is the best of Mr. Phillips's plays. The

plot here is thrillingly theatrical, the conflict of emotions is vital and intense, and the hurrying scenes are dominated by a fever and fury of passion that cannot fail to hold an audience in thrall.

Both "Paolo and Francesca" and "Herod" are good examples of true poetic drama, because the poetry in each does not consist, as in the case of "Ulysses," of a set of fine speeches hung upon a thread of narrative, but is bone of the bone of the play and flesh of its flesh. Many people speak of the poetic drama as if its chief merit were the fact that it is written in verse; but this is not and never has been true. The play's the thing in the theatre and always will be. In order to write a good poetic drama, an author must be a dramatist first, and also a poet, not a poet first, and afterwards a dramatist. *Dramatic poetry* will never succeed in the theatre: *poetic drama*, if it be good as drama, will not fail. Browning and Tennyson were dramatic poets, in this special sense; but Victor Hugo and M. Edmond Rostand were poetic dramatists. If anyone doubts the reality of this distinction, let him look to the box-office.

The reason why every English poet of the nineteenth century who tried to write plays failed as a dramatist is that none of them knew the conditions of the theatre for which they were writing. They sat aloof from things theatrical, and wrote according to the obsolete Elizabethan formula. But their failure does not argue that poetic drama

cannot still be written by a man who, like Shakespeare and Molière, is thoroughly familiar with the theatre for which he is writing, and happens also to be a poet.

Now there is no reason whatever why such a man should not in time arise in England or America to parallel the recent success of M. Rostand in France. At present, perhaps, we are living in a prosaic age; in which case it is not strange that the best of our literary drama should be a drama of prose. The greatest of modern English plays, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," contains very few passages which even verge on the poetic. But the success of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and the failure of "Ulysses" is no proof that prose is superior to poetry as a medium for dramatic representation: it is a proof merely that the first is a good play while the second is a bad one.

The poetic drama may be made successful at any time by an author who first shall know the theatre of his age, and then shall also be a poet. Mr. Phillips acted for some time with Mr. F. R. Benson's excellent Shakespearean company, and is familiar with many of the exigencies of the contemporary stage. He has put his practical experience to good use in "Herod," and even though in "Ulysses" he failed signally because he was handling a non-dramatic theme, we have reason to hope, from the promise of his earlier attempts, that he may yet give us a great poetic play.



SILENCE

From a Photograph by C. Yarnall Abbott

THE RAMBLER

THE April number of THE LAMP will be the Spring Announcement Number, the season then being far enough advanced to make it possible to sum up, with something like completeness, the books published and to be published between New Year's day and mid-summer. Of course the number will not wholly be given up, as the December number was, to a resumé of publications, but some effort will be made, in addition to the regular features, to present and classify the spring's productions, or at least the best of them.

Mr. Tobin's frontispiece to the number will be a striking drawing, in colors, of President Eliot of Harvard.



Photography as a means of book illustration is one of the novelties exploited by the Century Company this winter. The new edition of John Luther Long's "Madame Butterfly," with fifteen full-page illustrations from the camera of C. Yarnall Abbott, a latter-day photographer, is practically the pioneer in this new field of book illustration, although a Boston firm brought out simultaneously an edition of "Eben Holden," with photographic pictures by Clarence White. We reproduce here (together with other photographs exhibiting something of the range of his work) two of the illustrations from "Madame Butterfly," to show the artistic possibilities so far developed. Their preparation occupied some months of Mr. Abbott's time, for the arrangement of the subject involved great care. Where the draughtsman would simply supply from his mental resources the material suggested by the manuscript, the photographer must have the realities at hand, arranged, composed, and, least of all, photographed: for, with each picture, the

"pressing of the button" came after weeks of thought and labor, and was to Mr. Abbott the lightest strain upon his skill. To start with, the "shop" shown in most of the interiors was constructed in his studio by a native Japanese, who was employed to generally oversee and to prevent anachronisms and serious discrepancies which a foreigner might unwittingly countenance. Thus the details are authentic. Cherry-blossoms, wistaria, chrysanthemums, all in their natural sequence, had to be secured in their actuality or simulated, for the sad story of Cho-Cho-San covers a period of six months time, and Long never forgets to express the seasons in his descriptions of the festal garnishings. In itself trivial, this was yet a factor which weighed in the composition and grouping of the defined facts of the story for picture-making. For models, Mr. Abbott was fortunate in securing a real Jap and two girls with adaptable features, while the baby gathered from the surplus population near the studio served excellently to express purple-eyed "Trouble," and entered into the spirit of the game, cheered on by an excited audience of proud relatives who will thus owe, no doubt, their introduction to polite fiction.

So, as Mr. Abbott says, while the photographic illustration may attain a measure of popularity, it will never enter the field as a competitor to drawing; for its primal advantage in this practical, not to say mercantile, age would be its cheapness. But it isn't cheap. The mere mechanical process takes time and money, and that is much the least part of it.

That Mr. Abbott is more than a mere photographer, the briefest acquaintance with his work and with himself amply proves. He was one of the first to enter the ranks of pictorial photography in



A PHOTOGRAPHIC BOOK ILLUSTRATION BY C. YARNALL ABBOTT
From "Madame Butterfly." By permission of the Century Company

this country, and one of the few to retain an entire balance and control of his medium, realizing in the frankest way its essential limitations and pushing it in only those directions which lead to the strongest and most subtle results. His work has sincerity and freedom from fads and extremes, qualities that distinguish it from the clever imitation of the painter's technique to which "the new photography" is so apt to run. This is the pitfall which has engulfed the unwary in the new understanding of photography and this Mr. Abbott has avoided with a certainty wherein lies the essence of his art.

A tiny hand camera, forced upon him as an accompaniment of his wedding trip in 1898, represents his first actual contact with photography. With this, natural aptitude, chance, beginner's luck, or a general combination of felicitous circumstance gave him more than the usual success, so that the studio at once secured served a double purpose in gratifying the ambitions of his artist wife and in furnishing ample accessories for his own growing needs. At the time of the first Philadelphia Salon, in October, 1898, Mr. Abbott had nothing larger than a $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ camera and no prints to exhibit. His *début* as an ex-

hibitor was at the Salon of 1899 in Philadelphia, when his showing ranked easily among the foremost of the local exhibits. He was one of the few Americans represented in the small photographic section of the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1901, where pictorial photography was first recognized as a possible fine art. In the same year he was elected to the membership of the "Linked Ring"—a secession from the

Royal Photographic Society of London, whose membership includes about ten American photographers. He has received flattering recognition in the important exhibitions of Paris and Brussels and had five prints invited for the Jubiläums-Ausstellung in Hamburg. In 1902 Mr. Abbott exhibited, by invitation, seventy-five prints in the Royal Society.

Mr. Abbott is by profession a lawyer,



A PHOTOGRAPHIC BOOK ILLUSTRATION BY C. YARNALL ABBOTT

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and it is doubtless because he never has had to push the commercial side in his art that the results are so genuine.

observation of the Indians and of the country to make it easy to forgive him some of the imaginary adventures he describes.

Father Hennepin's account of his "New Discovery of a Vast Country in America," edited by Reuben Gold

In connection with Mr. Symons's estimate of Hawthorne printed else-



PORTRAIT HEAD

By C. Yarnall Abbott

Thwaites, and published, uniform with their last year's issue of the "Journal of the Lewis and Clark Expedition," by McClurg, places another of the works of the first explorers of America within the reach of the general reader. Misleading as much of Father Hennepin's account of his discovery is, his description of Niagara is the earliest known and beside this there is enough of accurate

where in this number it is interesting to read the last American pronouncement on the same subject, that of Professor George E. Woodberry, whose recent resignation from Columbia University is just announced. From his recently published "America in Literature" (Harpers) we quote:

"The genius of Emerson and Longfellow worked in the line of growth so



FEBRUARY

From a Photograph by C. Yarnall Abbott

that they mark in their different spheres the attainment of a new goal; the genius of Hawthorne involved rather a reversion to the Puritan past, and, not only that, but to what was grim, harsh and



NAJIDA

By C. Yarnall Abbott

terrible in its spirit; his genius worked in a reactionary way upon the theme of his brooding and he threw open the doors of the past rather than the gates of the future. He found what people find in tombs—dead sins and mouldered gar-

ments of the soul. Puritanism was to him a dreadful memory which so fastened on his mind as to obtain new life, like an evil obsession there, as if, in truth, it were still contemporary in men's bosoms too, and he could read them by its dark light.

"This recrudescence of Puritanism in an imaginary form, in Hawthorne, was the cardinal thing about him in relation to the community; by virtue of it he made Tuscany another Salem, and gave the treasures of Catholic art to feed the fires of the Puritan Moloch. His village world of observation was his own, as he saw it in daily life and faithfully recorded it; but his world of imagination was the old Puritan countryside, seen in spectral, uncanny, Dante-esque ways, a hateful past turning to life under his hand, to your life and my life, to the life of the man as it is in the eternal present. He could not shake it off; his genius cast shadow; he was a profound pessimist—sin to him was life. Out of all this came a single new creation, which with Knickerbocker and Leatherstocking makes the third original American type, Donatello; like them he was no Cain in vital life; he is a blend of elemental things, a dream of the mind, an emanation half of the artistic senses of a poetic temperament in love with life, half of the remorseful thought of a heart that had 'kept watch o'er man's mortality; but, visionary as he is, Donatello is a true imaginary type, no more to be forgotten than the other purely artistic figures of literature, like Sir Galahad, like the Red Cross Knight, of whose race he is. It seems a miracle of time that drew out of the dark bosom of Puritanism this figure of the early world, fair with Greek beauty, and made its plastic loveliness the flower in art of the Puritan conscience.

"It is art that finally sets Hawthorne aloof from the others in a place of his own. It might almost be said that for



THE BROOK—WINTER

By C. Yarnall Abbott

him heredity had become environment, so much did the past overshadow the present in his moral temperament, his outlook on life and his probings of its mysteries; his genius, in its most concentrated and intense work, was deeply engaged in this inherited subject-matter, this reluctant, repellant, stubborn Puritan stuff, the dark hard ore; but the object of his attention being thus given and the manner of its interpretation being born in him, also, he remained for the rest more the pure literary artist than his contemporaries in New England; the instinct of romantic art for its own mere sake was in him. In the expanding life of New England this thing, too, had happened with other things: an artist had been born there. He was strangely indifferent to everything in the community, he was solitary and a man apart; but he was faithful to his one talent, the power to take an original view of the world, a romantic view, and turn it to pictures in the loom of literature. The world remained the old Puritan world, all the world he knew; but in his eyes it became a pictorial thing, while retaining, necessarily, its moral substance and tragic suggestiveness and it took on artistic form under his hand.

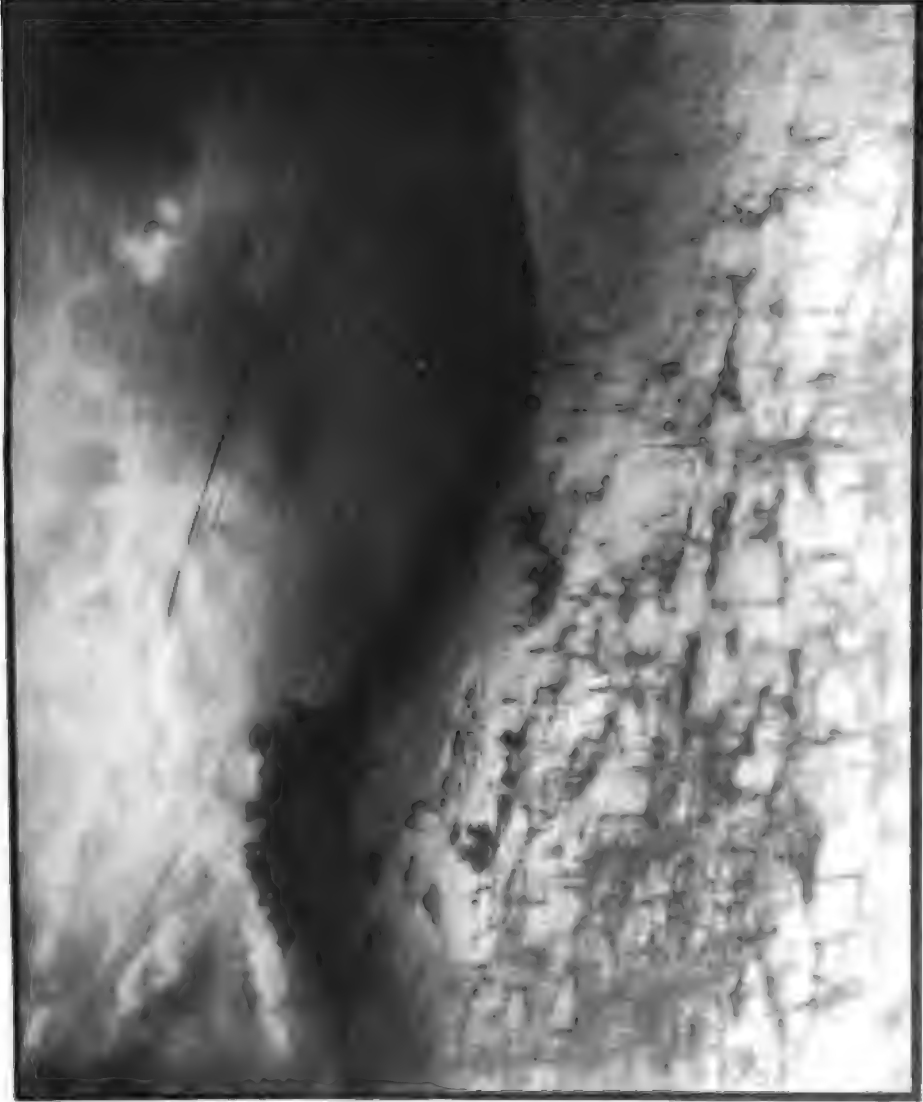
"His love for his art and the things in life that would feed it was absorbing; he idled at all times when not employed with it; he found his happiness in exercising it; it was his art that was necessary to him, not its message; he lived by imagination. In him, consequently, the communal life is seen in the last of its threefold manifestations in the literature of the old Puritan race; in Emerson it shows forth in the pure soul, in Longfellow it blossomed in the heart, and in Hawthorne it left, as on darkness, its imaginative dream."

This quotation will also serve for a sample of an essay (by dint of excessively wide margins only is it made to fill a book) which is suggestive to an uncom-

mon degree. Professor Woodberry's main conclusions will not be widely popular; in fact few will go with him all the way; but no one, even of those most impatient with the severity of his judgments of the past and his hopeless view of the present and future of American letters, will fail to find his book, from cover to cover, interesting and very fruitful of thought. "But now in our own time," he says in conclusion, "in this halt in our literary genius, it is plain that our nobler literature, with its little Western afterglow, belonged to an heredity and environment—and a spirit of local culture whose place, in the East, was before the great passion of the Civil War, and, in the West, has also passed away. It all lies a generation, and more, behind us. The field is open and calls loudly for new champions."



Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward FitzGerald," just imported, is one of those occasional and sometimes startling reminders of the vast returns of biographical and literary treasure still to be got by really earnest, really intelligent and really sympathetic investigation. This seems to be, even of these, an extraordinary example. Edward FitzGerald has been dead twenty years, and his biographies have been written; in fact, with the immense vogue of his "Omar," few, recently, have been more talked of and written about. Yet, at this late day, Thomas Wright has discovered so much that is new and interesting and important, in the life of the poet, and in his letters and unpublished writings, that there now appears a two volume work "on almost every page of which," to quote the author's preface, there is "something new." It is as if the subject had never before been undertaken, and, according to the author, it probably never had been attempted thoroughly



DIES IRAE
By C. Yarnall Abbott



MISS ELLEN GLASGOW
Author of "The Deliverance"

for the reason that it was generally "understood" that there were "no materials." "In view of the circumstances that FitzGerald was born so recently as 1809, and died so recently as 1883," writes Mr. Wright, "I came to the conclusion that while those biographical materials had not been made public, they must somewhere exist, and accordingly I set about the collection of them, though without any definite

idea as to the use I should put them to." With the good will of Mr. Aldus Wright, FitzGerald's literary executor, and others concerned, Mr. Wright began investigations which immediately began to bear fruit in such abundance as to be almost embarrassing. He fills pages with the names of those who contributed letters and other valuable material never before availed of.

Mr. Wright thinks his discovery of the origin of "Euphranor" and the circumstances under which it was written will be regarded by most persons as one of his most interesting revelations, but there are some hundreds of letters, now first published, which disclose a man of parts and proportions heretofore not set forth. FitzGerald's friendship with W. Kenworthy Browne turns out to be "the great central circumstance of his life," and this Mr. Wright develops, from first-handed sources, usefully and most interestingly. His near connection with his brother John, whom he almost humorously resembled in many ways, and with others who had close bearing upon his own development, are here

first made known; and large extracts from an unpublished manuscript in FitzGerald's hand-writing containing word pictures of Tennyson, Thackeray, Browne, Edgeworth, Morton, Malkin, and others, are of very great interest. There is a wealth of new and illuminating anecdote.

It is true that Mr. Wright had other equipment for success than merely enthusiasm, energy and sympathy; he

had the advantage of experience in biographical work, having just completed his "William Cowper." But it is not to be supposed that the same wealth would not have been at the disposal of almost any other conscientious investigator at any time during the last decade, at least; which is a fact fruitful of reflection.

The New International Encyclopædia is now rapidly nearing its completion; in fact it may be doubted whether any work of its complexity, magnitude and great importance was ever produced in a period even approaching it in brevity. Yet, save for a few typographical and other errors so obviously such as to be by no means misleading, the work has all the breadth, scholarship and completeness befitting such a work in such an age. Of course it is essentially and fittingly an American work in the sense that American interests are exploited, not at the expense of foreign interests but in greater number and detail; but this does not invalidate its claims of international scope. It is certain that in no other work can so much and such remarkably varied information be obtained as in this; and there are few even of much smaller works in which the level of quality is so high.

In his "Varied Types" (Dodd, Mead) Mr. G. K. Chesterton, while ranking Tolstoi extremely high as an artist, fairly buries him, as a moralist, under verbal clods as picturesque in their phrasing as they are overwhelming in their impact. He sees nothing but futility in the simplicity of his living. "We feel that a man cannot make himself simple merely by warring on complexity; we feel, indeed, in our saner moments, that a man cannot make himself simple at all. A self-conscious simplicity may well be far more intrinsically

ornate than luxury itself. Indeed a great deal of the pomp and sumptuousness of the world's history was simple in the truest sense." Mr. Chesterton cites Solomon's sumptuousness for example, and declares that Tolstoi would not be content in hurling denunciation at him. "With fierce and unimpeachable logic he would go a step further. He would spend days and nights in the meadows stripping the shameless crimson coronals off the lilies of the field." It is in quite another sense, he holds, and that the deepest sense, that Tolstoi's work makes a genuine and noble appeal to simplicity. "The curious cold white light of morning that shines over all his tales, the folk-lore simplicity with which 'a man or woman' are spoken of without identification, the love—one might almost say the lust—for the qualities of brute materials, the hardness of wood, and the softness of mud, the ingrained belief in a certain ancient kindness sitting



A NEW PORTRAIT OF E. W. HORNUNG

From a portrait by Frederick Hollyer, London

beside the very cradle of the race of man—these influences are truly moral. When we put beside them the trumpeting and tearing nonsense of the didactic Tolstoi, screaming for an obscene purity, shouting for an inhuman peace, hacking up human life into small sins with a chopper, sneering at men, women and children out of respect to humanity, combining in one chaos of contradictions an unmanly Puritan and an uncivilized prig, then, indeed, we scarcely know whither Tolstoi has vanished. We know not what to do with this small and noisy moralist, who is inhabiting one corner of a great and good man."

Mr. Chesterton is always suggestive, whatever else he is or is not. Here is an interesting paragraph which closes his brief essay on Rostand:

"Whether we shall ever have in England a new tradition of poetic comedy, it is difficult at present to say, but we shall assuredly never have it until we realize that comedy is built upon everlasting foundations in the nature of things, that it is not a thing too light to capture, but too deep to plumb. Monsieur Rostand, in his description of the Battle of Wagram, does not shrink from bringing about the Duke's ears the frightful voices of actual battle, of men torn by crows and suffocated by blood, but when the Duke, terrified at these dreadful appeals, asks them for their final word, they all cry out together *Vive l'Empereur!* Monsieur Rostand, perhaps did not know he was writing an allegory. To me that field of Wagram is the field of the modern war of literature. We hear nothing but the voices of pain; the whole is one phonograph of horror. It is right that we should hear these things, it is right that not one of them should be silenced; but these cries of distress are not in life, as they are in modern art, the only Voices; they are the voices of men, but not the voice of man. When questioned finally and seriously

as to their conception of their destiny, men have from the beginning of time answered in a thousand philosophies and religions with a single voice, and in a sense most sacred and tremendous, *Vive l'Empereur!*"



In an article on "Publishing as a Business Career," in *The World Today*, Mr. George P. Brett, President of the Macmillan Company, says the old derisive question, Who reads an American book? "has no meaning to-day, when the publishers of the United States are sending abroad each year books of greater value in amount than the books that are imported into the country, and the body of our literature grows and keeps pace with the growth of our population and intelligence. It is well in this connection to bear in mind that the great stream of English literature became truly deep and broad only after the nation had been welded together by the amalgamation of many peoples, and that there should, in like manner, in this country arise, from the welding of many nationalities into one great people, a literature broader and deeper and more truly American than anything that we have hitherto produced."

Mr. Brett admits that the profits of the publishing business are small compared with some other businesses, but claims for it, by way of compensation, an interesting quality exceeding all others, this especially because it has to do with books and brings one into terms of personal association and friendship with authors, many of whom rank among the great men of their time.

Although no special training or qualification is indispensable, he advises young men expecting to enter this field to take a preliminary course of training in a printing office. "There is no doubt," he says, "that the setting of type and the familiarity with the manufac-



A COMPOSITE PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE FROM THE FOUR
PRINCIPAL AUTHENTIC PICTURES

From *The Academy*, London

ture of books which a printing-office training gives is of the utmost value in these days when the form of books and the beauty of their dress and setting have often so much influence on their success."

Mr. Brett does not believe "that education of the high school or college variety is really necessary to success, either in publishing or any other kind of business career," for the reason that he has seen too many decidedly successful men who have had no education in the common acceptance of the term.



Two new books in the Appleton's Expansion of the Republic series are

"Steps in the Expansion of our Territory," by Oscar P. Austin, Chief of the Treasury Department's Bureau of Statistics, and "Rocky Mountain Exploration," by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Mr. Austin's little volume is a model of clarity and condensation. One could follow the development of the States with entire understanding, if not with appreciation, from the maps alone, which are admirably simple and informing. The book is valuable for reference. Mr. Thwaites has small space for the adequate recital of his many tales of daring and accomplishment. As a comprehensive summary of a broad and interesting subject within easily handled limits, the book accomplishes much.

CURRENT FICTION

BY ELEANOR HOYT

THE bright white light that beats upon a January or February novel is a trying thing. In the rush of mid-spring publication, a book may hide its weak points and sidle past readers and critics with a good grace, if it has even modest merit; but, in the between seasons lull there is time for careful reading and appraising.

Publishers have grown daring and no longer taboo the dull season. January successes are a matter of history, but a book launched in that month must needs have quality justifying the rashness of its sponsors, if it is to win success.

MY FRIEND PROSPERO

"The Deliverance," by Ellen Glasgow and Henry Harland's "My Friend Prospero," are the two New Year books that have so far been most prominently before the public.

The former has already been reviewed in these columns, and Mr. Harland's novel has called forth so many laudatory adjectives that one is tempted to swell the chorus of praise and let it go at that.

After all, any honest reader must admit the aptness of many of the eulogistic adjectives and phrases. The style is "dainty," the dialogue "delicious," the settings "idyllic."

Mr. Harland writes with grace and charm, with picturesque color and form, with refreshing humor. Because he does so, he has set a high standard for himself, and at least one of his admirers thinks "My Friend Prospero" far below the standard.

Its charm is too tenuous, its foundation too slight, the skill of its handling is not consummate enough to offset the slenderness of its thread of interest.

This, of course, is heresy. "Go to,"

comes the response. "Does one demand Michael Angelo muscles in a Watteau shepherd?" There are Watteau shepherds and Watteau shepherds.

"The Cardinal's Snuff Box" was dainty, delicious, charming—even idyllic. It was not inconsequential. Under all its airy lightness and improbability was a grip that held the reader, was originality, subtle force, quality of a rare sort and not confined to style. A facile technique is a tempting thing. One may say nothing so well that one hardly realizes the fragility of the theme, but "My Friend Prospero" would be bettered by more vertebræ.

Mr. Harland's boyish hero, whose frankness "amounts to sublimated bluffness," his heroine, who makes her debut in a lilac muslin gown in an Italian garden that might woo a button manufacturer to sentiment, the "young old thing" Lady Blanchemain, Annunziata, adorer of Marchpane and expounder of theology,—these are delightful folk. One is glad to have met them, their dialogue has a delicious flavor, but one feels that, with their natural advantages, they might have been much more entertaining. It is not hard to part with them. One has not grown attached to them. They are not real folk—just delicate porcelain trifles fashioned by a man with a taste for bijoux and a pretty talent for gratifying his taste.

Yet one is grateful for the book. It is not of its author's best, but it has charm. One hates to overwork that word, so descriptive of Mr. Harland's literary gift, but not every one has the vocabulary of this author whose hero is "meticulous" about his attire from the start, and agrees to Lady Blanchemain's theories with "a frown of excogitation and a lilt of dubiety." Does preciosity

dwelt next door to finesse of literary technique?

Among our young American writers are two sisters with astonishing vocabularies. They tell with pride that, every morning for years past, they have selected two words absolutely new to them, from the dictionary, and have dragged those words into their conversation by the heels all day long in order to master them. Possibly Mr. Harland is perfecting his vocabulary in like fashion. (McClure, Phillips).

AN AMERICAN PRISONER

"An American Prisoner" would command attention even if it had not been published in the dull season. Eden Phillpots won a public with his earlier novels, though they did not achieve general popularity. Force, power, beauty, they had, but their plentiful dialect warned off many readers and they were not rich enough in incident to catch the public fancy.

In his new novel, Mr. Phillpots has made a deliberate bid for popularity. The indications are that it will prove a successful one.

The book is loaded to the muzzle with exciting incident. One startling event doth tread upon another's heels so fast they come. A stern father, an unwilling maid, a plausible but dastardly suitor, a humble self-sacrificing adorer, a brave Yankee lover, a miserly hag with treasures, including a £20,000 amphora, concealed in the bosom of the earth, peasant folk of the real Phillpots kind, are dropped down upon desolate Dartmoor. Each character stands out clean cut, convincing, against a background of grim and gloomy nature such as Eden Phillpots loves for the setting of a tale.

Possibly the artistic value of the work suffers by the over-crowding of spectacular incident, but if the story is at times wildly improbable, it at least is not dull; and, throughout it, one finds in vivid

touches the power of characterization and description which in past seasons won the admiration of the few, if not the attention of the many. (Macmillan.)

LUX CRUCIS

There are readers who do not like "Ben Hur"—despite the evidence to the contrary furnished by innumerable editions—but these critics would doubtless admit that their distaste was for the kind of novel, not for the individual instance, and that "Ben Hur" is so far the best of its kind offered to the public.

All of which is by the way of preface to the assertion that "Lux Crucis" is not another "Ben Hur,"—that General Wallace's religious novel still stands firmly on its pedestal.

Mr. Gardenhire has written "a tale of the great Apostle," Paul, and has written it with a considerable degree of skill; but he offers little that is new. The oft-told story of Nero's court and Christian martyrdom in Rome needs a powerful pen to give it new literary value.

The facts are dramatic enough in all conscience, so dramatic that in simple historic guise they are perhaps most impressive, and the tragedy of the real is fairly sure to dwarf the unreal thread of story woven through the woof of history. Mr. Gardenhire's story is not strong enough to bear its setting. It will doubtless have a host of readers because of widespread interest in its theme, but not because of commanding literary merit. (Harpers.)

THE FUGITIVE

The Jewish problem has had a conspicuous place in fiction of late, and some of the presentation has been literature as well as interesting theory. Ezra S. Brudno's "The Fugitive" has not the artistic quality of certain other Jewish stories, but it is an interesting tale entertainingly told and provocative of thought.

The first half of the book dealing with

Jewish life in Russia is dramatic and convincing. It rings true. The author has not glorified his people, has not made them romantic figures at the expense of truth. He has painted a realistic picture of the weakness and strength of the Russian Jew and of the frightful handicap under which he struggles, and while there are flaws in the workmanship, crudities in the telling, the story holds one's interest.

When the scene shifts to the land of liberty, the interest wanes a trifle, although the author has struck a dramatic note in the disillusion of his hero, in the contrast between the dream and the reality.

We have had stronger pictures of East Side Jewish conditions, but the book as a whole presents a striking case, propounds a vital and discouraging problem. (Doubleday, Page and Co.)

SÄID THE FISHERMAN

"Säid the Fisherman" will not please all readers. It reeks of the Orient of fact, which is not given over exclusively to bulbuls and roses. The caramel school of fiction will lose none of its devotees through Marmaduke Pickthall's tale, but it is a notable story nevertheless and should win many admirers for its author.

Mr. Pickthall is an uncompromising realist. Säid, the heart of the tale, is disreputable to his greasy finger tips,—yet one bears with him, even likes him, after a fashion. His ethics are the ethics of his class, and he has what may be counted to him for virtues. Around him surges the life of Turkish Palestine, with its mixture of religions, of races, of types, its diplomatic eddies, its tides of fanaticism, its undercurrent of treachery, its coarse luxury and coarser poverty.

Mr. Pickthall knows his theme, his people. He writes with a fullness of comprehension, a sympathetic understanding unusual twixt west and east

and the consistent realism of his tale, the picturesqueness of it, the artistic value of the finale in which east meets west and shudders from the fog of it into idiocy which yet holds place for a fanatic's death, these make the book uncommonly well worth the reading. (McClure, Phillips and Co.)

KATHARINE FRENESHAM

It is perhaps an unfortunate thing to begin a literary career by striking twelve. The first success hangs to one's shoulders like an old man of the sea, and is the measure of one's later efforts. Beatrice Harraden wrote an exceptional book in "Ships that pass in the Night." Since then, the public has been expecting her to write another novel as clever and feeling aggrieved that she should not do it.

"Katharine Frensham" will not meet the demand, will not add to the height of the author's pedestal, and yet it is a readable book throughout, and a book decidedly admirable in spots. The early chapters of the story are commonplace enough though the great-hearted cynical old Knutty leavens the heaviness; but after the action is transferred to Norway, it takes to itself a picturesque simplicity that is as unusual as it is charming.

Evidently Miss Harraden knows Norwegian country life with her heart as well as with her head, and the heart knowledge has enabled her to draw her picture lovingly, sympathetically.

The love story is unimportant. It takes no hold upon the reader, but it gathers value from its environment and the secondary folk are delightful enough to offset a rather uninteresting pair of lovers. (Dodd, Mead and Co.)

OLD HEIDELBERG

"Old Heidelberg" made its bow to the American public in dramatic form and

the success of the play insured a favorable hearing for the book.

The translator, who signs a pen name, Max Chapelle, to the work, is a German and a university man; and he has translated the spirit as well as the letter of Wilhelm Meyer-Forster's story. The romance, the color, the pathos of the little tale, are rendered unpretentiously and faithfully and the result is a simple story that holds more appeal to the heart and imagination than many a more ambitious and brilliant piece of work. (Dodge and Metcalf.)

TRELAWNY

The studios of the Latin Quarter have ever been a favorite stage for fiction heroes, and it is in the atelier Marchand that Trelawny makes his debut—Trelawny of the Greek face, the facile talent, the epicurean self-indulgence and the elastic morals.

Later, he returns to the quarter; but, in the meantime, the man and the morals have had a London whirl, and Margaret Johnstone has had a salutary effect upon both.

The plot does not sound startlingly original, but Holman Freeland has handled it skilfully and written an entertaining story though not an important one. The episode of the Charity Bazar fire and the heroic rescue of the heroine by her correct and colorless husband, while Trelawny faces death madly in fruitless endeavor to find and save her, is uncommonly well contrived and carried out, and though the story does not end merrily there is a logic in its shadow that justifies the grimness. (E. J. Clode.)

MR. SALT

Writers of fiction have wakened to the dramatic possibilities in the life of the American man of business, and are utilizing him enthusiastically—with results more or less satisfactory.

Mr. Salt is one of the most recent variations upon the theme, and Will Payne has been wise enough to make him exceedingly human and not too heroic nor too spectacular—a type, not an exception. One can accept him without incredulity, can believe that American conditions breed such men, daring, keen, masterful, buoyant, capable of seeing the humor of Fate's little ironies, big-hearted, but not over scrupulous in business ethics.

Mr. Salt is not a Colossus. He is neither saint nor sinner. One can not altogether approve of him, one would be exceedingly unwilling to damn him. Back in one's brain somewhere lurks a comforting conviction that St. Peter will understand the exigencies of American business life and make allowances. Meanwhile it is an agreeable thing to know that a second fortune rose from the ruins of the first and that Esther helped Mr. Salt to spend it. (Houghton, Mifflin and Co.)

A RED, RED ROSE

Amelia Brent appreciated her American millions, but yearned to spend them in England. Tom Brent was a staunch American, but an indulgent brother.

So the two take "Oriels"—an Elizabethan country place, with "a cunning moat" and the St. Denises, who have been lords of the manor from time immemorial, retire to the Red Cottage.

Here is matter from which Katharine Tynan has evolved "A Red, Red Rose."

It is a light, amusing little story whose love affairs end happily, with rich and poor lovers properly sorted and no hard feelings nor uncomfortably small incomes within sight. (Lippincott.)

THE TRIFLER

"The Trifler" was one Frederick Trewint, who was unfortunate enough to have an indiscreet sister in law. Since

she had written letters easily misunderstood to a jilted lover who was cad enough to have them printed and threaten to distribute them, what could a trifling brother-in-law do?

It was an annoying situation for a young man with a distaste for taking life seriously, but young Trewint cracked the villain's safe before its owner's eyes, took the compromising letters and went his way. That is where the trouble began, and the amateur cracksman was soon too busy for trifling.

The story is not remarkably clever nor particularly plausible, but it is written with a certain verve and ease that carry it successfully over many hurdles to a satisfactory finish, and make it more readable than many a better book. (Smart Set Publishing Co.)

THE CLOSE OF THE DAY

Frank Spearman has written better stories than "The Close of the Day." If he had not, his reputation would not be what it is.

The novel is one of the rapidly increasing class into which business complications enter largely, and a love story shares the stage with the affairs of Durant and Co., but both the business and the love are shadowy things, with-

out the vital realism to demand a reader's sympathy. A dash of theatrical life is thrown into the tale; and though its details are true, it too lacks the vital spark.

The character of Durant is well conceived, well drawn; and this one quiet figure alone saves the story from failure. (D. Appleton and Co.)

MRS. McLERIE

The friends of Wee Macgregor will hold out the right hand of fellowship to Mrs. McLerie. To quote classic phrase, if you like that sort of thing, then that's the sort of thing you like.

Mrs. McLerie is perhaps less trying than the wee man and quite as amusing. To be sure, her wit and wisdom are wrapped about by awesome Glesca dialect; but, after the first plunge, one finds it easy to keep one's head above water and the conversations between the Glesca Mrs. Malaprop and her old friend Mrs. Munroe over the inevitable dish of tea are rich in humor of a wholesome human if not brilliant sort. If the reading calls forth no burst of laughter it will at least be punctuated by more than one comfortable chuckle and as Mrs. McLerie herself would be the first to admit, "its a' yin." (Century Co.)

THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE LAMP, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

808.—I should like to be told of some of the best books on the civil war written by participants, other than the well-known memoirs of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, and of larger scope than the numerous regimental histories.

E. E. B.

We should select as the best: "History of the Second Army Corps," by Francis A. Walker (Scribners); "History of the Fifth Army

Corps," by William H. Powell (Putnams); "Four Years in the Army of the Potomac," by Regis de Trobriand (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); "From Manassas to Appomattox," by James Longstreet (Lippincott); "Narrative of Military Operations," by Joseph E. Johnston (Appletons), and "Campaigns of Major-General J. E. B. Stuart," by H. B. McClellan (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

809.—(1) Was the phrase "Sweetness and light," usually attributed to Matthew Arnold, original with him?

(2) A reference was recently made to "the motto of the device of the pickaxe on the dial, 'Find a way or make one.'" To what is the allusion? If to some heraldic device, is the coat-of-arms one well known in history?

V. D.

(1) It occurs originally in Swift's "Battle of the Books," the phrase there being, "The two noblest things, which are sweetness and light."

810.—Can you inform me who was the author of the lines:

"The de'il's in these ribbons o' mine,
I cannot get them reet?"

Where can I find the whole poem? K.

The correct quotation is:

"The dule's i' this bonnet o' mine!
My ribbins 'll never be reet."

It is in the Lancashire dialect, and is by Edwin Waugh (1817-1890). It is in Dana's "Household Book of Poetry."

811.—Can you tell me who wrote the poem beginning—

"Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne?"

V. H.

It is an anonymous temperance poem, and we are not aware that the authorship has ever been divulged.

812.—(1) Where can I find the famous epigraph on Raphael, and who wrote it?

(2) Whence comes the quotation:

"The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it?"

(3) Also this:

"Where is the promise of my years,
Once written on my brow?
Ere errors, agonies and fears
Brought with them all that speaks in tears,
Ere I had sunk beneath my peers,
Where sleeps the promise now?"

(4) I have seen somewhere a humorous verse giving the pedigree of the telegraph. I should like to find it again. J. H.

(1) It was written by Cardinal Bembo. We think it is given in Charlotte Eaton's "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," but the book is not now within our reach.

(2) This quotation is from "Macbeth," Act IV, Scene 1.

(3) This stanza is from the best-known poem by Adah Isaacs Menken (1835-1868), which is included in the small volume of her writings published by Lippincott.

(4) We believe there are several. Here is one, which is anonymous, originating in a Boston newspaper many years ago and preserved in a collection of curious trifles:

"That steed called Lightning, say the Fates,
Is owned in the United States.
'Twas Franklin's hand that caught the horse;
'Twas harnessed by Professor Morse."

813.—Will you kindly tell me if it is known who was the author of the saying, "Nothing succeeds like success"? Did it originate from any well-known writer? S.

It is a French proverb of unknown origin.

814.—Can you tell me whether Ellen Glasgow is a pen name or a real name? D. L.

It is a real name. Ellen Anderson Gholson Glasgow is a native of Richmond, Va., and resides there.

815.—I should be glad to learn who edited "Hymns of the Ages," of which two or three series or volumes were published twenty years ago or more. J.

816.—I shall be obliged if any reader can refer me to the source of this quotation. It is almost good enough to be from Shakespeare, but it is not:

"When I do right I laugh—'tis self-approval;
And when I'm wrong I laugh—it comforts me.
I laugh at folly much, at wisdom more—
The first by common rule, the last because
'Tis my peculiar game. And I note often,
Beneath the shadow of a grave man's frown,
A foolscap dancing—nay, I hear the bells,
And burst abroad in monstrous merriment."

It is from Barry Cornwall's "Dramatic Scenes."

ANSWERS

804.—(2) "The Sisters of Soleure" was probably written by Catherine Waterman (afterward Mrs. Esling), of Philadelphia.

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FROM ARCHBISHOP JOHN M. FARLEY.

While I have not so wide an acquaintance with the various New York dailies as many of my brethren in the Protestant Church, and perhaps am not so well qualified to speak on the subject as a great many others, still it seems to me that the action of The Commercial Advertiser in changing its name and reducing its price is a good one. No one deplores more than I the sensational and often vulgar and scurrilous methods of many of the cheap newspapers. The harm they do, not only to the morals, but the minds of their readers, is incalculable. I often think that no paper at all would be a thousand times better than those of this kind. Fortunately we have here in New York newspapers of as high a standard as anywhere in the world, and The Commercial Advertiser has always been among the best.

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FROM JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

I have always been a reader of The Commercial Advertiser, and will continue to be so of The Globe. The change in the name was, in my estimation, well advised. Although the readers had become attached to the name Commercial Advertiser, they regarded it as cumbersome. I wish the paper the best of success in its new form, and I hope you will give the automobilists a good show.

FROM EDWARD N. TAILER.

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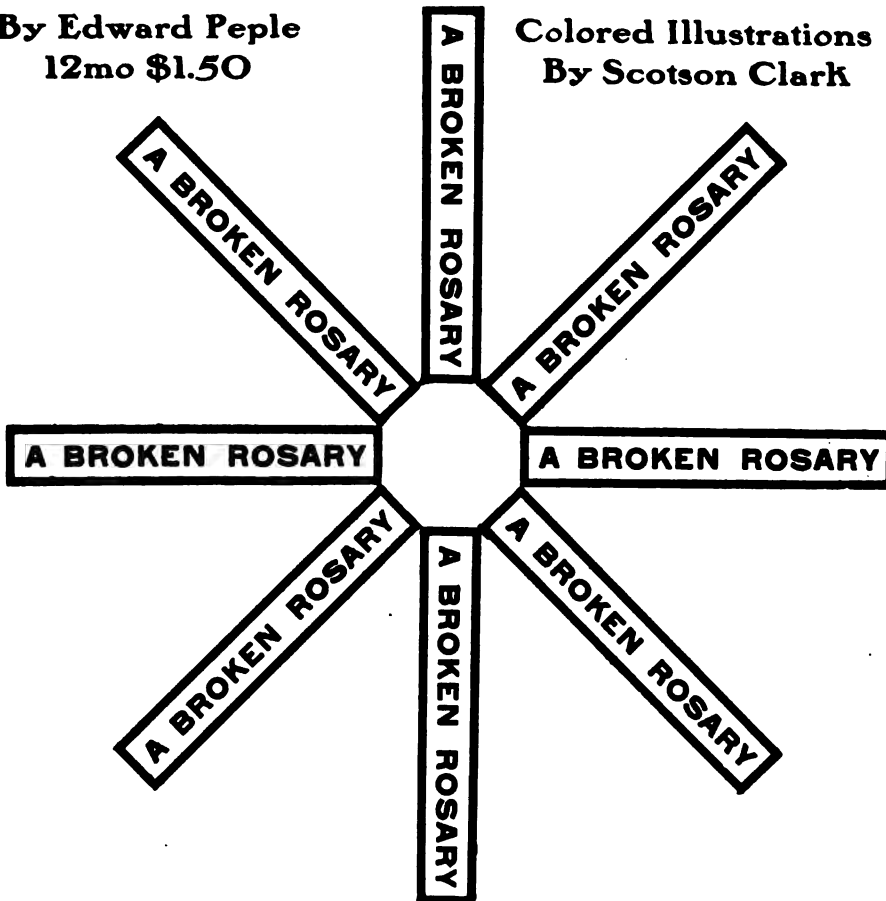
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NEW YORK, APRIL, 1904

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MARS AND VENUS, FROM A PAINTING BY BOTTICELLI

The face of Venus is in likeness of Simonetta

A FAVORITE OF THE FLORENTINES

BY TERESINA PECK

HAD the gentle reader been a care-free minstrel, wandering at leisure over the high-roads of Italy in the hey-day of the fifteenth century, and had he just come up from the South to turn his steps to whatsoever Italian court most attracted him, he would most surely have met on his wanderings other minstrels, who would have told him their tales of the courts just seen by them. He would have heard of that great lady up on the hill of Asolo, near Venice, that Catherine Cornaro who had just won and lost a kingdom, and who had consoled herself by establishing

her own court on the hill,—a court of intellect, where great men reasoned together of the mystic power of love. He would have heard of that other Catherine, in the citadel of Imola, Catherine Sforza, the Amazon of her age, who saved her city and her children from the besieging enemy after the men of Imola had lost heart and were ready to surrender. Echoes would have come to his ears of Vittoria Colonna, the Marchioness of Pescara, who knew how to win and keep a poet-painter's love. If, by chance, our minstrel had met a scholar, or a poet, he would have listened



THE FRANKFORT PORTRAIT

to their tales of Isabella of Este, that great Marchioness of Mantua, the patron of all poets, painters, and learned gentlemen throughout the realm. Had it been a churchman whose path crossed his, traveling southward to confer with the evil Alexander on the papal throne in Rome, he would have told tales of the good Elizabeth of Montefeltro, Urbino's

duchess, the pattern of goodness and nobility in a day when such virtues, though rarer than to-day, were esteemed of all men. Had the fellow-travelers been wits, or men of the world, they would have sung the praises of the young Duchess of Milan, Beatrice of Este, whose charm and vivacity made men forget that she was not beautiful, in



THE CHANTILLY PORTRAIT

a day when it was almost a crime for a court lady to fall short of beauty. And, had it been a painter or a poet who accosted our minstrel on his road, they, the lovers of beauty above all else, would have told him of the lovely Simonetta, the beautiful one, whom men adored and women forgot to envy. And he, being withal a gallant youth, who carried his heart upon his sleeve, would fain have

turned back with all these gentlemen, to see and hear with his own eyes and ears the wonders which they described.

A royal intellect, a courageous heart, a cultivated mind, a noble goodness of character, an alluring personality, an almost superhuman beauty—how could mortal man choose which of these best deserved his fealty? But perchance the dethroned queen might weary him with



THE ALLEGORY OF SPRING
More than one face here strongly suggests Simonetta

her metaphysical discussions; the warlike Catherine prove a bit too strenuous for a peaceful gentleman; the cultivated Isabella overawe with the perfection of her gifts; the enchanting Beatrice bewitch him with her wiles. It is to Simonetta, the beautiful, that our minstrel would give his allegiance.

And what manner of lady was this fair Simonetta, that all Italy echoed with the stories of her beauty and her wit, and the young poets of the day vied with each other in singing her praises? Simonetta Januensis Vespuccia, Simonetta of Genoa, the wife of a Vespucci; so runs the legend on her portrait which hung for years in the Vespucci palace in Florence, and which has now made its way to the gallery of the Duke d' Aumale at Chantilly. Bernardo Pulci one of the Florentine poets, who immortalized his name by writing of Simonetta, tells us that at her death all Genoa was left sad and her Cattaneo kin desolate.

And from the poet Politian we learn that her home was "in that stern Ligurian district up above the seacoast, where angry Neptune beats against the rocks. There, like Venus, she was born among the waves." From Genoa, then, she came, Genoa the proud, a troubled city in those days, beset by foes from without and from within, owning now one lord and now another, withal a perilous home for a peaceful nobleman like Gaspare Cattaneo, Simonetta's father, who had a young wife and many children to care for. Whether or not Gaspare and his wife Cattocchia early sought Florence and the protection of their powerful friends, the Medici, or whether Marco Vespucci found his bride within the grim walls of Genoa and brought her back to Florence, we do not know. But at all events, in 1470 Simonetta, a young wife of sixteen, was living in the old Vespucci palace, in Florence, with her husband Marco, himself a boy of her own

age, and with her ever-devoted father-in-law Piero. Here, as she afterwards told Giuliano dei Medici, she kept "the marriage torch brightly burning." It was a worthy home for so lovely a bride, for Piero was a man of taste and employed the best artists of the day to decorate his palace walls. Within these

Colombo, who just at this period had left his home in Genoa and had started for Spain.

All Florentine doors were straightway opened to Simonetta, for her mother, Cattocchia, and Piero, her father-in-law, were on the most friendly terms with Lorenzo dei Medici, the lord of Florence.



BOTTICELLI'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF, FROM "THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI"

walls there was plenty of gay life to divert the young Simonetta, for besides the youth of Florence all the Vespucci kinsmen came and went. Among them may have been Amerigo Vespucci, who at this time was employed by the Medici in Florence; and, as the future explorer told his fair cousin of his adventurous plans, he may, in turn, have heard from her of her fellow townsman Cristoforo

Whoever had his favor was sure of a cordial welcome. But more than this, her own beauty and her charm won a sure way to the hearts of these people, ever quick in their admiration for all that was beautiful, even while they marveled that anything so fair could come out of the hated Ligurian land.

And so Lorenzo, proud to introduce Marco Vespucci's fair bride within his

chosen circle, led her into the gallant company. And Simonetta, being very young and as yet unused to such admiration as she saw on the faces of these cavaliers, looked from one to the other of them, and as she looked she smiled. And no one of them ever forgot that smile. The young poets ran home bewildered with the sight of so much



GIULIANO DEI MEDICI

beauty, and each in his own way tried to describe what he had seen. Politian had had a vision of "fair pearls set within the rosy petals of a flower;" a vision of a smile so sweet and alluring "that it would make the mountains move or the sun stand still in its course." For Pulci all her beauty lay within her eyes, "those eyes whence issued so sweet a smile that it made the midnight glow with morning light, and the coldest country seem a paradise." Francesco

Nursio, the young Veronese, spoke of the beauty of that smile with reverence, as of something superhuman. To him it was not only beautiful, it was majestic, "a smile to stop the whirlwinds and the tempests in their course. From her starry eyes and lovely brow had come a wondrous light, a radiance which surpassed by many times the sun." Lorenzo himself, no mean poet in that day of many poets, had watched Simonetta and her triumph with eager pleasure, and through all his poems hereafter we catch glimpses of sweet eyes and a sweet mouth ever smiling at him and ever inspiring him to new song.

And as she looked and smiled at them, Simonetta must have spoken some gentle word which made the ears of those young poets echo, years afterwards, with the memory of her voice. That voice which to Nursio seemed "to have stolen some of the sweetness of the angels in Paradise." To the more pagan Pulci it seemed as if "the messenger of Jove had given her the grace of sweet speech." Politian, too, had heard that voice so sweet "that every breeze was silent at her speech, and the little birds would fain have learned from her the music of her words."

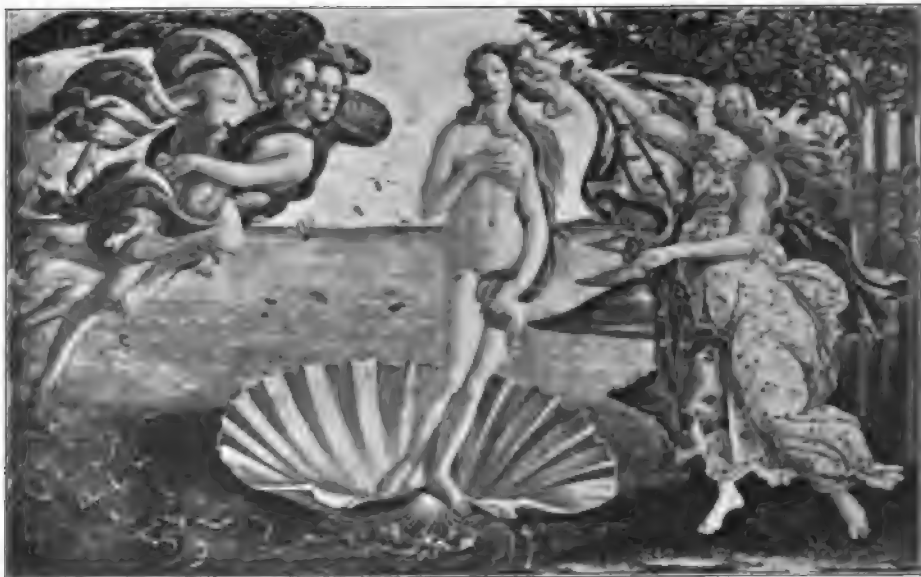
But, for two people in that gay company the coming of the smiling Simonetta, of the silvery voice, meant much more than the pretext for new songs and sonnets. Sandro Botticelli, the painter, had seen with Nursio that fair white neck, fairer than any ever seen before by Florentines; he had seen with Pulci those wondrous blond and curling locks. But this was not all. Into his soul had entered a vision of a beauty new and strange, a wistful look, a haunting smile, which try as he might he could never quite keep out of his pictures after this. If he painted a Flora, she smiled with Simonetta's witchery; if a Madonna, it was Simonetta's wistfulness in her eyes; if Venus or the Graces, it was the



LORENZO DEI MEDICI

gentle droop of Simonetta's head on that long neck of hers, and her slender grace, that made the figures so alluring. Once he made a portrait of her; and if the paintings in Berlin and Frankfurt are the reproductions of this picture by some pupil or imitator, we feel sure that the impression of her beauty and her charm is better given by the suggestions in many varied figures than in these representations of her, in one of her more sombre moods. It may be that the original picture was painted after Simonetta's death; and in that case it was probably Sandro's own sadness which crept in as he painted, and banished

from it all signs of Simonetta's own sprightliness. The portrait at Chantilly better represents her brilliancy and her vivacity, though opinions may differ as to her beauty. Neither the coloring nor the drawing resembles those of Botticelli. It may, perhaps, have been painted by Piero di Cosimo, painted as a memory of the lovely lady whom he saw when a young boy; or by one of the Pollajuoli, or by that mysterious personality who has lately been patched together from the scattered and cast-off fragments of Sandro Botticelli, and has been named "The Friend of Sandro." Who painted the picture



THE BIRTH OF VENUS

Simonetta was again Botticelli's inspiration

is of little importance to us at present compared with the fact that it is a historic and certified likeness of our Simonetta. Here, sure enough, are the brilliant and fascinating smile, the vivacious eye, the mouth full of humor and of sentiment, and withal a certain piquancy about the irregular profile, which is more attractive than actual beauty. To-day our taste is certainly offended by the exceptionally long neck and the abnormally high forehead. But we need only look at a few contemporary Italian portraits to see that these two peculiarities were regarded as necessary elements in the Florentine canon of beauty in the fifteenth century. If a portrait painter was commissioned to paint the likeness of some beauty of the day, he sketched her in as he saw her, and then added an inch or two to her forehead and her neck, that the fair lady might find the portrait flattering and be satisfied. We have seen the same thing in our own day, with the English Pre-

raphaelites. We have all had the experience with Rossetti's pictures of trying to see beyond and past the conventional full lips, the long curving neck and drooping eyes, wherewith he has changed his portraits into conventionalized creations of his own imagination, to the semblance of the real person underneath these accessories. So it was in the fifteenth century; so it assuredly was with the painters of Simonetta. There is still another picture dignified with her name which hangs in the Pitti, and scarcely holds its head up in the presence of these other portraits. For years people have tortured their artistic conscience with the belief that this most unattractive and clumsily drawn head represented Simonetta,—she who was so beautiful that this adjective came to be her only title. But of late the critics have dared to be more bold, and have robbed the picture of its painter and its subject, so that now the poor thing hangs her silly head unheeded—the head of an un-

known, unlovely Florentine lady, by the hand of an unknown, unskillful Florentine painter.

I have said that there were two within the Medicean circle to whom the coming of Simonetta meant more than a passing enthusiasm for new beauty. One of these was Sandro Botticelli; the other was Giuliano dei Medici, the younger brother of Lorenzo, the dark-eyed, dark-browed prince, the darling of the Florentine people, who loved him for his distinguished bearing and for his talents, but most of all for his melancholy, poetic temperament. He, too, saw Simonetta, and having seen her gave her his allegiance; an allegiance of a kind rare in those days, causing, as Politian said, "neither jealousy nor scandal." And Giuliano forthwith roused himself from his accustomed melancholy, and became the leader in all the gay pleasure of the day. While Lorenzo and Pico della Mirandola were splitting philosophic hairs in the Villa Careggi, up among the hills above Florence, Giuliano, taking Simonetta by the hand, led forth the gayer and younger members of the circle into the forest and the fields. Here there were hunting parties, long idle days spent lying lazily on the grass; and sometimes Simonetta, wandering off into the meadows, would come back carrying the corner of her garment filled with many-colored blossoms. And Giuliano, in his turn, robbed the orchards and the vineyards of their fairest trophies to bring to her. Following in the train were Botticelli and the poet Politian, each eager and wide-eyed for a sight of their fair lady in a new guise. Once they must have crept up very stealthily, and found the two in a shady glade, Giuliano dreaming with closed eyes of the happiness that would have been his if there had been no stupid Marco to remind him that he must love Simonetta only with the poet's love; and Simonetta thinking, with a smile that

was half glad and half sad, of all the good days that were passing, filled so full of pleasure, thinking too how soon they must end. For doubtless by this time the malady which so soon carried her away had laid its touch on her. And Botticelli, seeing all this, painted his picture of Venus and Mars; Venus and Mars with the suggestion of the faces of Simonetta and Giuliano. And Politian, who must have been with Botticelli and had seen his painting, made still another picture with his verse: "Of Venus lying on a grassy couch just freed from Mars' embrace, and he at full length lying by, dreaming of the beauty of her face. While all about and in and out between, the little loves played with weapons, and the roses growing near." So Politian described the scene.



THE PITTI PORTRAIT

For years this has been considered a portrait of Simonetta, but the new criticism throws much doubt upon it.

Still another day there was dancing and waving of garlands in the woods, and interchange of spoils between the lady and her lord. This time Politian was the first to tell what he had seen. And he, his mind well stored with classic lore, bethought him that the scene was like a day of the first springtime on Mount Ida, "that land where all the graces are at play, where Zephyrus sports wantonly behind Flora, and all the greensward blossoms into bloom. There Cupid, light of heart, flies through the air; there joyous Spring is never far away, her curling tresses spread out to the breezes, while she brings flowers in thousands to weave into a garland. And the Nymph, she who wears a white veil, whose garment is all painted o'er with roses and with flowers of every hue, rose from the greensward where she sat, lifting her head with shyness, all queenly, yet quite gentle as she rose, moving slowly, slowly o'er the grass." This description it must have been which led Botticelli to paint Venus as we see her in the "Primavera." And hear how Politian finished the scene:—"And darting from her eyes a sweet, alluring smile, which made a Paradise appear within the wood, lifting with one white hand the edge of her gown, she brought her burden of the woodland blooms, seeming with her lovely face and arms and hair a something more than human." Here was the inspiration for Botticelli's Flora. Working away at the picture, the memory of the actual scene in his eyes, and in his heart a haunting image of Simonetta, he put into each figure something that was hers. The Graces danced as she did, and one of them had her wistful look; Flora had her smile and her hair, and Venus's gentleness and graceful head are all Simonetta's. Over in the corner of the picture he put the figure of a man, with the melancholy face and the thick, dark hair of Giuliano, who, until he saw Simon-

etta, had had no eyes for any woman, and who seems here afraid to look at all this beauty.

Still again Botticelli let the suggestions of the face which had bewitched him creep into his picture; first as Venus born, as Simonetta was, "among the waves," here wistful and sad, as she probably often was in her last years; and in the same picture, now eager and animated as in the earlier days, as the nymph waiting to welcome the goddess to land and cover her with a star-sown garment. And Politian, seeing that Botticelli had put a suggestion of Simonetta's beauty into both faces, thought to justify him by writing a poem about the picture, in which he said, "They both were different, yet both like sisters were alike,"—unless perchance it was the poem which gave to the painter the suggestion for the resemblance.

The different positions and expression of the faces in these three pictures painted all of them for the Medici Villa at Castello, will perhaps help to bring more closely together the different portraits of Simonetta. The Chantilly portrait has the same animated face as the nymph in the Birth of Venus. The nymph, in turn, is the connecting link between the Berlin and Frankfurt portraits and the Venus of the Mars and Venus picture. The Venus in the three different pictures has the same wistful look about the mouth and eyes, the same pointed chin, the same arched eyebrows, the same slender neck and blond, curling hair, characteristics which constantly recur in the Madonnas of Botticelli. The Flora is less like the others. But her smile connects her with the Chantilly portrait, and thus completes the circle.

These gay festivities in the country round about Florence finally culminated in a brilliant tourney held in the Square of Santa Croce, in the spring of 1475. The day was all Giuliano's. Decked in a suit



THE BERLIN PORTRAIT

One of the most beautiful of the representations of Simonetta

of silver mail, his dark locks curling over his shoulders, his old melancholy thrown aside, he carried off the prize and laid it at the feet of Simonetta, in whose honor the tourney was held. The painter of the Chantilly picture may have seen her that day, her eye eagerly following Giuliano in the lists, her face aglow with the triumph of the hour. And seeing her

thus,—the presiding spirit of the contest,—he thought of her ever afterwards as Cleopatra, who won all hearts by her beauty and her charm. And thus he painted her. And Agnolo Politian, ever following Simonetta as he said, “through those leisure times, when all our toil was laid aside,” gave glory to this day of jousting by writing for it some of his

loveliest verses, the "Stanzas for the Joust of Giuliano." Into the "Stanzas" he incorporated the verses which had been inspired by the scenes which he and Botticelli had in turn described.

But ere long a dark shadow crept over this bright company, for Simonetta fell ill. Her bright eyes and vivid color, her slender neck and chest might have shown her friends that her hold on life was but a slight one. But when April, 1476, found her dying, the Florentines were broken-hearted. Lorenzo dei Medici, who was called off to Pisa on business of state, arranged before he left that daily bulletins should be sent him by Piero, Simonetta's father-in-law, and that she should be cared for by his trusted physician, Messer Stefano. So the good Piero sent his bulletins, now full of hope, now full of tears. But the fifth night the disease grew worse, and a second doctor was called in. Together and after long consulting they decided to give her some powerful medicine, though they disagreed as to the nature of her illness,—Messer Mosè thinking that she had consumption, and Messer Stefano giving the malady some other name.

But all this care and skill availed not, and on the 26th of April Simonetta died. On the following day she was borne, with face uncovered, through the streets of Florence, to Ognissanti, followed by her broken-hearted Florentines. Lorenzo's secretary, Sforza Bettini, wrote him on the next day: "The blessed soul of our Simonetta has gone up to Paradise.

And one might say that it was a second triumph for her—the triumph of death. For if you had beheld her in her death you would have said that she was no less beautiful than she was in life. May her soul have peace."

The poets who had sung her praises while she lived sang them still more sweetly now that she was dead. Seeing her so lovely in her death, they sang again of all her varied charms. But more than this, each one recalled with special tenderness, now that they were only memories, her gentle ways. Nursio told of her beauty and her chastity. Pulci remembered that she was modest as she was beautiful, that hers was an honest and generous heart, responding only to noble and honorable love. And remembering, too, that first day when she had first looked and smiled at the gallant company in the Medici palace, Pulci imagined her "turning her eyes about the sad company gathered there to watch her gentle mien,—not frightened, but with a sure look she moved, as one who is freed from stern hand. And, lifting up her eyes with a gentle sigh and with a smile, she lay down like one who, resting upon the grass, sleeping, appears all filled with joy. Wherefore, if we loved her as ourselves, why should we grudge to her so sweet a rest?"

But for Botticelli the sky was darkened, and his Madonnas ever after look out from his pictures with the wan and wistful face of one who had looked on suffering and was sad.



MR. MORLEY AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

BY A. I. DU P. COLEMAN

THE fitness of Mr. Morley, from many points of view, to give the world an adequate biography of one of the most remarkable figures of the nineteenth century is so obvious that really there is no need for any more reviewers to dwell upon it. But there is one of the aspects of the curiously blended personality of his subject to which, by all the limitations of his temperament and habits of thought, he is scarcely the man to do full justice. His literary conscience, no less than his personal, has no doubt inspired him to do his best to overcome these limitations; yet one cannot but feel that he has given less proportional space to Gladstone the theologian, to Gladstone the pillar of the church, than Gladstone himself would have wished to see given.

Especially is this defect noticeable in the early period of the future Prime Minister's public life, leading up to his election as member for the University of Oxford in 1848, or covering roughly the years from 1830 to 1850—the days so touchingly depicted in retrospect by the aged Archbishop of Armagh, in which generous young souls

hailed the hour when each high morn
England, at one, should stand at the church
gate,
And vesper bells o'er all the land be borne,
And Newman mould the Church, and Glad-
stone stamp the State.

Yet Mr. Morley can have been at no loss for a wealth of illustrative material. There is not, I think, in the whole range of English history, an episode of equal importance with the Oxford activity of those years which is so admirably covered by great biographies and by the published letters of the chief actors. It is really a pity that now when, one may

say, the last of them have passed away, some first-rate man, of sympathies and judgment broad enough to understand all sides, does not do justice to its great possibilities; does not, selecting, composing, as an artist, give a final and homogeneous story of the whole wonderful period. The late Dean Church came nearest to doing this exact thing, and is really the only man of mark who has attempted it; but to say nothing of the inevitable bias of a man who stayed behind with Pusey and Keble when Newman went, twelve years have passed since his book appeared; a space of time which has loosed some bonds of silence on the one hand, and on the other has made it possible to reach a truer perspective.

The period has in it much that would reward the study, for such a purpose, of even a professed literary artist who should have no strong interest in the questions then felt to be so vital. It is perhaps a little difficult to convey to those who have not made a special study of these eventful years, just how epoch-making they were. For one thing, we in America hardly realize as a rule, the position which Oxford holds, or at least in those days held, in the life of England. Far more than Cambridge, and to a degree unknown by any other university in the world, it is a microcosm, an epitome of the educated and ruling classes of the country. Those who as undergraduates, for example, take part together at any one time in the mimic oratorical warfare of the Union, are the men to whom in a few years crowded benches in the House of Commons will be giving attentive ear. Thus Manning's biographer, narrating his first boyish triumph in debate, dwells for a moment on the picturesque thought of a prophet's eye discerning that out of

the comparatively small number of his auditors "one would be thrice Prime Minister of England, disestablish a Church and attempt to wreck the unity of the Empire; three become cabinet ministers; three governors-general of India; one Archbishop of Canterbury; and wonder of wonders, two, without forfeiting the respect and reverence of their countrymen, become Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church!"

But it is not only that from Oxford have gone out the men who were to make the Empire. Thence also have proceeded not a few of the movements which were to transform the face of thinking England. Just a century before the time of which we are speaking, in John Wesley's quiet rooms at Lincoln College, the movement was maturing which was to rouse religion among the English-speaking race from its death-like lethargy; and on the other side of our period, the lessons of thought and conduct to which Englishmen listened most attentively in the fifties and the sixties were delivered in the calm, assured, peculiarly Oxonian voice of Matthew Arnold.

And in the great 'stream of tendency' to which the name of Oxford Movement *par excellence* has been given, there is no less of absolute significance. Entirely to transform the conception of religious authority and religious duty which prevailed among the majority of the nation; to pass the ocean and, touching men like Hopkins and Mahan and De Koven and Whittingham, to leaven the sedate, cold respectability which then characterized the Episcopal Church in America; that alone was a work the greatness of which cannot be appreciated by any except those who have been brought up within the sphere of these changes. Again, to take the Catholics of England as Newman remembered them in the most picturesque of his sermons, a people "found in corners, and alleys,

and cellars, and the housetops, or in the recesses of the country; cut off from the populous world around them, and dimly seen, as if through a mist or in twilight, as ghosts flitting to and fro"; and of this feeble, unknown remnant to make a vigorous and aggressive church, with a new hierarchy and new cathedrals to replace those which had been taken from it—this was another wonderful result, though the last in the world to be anticipated by the men who set on foot the movement.

But if its effects were less world-wide and permanent than they are, if the whole thing were a forgotten dream, it would still have its appeal to the imagination by the extraordinary vividness of its dramatic moments. To the mere student of manners, the letters of the protagonists, busy as they were with high questions of church and state, give delightful glimpses of the England of the day, and valuable indications of the temper and point of view of the time. The first flush of the Oxford movement may be called, in a way, the 1830 of England. But while in Paris the young men were rushing, like Gautier in his jerkin of cherry-colored satin, to vindicate Romantic liberty by applauding *Hernani* at the Théâtre Français, those of England were hurrying down the High Street at Oxford to crowd St. Mary's under the spell of Newman's voice—still taking their pleasures sadly, Froissart would have said could he have come back to watch the contrast.

Life, however, was not all sermons. Again and again in those first twenty years, there was "the clean great joy of goodly fight"; and *Alarums and Excursions* might well be the stage direction written in the margin of many a page of the drama. No single incident excites the imagination so much as the description of the great pitched battle in 1845 over the twofold issues of the degradation of William George Ward for

the high crime of publishing his *Ideal of a Christian Church*, and the condemnation of *Tract XC*. The fight took place in Convocation, the largest of the governing bodies of the university, usually a placid and somnolent assembly, but swelled on momentous occasions by an influx of masters of arts from all over England; country parsons, doctors, lawyers, squires, coming up to the war on the summons of their resident friends. Forty years afterwards, in extreme old age, Cardinal Manning remembered well how (then Archdeacon of Chichester) he had gone up to Oxford with Gladstone to vote on this day. "As the sentence of Ward's degradation was announced, turning to Mr. Gladstone, by whose side I was standing, I said, ἀρχὴ ὠδίνων.* The ominous words were heard. Men turned to look at us, and we were too well known not to be recognized."

The condemnation of *Tract XC*., which was to set the official seal of the university's disapproval on Newman's teaching, was obviously an unfair party measure; yet such was the heat of the times that it, too, would have been carried (as was the censure of Ward's rash and challenging book) by a majority of two to one, in a house of over a thousand—if there had not been another power to be reckoned with, put centuries before into the constitution of the body for just such occasions as this. The proctors, like the Roman tribunes, were invested with a power of absolute veto upon all corporate action; and now, amid the shouts of "Placet" from the triumphant majority, the voice of the senior proctor, Guillemard of New College, rang out like a trumpet—"Nobis procuratoribus non placet!" The instantaneous effect, as described by another eye-witness, is hardly less picturesque than the thing itself. "Without any formal dissolution, indeed without

a word more being spoken, as if such an interposition stopped all business, the Vice-Chancellor tucked up his gown, and hurried down the steps that led from his throne into the arena, and hurried out of the Theatre; and in five minutes the whole scene of action was cleared."

It may be that this particular scene appeals with especial force to me, because a kind fate

sent Rome one such other sight,
And sent me there to see.

It must have been in 1885, when a grant of £10,000 was proposed for the purpose of a physiological laboratory under the direction of Professor (now Sir John) Burdon-Sanderson. It was made a field day by the opponents of vivisection, which there was reason to suppose would be consistently practiced in the new laboratory, if established. Once more, from the remotest parts of England, the combatants gathered to the fray—mild scholarly parsons for the most part mustering in defense of the dogs and rabbits; alert, eager, scornful young medical practitioners typical of the supporters of the grant. Among the speakers who from the raised semi-circle of the doctors' seats, a brilliant band of scarlet relieving the general gloom of the place, were heard in opposition, I can distinctly recall, after all these years, the pugnacious vehemence of Professor Freeman, the silvery eloquence of the greatest preacher in the Church of England, Liddon, the commanding dignity of Dr. Mackarness, then Bishop of Oxford—now all (so swiftly does Time cut his swathes among the grain) passed over to join the leaders in the great battle of 1845, and like them but names to a new generation. Distinctly, too, stands out the tall, gloomy figure of Burdon-Sanderson himself, abhorred of the hut mane, the black trimmings of the scarlet in his M. D. gown giving probably a Mephistophelian touch to his figure in

*"The beginning of sorrows." Matt. xxiv. 8.

the minds of the more imaginative of his opponents. Above, the galleries were a seething, cheering mass of excited undergraduates, *quorum pars fui*, looking down with delight on the crowded floor, where a thousand black-gowned masters of arts stood closely packed together, waiting for the decisive moment. This time no proctor, *deus ex machina*, intervened; and the whole scene is a part of ancient history, living in one's memory just as one of those "vivid purple moments" which it is good now and then to recall.

But this modern instance has led me away from the heroes and the deeds of

the thirties and forties. I come back only to say once more that there lies a magnificent subject, ready to the hand of the man of letters who can treat it as it deserves. With the background of those venerable gray walls relieved by the blossoms of great flowering chestnuts, and the stately figures pacing to and fro of the men whose names are still honored among us, in grave and earnest converse on the welfare of church and state, the canvas, painted by a master, might indeed present a picture of the most absorbing interest and well worthy of a place in the gallery of historical masterpieces.

A CYCLOPEDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

IT was nearly half a century ago that Matthew Arnold, considering the "Literary Influence of Academies," asked why it was that all the journeyman-work of literature was so much worse done in English than it was in French? "Think of the difference between our books of reference and those of the French, between our biographical dictionaries (to take a striking instance) and theirs;" and he added that "hardly any one amongst us, who knows French and German well, would use an English book of reference when we could get a French or German one." He thought that the superiority of the French books of reference was due to the restraining and guiding influence of the French Academy, a belief that failed wholly to explain the superiority of the German books of reference, since the Germans

no more than the English had an Academy to restrain men to guide them.

In the course of the half century since Arnold discussed the "Literary Influence of Academies," this reproach of inferiority has been taken away from his fellow-countrymen and from us here in America who speak the same language and inherit the same literature. There is no scholarly dictionary of the French language as thorough as the Oxford English Dictionary; and there is no popular French lexicon as alluring or as ample as the Century Dictionary. And the invaluable "Biographie Universelle" has been surpassed to some extent by the splendid "Dictionary of National Biography." Even a comparison of M. Jusserand's admirable "Grands Ecrivains Français" with Mr. Morley's "English Men of Letters" or with Mr. Warner's "American Men of Letters" is not always to the advantage of the French series, excellent at that is in its

own field. Not only has the quality of the books of reference in English greatly improved in the past half century, but there is now a greater variety of such books in English than there is in French. No French equivalents exist, for example, to works so comprehensive and so useful as Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" and Poole's "Index to Periodical Literature."

It would be difficult to pick out any work of reference which more clearly discloses the steadily advancing standard in our language than Dr. Patrick's revision of "Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature," the first edition of which was published more than sixty years ago. Without changing its character as "a history, critical and biographical of authors in the English tongue from the earliest times to the present day with specimens of their work," Dr. Patrick has really made a wholly new book. The plan is that approved by experience; but the contributions are by writers of our own time, presenting the critical opinions of 1904 and not those of 1842. And as the result of the labors of the many contributors, British and American, guided by the skilful hand of the editor in chief we have these three state-ly volumes, well printed, abundantly illustrated with portraits of authors, and covering the whole of the long history of the literature of our language.

Perhaps this new edition of this long established work is the first book of reference edited by a Briton which fully recognizes the fact that American literature is an integral part of English literature. Dr. Patrick has tried loyally to treat the American contributors to English literature as amply and as cordially as he has treated the British contributors to that literature. He has inserted a sketch of the beginnings of literature here in the United States; and he has called upon competent American critics to sketch the career of each of the more

important American authors of the past. In dealing with living American writers he has sought to be as generous; but here he has not been so well served by his advisers. It is difficult not to smile when we see more space assigned to the late S. C. Foster than to Mr. T. B. Aldrich, and when we find Professor C. E. Norton actually considered at greater length than Captain Mahan!

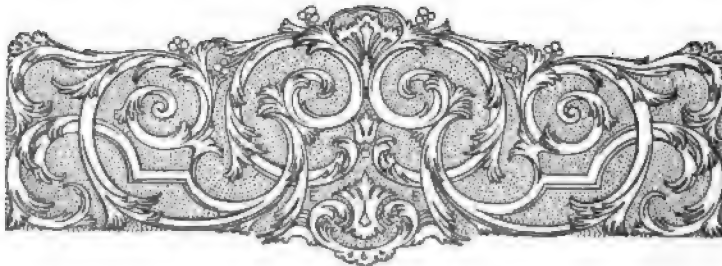
In the envoy to the third volume the editor apologizes for the "obvious limitations and conditions" under which it has been possible to include the writers of the day. 'The treatment of the writers of the day whether American or British has been generous and tactful; but herein lies the main weakness of the work. Who is Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton that he should have seven columns, when Mr. Rudyard Kipling has but two? Why should Mr. Edmund Gosse have a page, when "Mark Twain" has only a column? Why should the late W. E. Henley have three times the space allotted to the living Mr. Pinero or to the living Mr. Stephen Phillips? And a score of similar questions it would be easy to ask and difficult to answer. Proportion is scarcely possible in dealing with contemporaries, however sincerely the editor may strive for it—as he has evidently so striven in the present work. Probably it would have been wiser for him to have declined an impossible task and to have abandoned the living writers—other than the towering personalities—to the tenderer mercies of the editor of "Who's Who."

But the writers of the present fill but a few of the pages even in the third volume; and in the rest of that volume as in the two earlier volumes the editor has attained proportion. The present reviewer must admit that he has not read every page of the 2,500 to which the work extends; but he has examined all three volumes with conscientious care; and he is glad to be able to say that

the editing, the writing of the memoirs, and the selection of typical passages, seem to him thoroughly well done. This is in Matthew Arnold's phrase, "the journeyman-work of literature," but it has been done here with the good workman's joy in the neatness of his job. Dr. Patrick has had contributions from many accomplished scholars, the late Canon Ainger, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Austin Dobson, Professor Dowden, Mr. Lang, Mr. Sidney Lee, Professor Raleigh and Mr. Swinburne, to name only a few of the more distinguished; but in any work of the length and the breadth of this cyclopedia the chief labor has been the editor's, and to him, therefore, should be rendered the most of the praise. And Dr. Patrick has reason to be satisfied with the result of his efforts; he has succeeded in making this new edition really what the advertisement declares it to be, "a book to read, a work of reference, a history of literature, a collection of choice passages, a gallery of literary portraits."

It is primarily a gathering of critical biographies arranged in chronological order; the larger aspects of literary development being discussed in interca-

lated essays—like Mr. Dobson's on The Eighteenth Century. Where the author dealt with is important enough a brief bibliographical note is appended; and specimens of his writing are added. The selection of these passages has been felicitous in the main. But it is by the biographies that the book is really to be judged; and a cautious examination of the lives best known to the present writer has made it plain that this new edition has been truly brought down to date and enriched by the latest labors of literary investigators. No doubt, slips can be detected here and there by microscopic malevolence; for example, Mr. Andrew Lang's poetical work does not include a volume entitled "Ballades of Books," although Mr. Lang did rearrange for a London publisher an anthology called "Ballads of Books," originally put together in New York by one of his American friends. Slips of this sort must always be discoverable in any work of the magnitude of this cyclopedia, containing an immense multiplicity of statements of fact; but in the new edition the slips seem to be honorably infrequent. Dr. Patrick has done well what was well worth doing.





MARIA EDGEWORTH, FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING

“ONE THAT WAS A WOMAN”

BY ANNA PORTER REX

UNDER the influence of the present Irish literary revival—of which Mr. William Butler Yeats is the most representative man—a renewed interest has been created in the works of Miss Edgeworth, who, with her contemporaries, Miss Austen in England, and Miss Ferrier in Scotland, so charmed the reading public a century ago.

It is almost impossible for us to contrast these writers solely with their predecessors, and thus to realize the vividness of the impression they produced. Up to that time men had

written for men, but when women became as frequently readers their more fastidious taste found this coarse masculine fare unpalatable, and when better was offered, it was received with ecstatic appreciation.

Nothing more wholesome than the lives and writings of these three women can well be imagined, and the resemblances between them but serve to heighten the points of contrast. All three were amply supplied with worldly gear; all three had social advantages; all three were sincerely religious; all three were serenely content; all three

died unwed. Of the three Miss Edgeworth should undoubtedly stand first if the scope and the amount of her work are taken into consideration.

Thoroughly to understand her life, dominated as it was by her father's influence, it is necessary to know something about him. Married no less than four times, with increasing success in each venture, never longer than eight months a widower at any one time—his matrimonial career is alone sufficient to inspire an interest in the man. Maria was the second of his twenty-one children—the oldest daughter of his first wife. Perhaps her charmingly well-balanced temperament may be accounted for by the fact that she was English by birth, and Irish and German by race.

Mr. Edgeworth was enjoying a delightful visit to Litchfield, worshipping at the shrine of the charming Honora Sneyd—that beauty whose picture came to America on André's faithful breast—when he received the not unwelcome news of his wife's death. Four months later Honora Sneyd became his second bride and a loving mother to Maria and her brother and sisters.

Mrs. Edgeworth, number two, when dying, recognizing the deplorable needs of the household she was leaving, suggested as her successor her own sister Elizabeth. Husband and sister acted with such dutiful promptness, that eight months later the six children were no longer motherless.

Mrs. Edgeworth, number three, at her death seems to have made no suggestions; probably realizing that so systematic a man as Mr. Edgeworth had a schedule already prepared to meet such recurring emergencies. Her trust was justified, for, six months later, Mrs. Edgeworth number four—a friend and contemporary of her step-daughter Maria—assumed the accumulated responsibilities of the Edgeworth ménage.

The fifteen children were soon recruited by six more, and now, indeed, Mr. Edgeworth had full scope for his remarkable executive ability in educating and drilling a battalion of children, with Maria as first officer. His success was certainly remarkable for he writes to a friend, "Not one tear per month is shed in my house, nor is the voice of reproof heard more often."

In addition to these household cares, Mr. Edgeworth personally managed his Irish estates, with Maria as acting agent. Together they nobly struggled with many problems still unsolved in our day. He employed no middleman and always left a year's rent in the tenant's hands. "Go before Mr. Edgeworth and you will surely get justice," was a saying among his people, and all Miss Edgeworth's pictures of the tenantry are drawn directly from life through this contact with them. We can see in her stories how her outlook was broadened by the deep personal interest she was thus obliged to feel in the national questions at issue.

It was under such influences that Maria Edgeworth grew to maturity, a gentle, sensitive little woman, with wonderful sweetness of nature, trained to unselfishness, self-control and untiring industry in that bee-hive of a home.

Her love and admiration for her father were unbounded, and all his educational, and other theories, she regarded as direct revelations from above. When he called upon her to rejoice that her own mother had been taken away and such an assortment of talent substituted, she dutifully rejoiced; when he said, "Maria, write!" she humbly wrote, and hence Miss Edgeworth's works.

When, at the age of thirty, Miss Edgeworth visited Paris, her books, translated into French and German, had been widely read and she was warmly welcomed into a society of notables.



THE EDGEWORTH FAMILY
From "Talks about Autographs." By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



MISS EDGEWORTH'S RESIDENCE

From a drawing by Honoria Edgeworth. Reproduced from an old number of the *Analectic Magazine*

Here she fell decorously in love, the first and only time, with a Swedish gentleman, private secretary to the French king. When Mr. Edelcrantz proposed she asserts her profound surprise and admits feeling much flattered by his preference. In spite of her interest in him, they parted without any engagement, as Miss Edgeworth concluded that the love of one individual in a foreign land would not compensate her for the surrender of relatives and home. As at this time several relations of his past wives had been added to Mr. Edgeworth's household, it must be admitted that Mr. Edelcrantz seems a meagre substitute for such a surpassing collection of family relics. This at least was Miss Edgeworth's conclusion, which she seems never to have regretted.

After leaving Paris, the Edgeworths were entertained in London, and Edinburgh, where we hear Maria spoken of as a "charming and elegant woman, always fashionably and tastefully dressed." Later, after her father's death, when she was about fifty years old, Miss Edgeworth tried what is so

often a disappointing experiment, returning to those scenes of past pleasures—this time accompanied by her sisters: they spent, she says, "a year of solid happiness."

It was near the close of her life that she said to a would-be biographer, "I have no story to tell; my life has been too wholly domestic to afford anything interesting to the general public. I rise from the banquet of life a satisfied guest. Old as I am, and imaginative as I am thought to be, I have always found the pleasures I have expected would be great have actually been greater in the enjoyment than in the anticipation."

But is not that statement in itself a most remarkable life history?

In estimating the quality of Miss Edgeworth's work, it is necessary always to remember two facts: first, that she wrote not from aroused ambition like Miss Ferrier, nor from inner compulsion like Miss Austen, but simply in obedience to her father's command, and under his rigid supervision; second,

that she always wrote with the heavy handicap of a lesson to be enforced.

Her first efforts were entirely for the home nursery, and were written to illustrate her father's precepts. Later she essayed to teach the leading principles of science in familiar dialogue. Considering that this method—now practised in every kindergarten—was an entirely new departure it was exceedingly successful. Indeed the children of all the civilized nations were eagerly taking these sugar-coated pills—the formula being translated—with salutary effect.

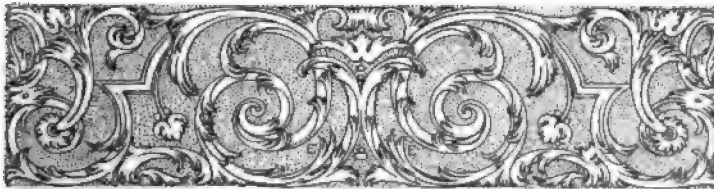
It may startle us a little to find a small hero aged ten years saying, "How must I ever revere my beloved father; he it is who daily instructs me in those principles of industry and integrity which are to assist me through life;" but we may feel sure that Maria's father considered this the proper mental attitude for the youthful Edgeworths. As to the lasting qualities of her stories, there are at this day disciples of Miss Maria who conscientiously waste precious time untying worthless cord in virtuous emulation of the boy with the bow string.

Having succeeded so well with children, Miss Edgeworth wrote tales and novels to correct the errors of grown-up folks. Her ambition was to treat of

realities in an interesting manner rather than to write improbable fiction, and her stories have well been called the essence of common sense. She never probed the soul for its secrets; those feelings which did not manifest themselves in action were safe from her scrutiny. Nevertheless, to do her justice, perhaps no woman except George Eliot has ever shown more convincingly the terrible results, not of planned and purposed sin, but of adapting one's conscience to circumstances. Miss Edgeworth, however, never admitted the crushing weight, the resistless power, of consequences from which repentance and forgiveness are powerless to save.

Life to her was no enigma which must wait solution. The universe was conducted on the same simple plan as the home nursery and Miss Edgeworth's philosophy can be summed up in the oft-repeated moral of her stories—everything will always become smooth and happy for those who do right, and proportionately rough and miserable for those who do wrong.

While one may smile at such a conception of life, as we know it in this contradictory old world, it cannot be denied that a return to dear Maria Edgeworth offers a refreshing mental antidote for the problem story of to-day.



BOOKS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER

By A. SCHADE VAN WESTRUM

NOTWITHSTANDING the growing custom of the American publishers to extend the publication of their new books more equally through at least ten of the twelve months of the year, they continue to recognize the old-time tradition of a spring and a fall season, at least for the announcement of their plans. These plans are now perfected for the spring of this year, and even unto July, wherefore a brief survey of them is in order. The catalogues sent out by the different American houses would make a comfortable volume if bound together, hence a selection of the more important books becomes imperative, the others being left for later consideration, as they appear.

The salient feature of the spring lists is undoubtedly a continuation and growth of the interest in American history, particularly in the phases which, alluded to but briefly in general histories as accomplished facts, now demand detailed treatment of their origin and development.

The realization that the American republic did not spring full-fledged from the brains of the Fathers, but was the daughter of colonial conditions in the mechanics of her Constitution, and, back of them, of English, Dutch, and even Greek institutions and ideals, may have had much to do with this popularization of the smaller sources that went to swell the main stream; and it may be possible that the deluge of historical romance of a few years ago has left a valuable deposit in an awakened interest in the by-ways of national history. There are, first of all, the great explorers of the continent, whose journals are to be reprinted in more than one series, while their lives are to be told by many a his-

torian. And, of course, part of this new literature can be traced to the impetus given by the centenary of the Louisiana Purchase.

As with the beginning, so with the latest phase of American history; a new chapter is to be written on the happenings since the struggle for the preservation of the Union down to the war with Spain; and added to this there is many a volume on the problems of the future.

Another feature of the present-day American publishing is the constant growth of what may be designated in a general way as "How to Know" literature, from the popularization of astronomy to the keeping of household accounts and the planting of turnips. Then there is "timely" literature, which we have always had with us, and which this season is devoted to the Far East, to national politics, and even to race suicide, as well as to summer sports.

The complaint of the lover of literature, that fiction has killed belles-lettres, is no longer heard in the land. The classics are appearing constantly in handsome, inexpensive new editions, from Shakespeare downward; the record is almost complete.

Fiction is dealt with elsewhere in these pages; poetry continues to languish, not, indeed, for lack of hospitality in the publishers—Messrs. Badger and John Lane are there to prove the contrary.

Biography first. The book that stands pre-eminent in this field, this spring, is the "Autobiography of Herbert Spencer," ranking in importance with last winter's "Gladstone," and outranking the Huxley letters of a few years ago. Spencer finished this autobiography some time before his death, the plates

had been cast long before the end came to the great philosopher.

On account of their timeliness, Francis E. Leupp's "The Man Roosevelt," and Jacob A. Riis's forthcoming "Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen" deserve mention here, the one a panegyric interpretation of a temperament, rather than a set biography, the other a "life," no less enthusiastic. But, alas, was ever statesman's amber without fly? From the national capital itself is to come an anonymous monograph with the startlingly frank title of "A Presidential Make-Believe, and a Sinister Precedent as Contained in the Method of the Hard-Coal Settlement." To offset this attack, however, we are promised a collection of "Addresses and Presidential Messages of Theodore Roosevelt, 1902-1904," with an introduction by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. Mr. Roosevelt himself has written a brief introduction for the forthcoming history of "The Republican Party, 1854-1894," by Francis Curtis.

From the latest of the presidents to the founders of the American colonies is a far step backward. There is a capital life of "James Oglethorpe," the founder of Georgia, by Harriet C. Cooper, and a less sympathetic biography of "William Penn," by Augustus C. Buell.

A biography of that important figure in the development of life in the Mississippi valley for many years, Dr. William Greenleaf Eliot, by Charlotte C. Elliot, has recently been published; a life of John A. Andrew, the war governor of Massachusetts, is to appear this month. Henry D. Sedgwick's "Francis Parkman" may be mentioned here.

A voluminous biography promises to be "Seventy-five Years of Old Virginia," by Dr. John Herbert Claiborne, a Confederate veteran, who will give an account of the conduct of his people before, during and after the war.

The history of the leaders on both

sides in the war for the Union will be told in the "American Crisis Biographies." The volumes, says the editor, Prof. Ellis P. Oberholtzer, "will be anecdotal in character, they are to be written by a younger generation of writers, who are free from bias and have the historical perspective, the Southern leaders being entrusted to young Southern biographers," a measure that may prove instructive in its results. Literary biography is discussed later on, under Belles-Lettres.

And now for the historians. The first volume of William Garrott Brown's "History of the United States since the Civil War" will soon be forthcoming; the sixth volume of John Bach McMaster's "History of the People of the United States" will cover the period from 1830 to 1841; we are to have "A History of the United States," by Henry W. Elson; "The United States, 1607-1904," by W. E. Chancellor and F. W. Hewes; a work on the "American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century," by Herbert L. Osgood; the "Conquest of the Southwest," by Cyrus Townsend Brady; "Rocky Mountain Explorations, by Reuben Gold Thwaites, and "Steps in the Expansion of Our Territory," by Oscar P. Austin, in the "Expansion of the Republic Series."

Mr. F. A. Ogg will tell the story of the "Opening of the Mississippi;" the subtitle of this book is "A Struggle for Supremacy in the American Interior." And, of course, the Louisiana purchase celebration is responsible for a verbatim reprint of the "Original Journals of Lewis and Clark," in eight volumes, edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, and for "The Trail of Lewis and Clark," by Olin D. Wheeler, who, having told the story of the expedition, takes his readers over the trail as it is to-day, a century later.

An American Exploration Series, "The Trail Makers," edited by Prof.

McMaster, begins with still another "History of the Expedition under Lewis and Clark," to which is added an "Account of the Louisiana Purchase," by the editor. This timely volume is to be followed by Alexander Mackenzie's "Voyages from Montreal through the Continent of North America to the Frozen Pacific Oceans, in 1789 and 1793," and by Cadwallader Colden's "History of the Five Nations." Other volumes are in preparation.

A title that arouses interest is "The Administration of the American Revolutionary Army," by Louis Clinton Hatch, Ph. D. Another curious monograph, dealing with a subject much neglected by historians, is promised in "The Continental Congress at Princeton, June-November, 1783," by Varum Lansing Collins.

The author of "A Virginia Girl in the Civil War" will depict the home side of Southern life during Reconstruction in "Dixie after the War." A volume on "Vermont," by Frank B. Sanborn, is to be added to the American Commonwealth Series.

The fact that two Englishmen are the authors of a new "History of the Civil War in the United States" gives it claim to mention here. They are W. Birkbeck Wood and Col. Edwards. The work will devote considerable space to strategy and tactics.

From England come the first two volumes of Herbert W. Paul's monumental "History of Modern England"; Lecky's account of "The French Revolution" has been drawn from his "England in the Eighteenth Century," and published in a separate volume; there is to be a volume of "Lectures on the French Revolution and on General Modern History," by the late Lord Acton; Dr. Emil Reinsch's "Foundations of Modern Europe" deserves mention here; we are to have a history of the English East India Company, "Ledger and Sword:

The Honorable Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies, 1599-1874." Finally there is the "History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature," by Arthur Bartlett Maurice and Frederic Taber Cooper.

Mention must be made of a new and cheaper edition of Andrew Lang's "The Mystery of Mary Stuart," and of Osmund Airy's "Charles II," without the splendor of illustration of the earlier editions.

The events of the near future may give sudden timeliness to "England in the Mediterranean: A Study of the Rise and Influence of British Power within the Straits, 1603-1713," by Julian S. Corbett.

Col. Theodore A. Dodge continues his "History of the Art of War," with an elaborate work on "Napoleon," two volumes of which have just appeared, while two more are to follow.

To the already voluminous Napoleon-ic literature in English must also be added "Napoleon: A Short Biography," by R. M. Johnson. One of the most important volumes in the Heroes of the Nations series is the forthcoming, "Frederick the Great, and the Rise of Prussia" by William Fiddian Reddaway. The translation of Gabriel Hanotaux's "Contemporary France" reaches its second volume this spring (1874-1878).

Miss Ruth Putnam, the author of a "Life of William the Silent," will carry her readers back to the Middle Ages in "A Medieval Princess," which is the story of Jaqueline of Bavaria, last independent sovereign of Holland, Zeeland and Hainault. Mayor McClellan's "The Oligarchy of Venice" is one of the earlier spring books.

The social side of the Victorian era will be dealt with in Mrs. George Bancroft's "Letters from England, 1846-49," and in the "Memoirs of Anna Maria Wilhelmina Pickering," edited by her son.

The spring's record of belles-lettres opens with the completed "English Literature: An Illustrated Record," in four volumes, by Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse; with it may be mentioned the new "Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature," the third and last volume of which contains additional chapters on British Colonial and American literature.

Still another edition of Shakespeare is announced, in nineteen volumes, printed by the Constables of Edinburgh, with introductions and notes by William Brandes, who will supply a supplementary volume on the Life and Works of Shakespeare. This edition will be a limited one.

A volume of essays, "The Views about Hamlet, and Other Essays," by Albert H. Tolman, mostly Shakespearian, ranges from Anglo-Saxon poetry to the tales of Poe. By its side may be placed "Elizabethan Critical Essays" (1570-1603), by G. Gregory Smith. Sidney Lee's lectures delivered in this country last year, on Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Edmund Spenser, Francis Bacon, Shakespeare's Life, and Shakespeare's Work, will be published in a volume to be called "Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century."

The Mermaid Series of Elizabethan Dramatists, in its new, convenient format, approaches completion; the number of series of literary biographies grows apace. The latest of these is the "Literary Lives" series, edited by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, which will deal with both English and American worthies, and to which both English and American authors will contribute. The first two volumes are "Matthew Arnold," by G. W. E. Russell, and "Cardinal Newman," by William Barry, D.D.

Room must be made here for a book on "Matthew Arnold," by William Hulbert Dawson, which is an explana-

tion and a justification of the "Arnold cult."

To return to literary biography, however. To the Bookman Biographies are added "Tennyson," by G. K. Chesterton and Richard Garnett, "Browning," by James Douglas, and "Thackeray," by the busy Mr. Chesterton and Lewis Melville. The new volume of the Contemporary Men of Letters series will be "Charles Dudley Warner," by Mrs. James T. Fields. It is to be followed by "Swinburne," by Prof. George E. Woodberry.

Prof. Edward A. Steiner's "Tolstoy the Man" may be mentioned here. Another book on the great Russian that deserves mention is T. Sharper Knowlson's "Leo Tolstoy: A Biographical and Critical Study." A "Life of Frederic William Farrar, Some Time Dean of Canterbury," by his son, is announced. Also a volume of "Ruskin Relics," by his biographer, W. G. Collingwood.

Thomas Wright's "Life of Edward Fitzgerald," in two volumes, deserves a paragraph by itself, because it contains much new information about Fitzgerald, his friends, and his works. A number of his letters hitherto unpublished are included in the book, together with extracts from an unpublished MS., containing word pictures of Tennyson, Thackeray, Browne, and others of his acquaintances.

A "literary pilgrimage book" is promised in "New England Letters," by Rufus Rockwell Wilson. This suggests mention of a helpful book for the pilgrim to Haverhill and Amesbury, "Whittier Land," by Samuel T. Pickard.

"Collectanea: Thomas Carlyle, 1821-1855" edited by Dr. Samuel Arthur Jones, is to contain Carlyle's hitherto unpublished writings, overlooked by all his bibliographers. They are six in number, including his very first in-

dependent critical work. A fac-simile reprint of the first edition of Horace Walpole's "Essay on Modern Gardening," with an introduction by Alice Morse Earle, will attract many a lover of books.

Mrs. Paget Toynbee's edition of "The Letters of Horace Walpole" is one of the important announcements of the year. There is also in preparation a new edition of Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," by J. Churton Collins.

A volume of "Maeterlinck's Essays" in lighter vein deserves a brief note. The third volume of George Brandes's "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature" will be devoted to "The Reaction in France." The "Maxims of La Rochefoucauld" are to appear in a new edition, the original French and the English translation being printed on opposite pages.

"Later Pepys," being the letters of Sir William W. Pepys, Master in Chancery, to his nephew, Mr. William Franks, Hannah Moore, and others, edited by Alice Gausson, is an interesting announcement.

Stevensonians will welcome the "Prayers Written at Vailima," by Robert Louis Stevenson, gathered in a little volume, with an introduction by Mrs. Stevenson.

Joaquin Miller has in preparation "The Building of the City Beautiful," a dream of the realization of the "Heaven on Earth" of the Lord's Prayer.

Prof. William Cranston Lawton has written "Introduction to Classical Latin Literature," to place by the side of his volume on Greek literature.

W. B. Yeats heads the season's poetry with a new volume, "The Hour Glass, and Other Poems." Other books of verse in prospect are "The Divine Vision, and Other Poems," by "A. E.," the Celt whose name is a very official secret; "Poems," by Andrew Edward Watrous, "Echoes from the Glen," by

W. P. Carter, and "Songs by the Way," by Edith Virginia Bradt.

A Cambridge Edition of "English and Scottish Ballads," edited by Prof. George L. Kittredge and the late Helen Child Sargent, and based on Prof. Child's great work, will be welcome; the name of William Vaughn Moody will be sufficient introduction for his new volume of verse, "The Fire-Bringer." "The Lyric Bough" includes many of the most pleasing poems that Clinton Scolard has contributed to the magazines during the last year or two.

"Cornish Ballads, and Other Poems, Being the Complete Poetical Works of Robert Stephen Hawker, Sometime Vicar of Morwenstow, Cornwall," has been edited by C. E. Byles.

Aside from Senator Beveridge's "The Russian Advance," the recent literature of the Far East is practically exclusively devoted to Japan and Korea. Mr. Angus Hamilton's "Korea," published in a popular edition within two weeks after its first appearance, is the latest work on that country; we are to have a new book by Lafcadio Hearn, "Japan: An Interpretation"; a new edition of Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "Letters from Japan"; Miss Esther Singleton, familiar with the descriptive powers of great authors, has seized the opportunity to collect from their tomes an illustrated "Japan described by Great Authors"; "Three Rolling Stones in Japan," by Gilbert Watson, must be added to the record, together with G. H. Rittner's "Impressions of Japan." There will be, however, at least one new book on "Manchuria, Its People, Resources, and Recent History," by Alexander Hosie, late British Consul at Newchwang.

A revised and enlarged edition of T. Dyer Ball's "Things Chinese" may also be mentioned. Col. Younghusband's Tibetan expedition will serve to draw attention to "Round Kangchenjunga," a narrative of mountain travel and ex-

ploration, by Douglas W. Freshfield, F.R.G.S. A volume of "Travels in the Philippines," by A. H. Savage Landor, will undoubtedly be picturesque. The same adjective applies to "With the Pilgrims to Mecca: Being the Adventures of Haji Raz on the Occasion of his Pilgrimage to the Holy City in 1320 of the Hegira (1902 A. D.), and an Account of the Religious Ceremonies of the Haji, and the Social Aspects of the Faith," by Wilfrid Sparroy. Harry de Windt's long-expected "From Paris to New York by Land" was published a short time ago.

Nearer home is "Jamaica As It is, 1903," by Pullen-Burry. This is a guide-book, but also a work of general information. With this may be classed Anson Phelps Stokes's "Cruising in the Caribbean with a Camera," which is profusely illustrated, as the title amply indicates.

Art works are, of course, reserved for the fall season, with its climax of holiday and giving. An important work on art, however, is to appear soon, a translation of Wilhelm Luebke's "Outlines of the History of Art," revised and much enlarged by Russell Sturgis.

A "History of American Music, with Some Account of Music in America," by Louis Elson, is to form the second volume of the History of American Art Series. "Wagner's Heroes: Parsifal, Hans Sachs, Tannhaeuser, Lohengrin," by Constance Maud, may be added here. James Huneker has in the press a volume named "Overtures." A Living Masters of Music series begins with volumes on Henry T. Wood, Richard Strauss, Elgar, and Paderewski. The fifth volume of the "Oxford History of Music" will be "The Romantic Period," by Edward Dannreuther.

Two new volumes will be added to the Library of Art, "French Painting in the Sixteenth Century," by L. Dimier, and "Impressionist Painting," by W. Dewhurst. A new series is "Newnes's Art Library," the first three volumes of

which have appeared this spring, on Botticelli, Reynolds, and Velasquez. Volumes on "Constable's Colored Sketches" and Gozzoli are in preparation.

In good time for their season and purpose will be three new books for sportsmen, "The Seashore," by W. E. Furneaux, in the Outdoor World Series, and two new volumes of the American Sportsmen's Library, on "Tennis, La Crosse, Racquets, Squash, and Court Tennis, and "Yachting in America: Small Boat Sailing." A third addition to this library will deal with "The American Trotter and Pacer." A new edition of Capt. H. M. Hayes's "Points of the Horse" has been much enlarged.

"Practical Track and Field Athletics," by John Graham and Ellery H. Clark, names of weight in athletic circles and the recent "Physical Training for Women by Japanese Methods" (Jiu-Jitsu), by H. Irving Hancock, complete the record, at least for the present.

Then there is outdoor life, from the eminently practical story of a farm and how it was made to yield a livelihood, "The Fat of the Land," by John Williams Streeter, a physician who turned to agriculture in his fifty-third year, through an ever-growing library of garden books and flower books and fern books and bird books, down to Ernest Thompson Seton's "Fable and Wood Myth" and Charles G. D. Roberts's new volume of animal stories, "Watchers of the Trail."

More authentic, and probably no less interesting, will be "The American Natural History; A Foundation of Useful Knowledge of the Higher Animals of America," by William T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park. It is to be profusely illustrated.

The intelligent foreigner is to tell us more about ourselves. The new chiel that was amang us takin' notes is Sir Philip Burne-Jones; the book in which

he has prented them is called "Dollars and Democracy." The alliterative title, we are informed, covers "friendly criticism."

Lina Boegli, a Swiss woman, travelled around the world without any means but the money she earned on the way, and tells how it was done in "Forward." Elbert E. Farman furnishes a personal account of Gen. Grant's tour of the Nile in 1878 in a work called "The Antiquities of Egypt."

Alberto Santos-Dumont's "My Air Ships," profusely illustrated, deserves a paragraph of its own. The air skipper of the future may, *en attendant*, study Flammarion's forthcoming "Astronomy for Amateurs," to make himself familiar with garage stations on the Milky Way.

The student of present-day conditions in this country of ours will find food for thought in works on 'Trusts of Today,' by Gilbert H. Montague; the 'Anthracite Coal Communities,' by Peter Roberts, "American Cities and their Problems," by Delos F. Wilcox, "Our Political Degradation," by Gen. R. C. Hawkins, and in a serious, frank study of "The Present South," by Edgar Gardner Murphy.

Then there are Prof. Nathaniel Southgate Shaler's two new books, "The Citizen: A Study of the Individual and the Government," and "The Neighbor," a study of human relations with special reference to race prejudices. Booker T. Washington and his problem we have always with us. This spring, by the way, he is to edit "Tuskegee and Its People," prepared by officers and former students of the Institute, a record of achievement, while a book of his own, "Working with the Hands," is also announced.

"Imported Americans," by Broughton Brandenburg, to appear later on, deals with the Italian immigrant. Dr. W. S. Rainsford's "A Preacher's Story of His Work" naturally falls into its place here.

Less pretentious will be title of H. G. Wells's bundle of speculative essays on the future of the race and its progress, "Man in the Making."

Children's books will be sufficiently numerous this spring to deserve a brief paragraph. There will be, of course, a Louisiana Purchase story. It is called "The Ark of 1803," and is by C. A. Stephens. Another tale of the Mississippi for the young will be George Cary Eggleston's "Running the River." Most promising to the average boy must be the title "Captured by the Navajos." The book is by Capt. Charles A. Curtis.

"The Book of School and College Sports" is by that deservedly popular writer for the young, Ralph Henry Barbour. Some time during the summer there will appear "The Boy Anglers, their Adventures in the Gulf of Mexico, California, the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, and Lakes and Streams of Canada," by Charles Frederick Holder. These boy fishermen must know all that is to be known about the classic sport. A volume of "Poems for Children," edited by Mary E. Burt, is also announced.

A final paragraph devoted to "miscellaneous" books. Mrs. Mary Churchill Ripley will provide us with an inexpensive work on a very expensive subject, in "The Oriental Rug Book"; Warren K. Morehead's "The Stone Age" will be an illustrated archæological encyclopedia of the implements, ornaments, etc., of the prehistoric tribes of the United States.

A work on "Electricity and matter," by Prof. J. J. Thompson, of Cambridge University, will deal with cathode and Roentgen rays, and with radio-active substances. Business is being thoroughly systematized theoretically in books. A new addition to this kind of literature will be "The Theory of Business Enterprise," by Prof. Thurston B. Veblen, of the University of Chicago.

A SURVEY OF SPRING'S FICTION

BY ELEANOR HOYT

A BIRD'S eye view of Spring fiction fields in this year of grace, 1904, is calculated to inspire confiding optimism in the breast of even the most disgruntled of critics.

There will be a host of inferior novels. That is a foregone conclusion, but the announcement lists fairly bristle with names which, by all laws of logic, should guarantee books well worth reading, and in the shadow of these impressive names are many others which at least, suggest encouraging possibilities. Add to all this, the chance of good first books, of the discovery of new fiction stars, and one has promise enough to cheer him through considerable dull reading.

Concerning the quality of a few of the novels there has been ample opportunity for judgment. Ellen Glasgow's "The Deliverance;" Henry Harland's "My Friend Prospero," and Eden Phillpots' "An American Prisoner," opened the ball for 1904. All three, in varying ways have been found worthy of authors who have high rank in the world of fiction.

Following hard upon the heels of these avants couriers, have come many other novels—a few distinctly notable. Mrs. Henry Dudeney's "The Story of Susan" belongs to the few. Mrs. Dudeney's work is seldom cheerful, never commonplace, and this human story with its sure touch, its clear insight and its broad sympathy is, if not the equal of "The Maternity of Harriott Wicken" and "Folly Corner," at least their worthy successor.

The Baroness von Hutten's "Violett" enters naturally into a discussion of Spring novels whose success is already assured, and has proved conclusively that the quality of "Our Lady of the Beeches" was not accidental.

The new story is a study of warring soul and circumstance, of a hyper-sensitive, wonderfully endowed musical nature struggling to express itself amid jarring life dissonances; and, while the logic is given and pathos lurks in every chapter, the story is told with a subtlety of understanding and a feeling for the beautiful that lift it above morbidity.

"The Day before Yesterday" came as a surprise.

Just who Mrs. Sarah Shafer is, no one seems to know, and, after all, there is no necessity that one should know, though there is small probability that she will be allowed to remain unknown in this day when blushing unseen is numbered among the lost arts.

She has written a first book, for which readers who love fragrant leisurely living will rise and call her blessed, a book which deals in simple, unpretentious fashion, with a simple, unpretentious family living in a small town in the middle west. The story has the charm of dear common things into which understanding has read beauty. In this time of fiction hurley-burly, of novels full of travailing souls or clashing swords, to find a story like "The Day before Yesterday" is to turn from the clamor of a crowded city street, pass through a door in a high wall, and straightway find oneself in a quiet garden where old-fashioned flowers run riot, and bees hum drowsily through sun-steeped air, and the laughter of happy children makes music in the summer hush.

"The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rugen" is quite another matter, though a delightful matter in its way. No one can accuse the author of "Elizabeth in Her German Garden" of simplicity. She is sophisticated to a degree, occa-

sionally wearisome, but this anonymous writer has a charming style of her own, a quick intelligence, a nimble wit and a whimsical originality.

She is entertaining in Rugen as she has been entertaining elsewhere; and, if her cosmos is somewhat overcrowded with ego, at least the ego is interesting to readers as well as to author.

Many another Spring novel already published deserves a special notice, but that must come later, for the list is long and space is fleeting and even a cursory survey must, of necessity, be the reverse of exhaustive.

The problem novel, so-called, is apparently to cut little figure in this season's fiction.

Peace to its ashes; A tired public with a pathetic hunger for entertainment pure and simple can readily resign itself to scarcity in this particular department of fiction.

The historical novel does not lord it over its fellows as was its wont, and the swashbuckler tale of adventure is not monarch of all it surveys; yet several of the new novels from which much is expected are semi-historical in character and there is a plentiful sprinkling of thrilling stories of romantic adventure.

An unusual number of notable volumes of short stories is to be launched, the names signed being in the majority of cases important enough to successfully combat any prejudice against short story collections.

Jack London is one of the authors who will be represented only by short stories this Spring.

Macmillan & Co. announce his "The Faith of Men and other Stories" for April publication. From Macmillan too, comes one of the most important of the semi-historical novels "The Queen's Quair," by Maurice Hewlett. The story is woven around the personality of the ever-fascinating Mary

Stuart, and Hewlett enthusiasts realize that he has found a theme worthy of his skill.

Winston Churchill's Louisiana Purchase romance, "The Crossing," is a second Macmillan novel threaded upon history, and this firm's strong fiction list includes Onoto Watanna's "Daughters of Uijo," Henry K. Webster's "The Duke of Cameron Avenue," Samuel Merwin's "The Merry Anne," "The Price of Youth" by Margery Williams, author of "The Late Returning," Ouida's new novel, "Helianthus," "The Woman Errant" (by the author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife"), "The Singular Miss Smith" by Florence Morse Kingsley; "The Court of Saccarissa," by Hugh Sheringham and Nevill Myers Meakin, and "The Story of King Sylvain and Queen Aimée" by Margaret Sherwood.

D. Appleton & Co. have a shorter fiction list but one that rings attractively. "The Vineyard" by John Oliver Hobbes heads it. E. F. Benson's "An Act in a Back Water," a clever satire upon life and society in a little English town, follows. Then come Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Sylvia's Husband"; Baroness von Hutten's "He and Hecuba"; "The Imperialist," by Mrs. Everard Cotes, "Nature's Comedian" by W. E. Norris, "My Lil' Angelo" by Annie Yeamans, and "I," a novel in which a woman tells the truth about herself, and which will doubtless stir up much discussion.

Joseph Conrad's name looms large on the McClure prospectus as it would loom large in any group of literary names; but this buccaneering romance of the West Indies, "Romance" was, it seems, written in collaboration with Ford Maddox Hueffer and that Conrad should collaborate rouses a vague wonder. The announcement that the love element plays an important part in the story may explain Mr. Hueffer's use-

fullness, for love has even been a minor consideration with Conrad.

One of the few problem novels is also on the McClure list. "He that eateth Bread with Me," by Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays, centers round the divorce problem as it presents itself in American society to-day and, though the author has wisely shunned all cheap sensationalism, she has written a book that is likely to rouse comment and stimulate thought.

Stewart Edward White's novel of the frozen north, "The Silent Places," Hildegard Brook's "Daughters of Desperation," in which three young women art students become converted to anarchy and attempt with amusing results to put their theories into practice, "The Picaroons," a series of humorous stories told by outcasts and waifs in a San Francisco coffee house and signed by Will Trum and Gelett Burgess, "Susannah and One Other," a novel of modern English upper class life, by E. Maria Albanesi, Shan Bullock's "The Red Leaguers," a tale of an arisen Ireland at war with declining England, and "The Admirable Tinker" by Edgar Jepson, are to be credited to McClure, Phillips accounts, but the promised "Cabbages and Kings," by O. Henry is to be held over to Fall, so a good laugh is deferred. Possibly, with many readers, "The Admirable Tinker," will compensate for that delayed laugh. The small boy who is the hero of Mr. Jepson's book is an engaging young rascal given to escapades highly amusing and it will not be surprising if he attains to flattering popularity.

But it is to the Harper forecast that one must turn for promise of avowed humor. George Ade's new series of fables, "Breaking Into Society," a new Dooley book whose name Peter Dunne has not yet decided upon, and "The Inventions of the Idiot" by John Ken-

drick Bangs, are all down for this spring, as is a "Later Adventures of Wee Macgregor" by J. J. Bell.

Mary Johnston's "Sir Mortimer," a vigorous romance full of swift action and tense interest, is possibly the Spring book from which this firm expects the greatest returns, but Mark Twain's "Adam's Diary," Hamlin Garland's "The Light of the Star," Bram Stoker's "The Jewel of the Seven Stars," Mary E. Wilkins' "The Givers," Anna R. Weeke's "Yarborough the Premier," Gertrude Atherton's "Rulers of Kings" and Basil King's "The Steps of Honor" should be valuable assets. The firm has been fortunate too, in "Lux Crucis," by Samuel Gardenlure, a novel which deals with the persecution of the Christians in Nero's Rome, and which has found a large audience.

This same audience will give an enthusiastic welcome to "The Yoke" by Elizabeth Miller, which Bobbs, Merrill & Co. consider the most important novel upon their spring list.

The story belongs to the class at whose head "Quo Vadis" stands triumphant. Its action takes place in Egypt at the dramatic period of the Jewish exodus and the great biblical characters and events crowd the chapters through which runs the love story of an Egyptian nobleman and a maid of Israel.

"A Gingham Rose" in which Alice Woods Ullman tell a story of life among New York art students; "Her Infinite Variety," by Brand Whitlock, Francis Lynde's "The Grafters," and "In the Bishop's Carriage" a lively romance whose central figure is a charming feminine Raffles, and whose author is Miriam Michelson, are other Bobbs-Merrill publications announced.

The new Scribner novels must boom merrily if they are to equal the record of the firm's fall fiction and they, at least, promise well.

Thomas Nelson Page is to follow his, successful "Gordon Keith" with a book of short stories taking its title from "Bred in the Bone," the first story of the group.

John Fox, whose "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" has run shoulder to shoulder with Gordon Keith among the best selling books of the last season, contributes a volume of short stories to the Spring books.

Edith Wharton also comes forward with a volume of short stories, the first book of the kind she has published since "The Valley of Decision" proved she was not only past mistress of the art of short story writing, but could win success in the field of the long story as well. The book will be entitled "The Destiny of Man."

W. A. Fraser's Spring short stories, "Brave Hearts," have to do with race horses and the folk who come in contact with the life of the race track.

"Tomaso's Fortune and Other Stories" is made up of short stories which the late Henry Seton Merriman had completed before his death but had not yet published. They offer a wide variety of theme and scene, but all possess in marked degree the qualities that made Mr. Merriman's work popular.

James B. Connolly and Quiller Couch both of whom made their reputation by short stories, are publishing novels this Spring.

Mr. Connolly's book, "The Seiners" is a rollicking, vigorous tale of a sailor's love and of the deeds of the daring sail-carrying Gloucester skippers whose exploits the author has made famous in many a story. For the first time, Mr. Connolly allows woman to play an important part in his scheme and the great race with which the book closes is one of the best bits of writing in sailor literature.

Quiller Couch has gone to the times and scenes of The French and Indian

war for his novel "Fort Amity" and the plot deals with the exciting events clustering round the British movement upon French Canada.

"Tales of Kankakee Land" by Charles H. Bartlett, "The Pastime of Eternity" a New York Story by Beatrix Demarest Lloyd; "The Panchronicon" in which Harold Steele Mackaye has written a Stocktonian romance concerning an invasion of the past by means of a flying machine, "Peace and the Vices," a novel of American Navy life, by Anna A. Rogers, "The Test" by Mary Tappan Wright, who won a name with her "Aliens," "The By-Ways of Braith," a new novel by Frances Powell, author of "The House on the Hudson," and "Cynthia's Rebellion" by Albert E. Thompson are among the Scribner books for this Spring.

Readers who remember Frances Aymer Matthews "Little Tragedy of Tien Tsin" will be attracted to the volume of which this is the title story and which Robert Grier Cook is publishing.

Charles Hemstreet, well-known through his Literary Landmarks of New York, etc., has written "Flower of the Fort," a romance of old New York, which is announced among James Pott & Co.'s Spring books.

Thomas Crowell & Co. have secured a most amusing Spring novel in "A Bachelor in Arcady," by Halliwell Sutcliffe,—an idyllic nature story drifting into a love tale, despite the bachelor's resolutions.

"The Watchers of the Trails," a companion volume to "The Kindred of the Wild," by C. G. D. Roberts, is one of the most interesting items upon L. C. Page's Spring list; but Theodore Roberts, a brother of C. G. D., has written an exceedingly entertaining story in "Flemming the Adventurer," and the list includes in addition to these two, "The Bright Face of Danger," by Robert Stephens, Sheppard Steven's story of

the Children's Crusade, "The Sign of Triumph," Mark Ashton's "Azalim," a tale of old Judea with Jezebel for central figure, and "An Evans of Suffolk," an amusing study of Boston society, by Anna Farquhar.

"Tillie, a Mennonite Maid" is leading lady on the Century Co.'s stage, and this heroine of Helen R. Martin's clever story of life among the Pennsylvania Dutch is one of the most delightful little maids in recent fiction. "Mrs. McLevie," a heroine of quite another type will add considerably to the gayety of readers and to the reputation which J. J. Bell made through Wee Macgregor. "Order No. 11," in which Caroline Stanley, has utilized the famous order for the suppression of guerilla warfare in Missouri, as the foundation for a distinctly dramatic novel, "A Daughter of Dale," a story of university life by Professor Emerson G. Taylor of Yale, and "Four Roads to Paradise" by Maud Wilder Goodwin, are among the Century Co.'s new novels.

Lippincott brings out this Spring "The Issue" by George Morgan: Burton Stevenson's dashing romance "Cadets of Gascony," Katherine Tynan's "The French Wife," Charles Bloomingdale's "A Failure," "Cherry's Child" by John Strange Winter, and "Heart of Lynn" by Mary Stewart Cutting, the author of "Little Stories of Married Life."

With "The Deliverance" and Ezra Brudno's interesting story of Jewish life "The Fugitive" to open their Spring season, Doubleday, Page & Co. have a list of good selling novels including: "The Issues of Life," a study of the American Club woman by Mrs. Bessie Van Vorst, which is sure to excite vigorous discussion, "The Great Adventurer" a story of a colossal financier, by Robert Shackleton, "The Gordon Elopement" by Carolyn Wells, and H. P. Tabor who have ruthlessly forced their hero to elope with his own wife, "In the Red Hills"

by E. Crayton McCauts, and "The Barrier" by Allen French.

The much talked of "Little Garrison" which secured its author's imprisonment and stirred the Fatherland to its depths by exposing the disgraceful conditions prevailing in the German army, should prove a winning card for Frederick A. Stokes & Co., who are publishing the English translation of the story. This firm also has on the market a thrilling tale by E. W. Hornung which is called Denis Dent and abounds in exciting adventures, a romance by S. R. Crockett entitled "The Adventurer in Spain," Robert Barr's "The Woman Wins," A. W. Marchmont's "By Snare of Love" and William C. Sprague's "Felice Constant."

In "Cap'n Eri" some critics have seen another "David Harum." Whether this is a true vision or not, Joseph Lincoln's story of the coast is full of homely humor and wisdom and will be one of the most popular books on the list of A. S. Barnes & Co. "The House in the Woods," by Arthur Henry, who has built a mountain house as he built "An Island Cabin," and has written the story of it, "Windward" by Henry Rowland, and "The Pagan's Progress" by Gouverneur Morris" are other Barnes novels.

Lafcadio Hearn's "Kwaidan," a collection of tales concerning Japanese goblins, ghosts, and fairies; Alice Brown's "High Noon," Andy Adam's "A Texas Matchmaker," the second book in a cattle trilogy of which "The Log of a Cowboy" was first. Frederick Bartlett's "Joan of the Alley," Hildegard Hawthorne's "A Country Interlude," Margaret Jackson's "The Horse Leech's Daughter," and Rose Young's "Henderson," follow successfully in the broad path of success which "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" blazed for Houghton, Mifflin's Spring publications.

"Joan of the Alley" is a vivid and in-

teresting story of East Side life and should make Mr. Bartlett's name better known, while in Rose Young, the author of "Henderson," and of the earlier "Sally of Missouri" we evidently have a young author who must be taken into account.

Little, Brown & Company believe that they, too, have discovered a writer of brilliant promise in M. E. Henry Ruffin whose story of Viking days "The North Star," they publish this Spring. The author is a young woman, but the book has a virile force and swing traditionally masculine, though many a woman author has given the lie to the tradition.

"Anna the Adventuress" by E. Philipps Oppenheim, "The Rainbow Chasers" by John H. Whitson, and "The Viking's Skull" by John R. Carling are Little, Brown books; but the Boston firm has given place aux dames on its Spring list, and in addition to M. E. Henry-Ruffins book, we find a delightful tale, "The Wood Carver of Lympos," "A Woman's Will," by Anne Warner, "The Effendi," a tale of Gordon and the Soudan, by Florence Brooks Whitehouse, "Where the Tide Comes In" by Lucy Meacham Thurston, and "Anna Chapin Ray's "By the Good Saint Anne."

"The Woodhouse Correspondence" with the sub-title of "Studies in idiosyncrasy," is, one of the conspicuous books upon the Dodd, Mead & Co. list, and is a clever and satirical piece of work which is sure of appreciation from all readers who have yearned to say frankly what they really think about their own relatives.

Of "The Story of Susan" we have already spoken, and the names signed to other Dodd, Mead & Co. novels carry their own inferences.

George Barr McCutcheon is represented by "The Day of the Dog," a

love dance in which the dog leads off. "Sure" by E. W. Townsend is a new volume of Chimmie Fadden stories. Josephine Caroline Sawyer's "All's Fair in Love," Frances Aymar Mathew's "Pamela Congreve," "The Day Spring," a tale of love and the Commune by William Barry, "Strong Mac" by S. R. Crockett, "The Darrow Enigma," a detective story by Melvin L. Severy, and "A Daughter of the States" by Max Pemberton, are the others.

The success of "The Forerunner" will insure a hearing for Neith Boyce's second book, "Simple Women" which Fox, Duffield & Co. are bringing out.

Albert Brandt publishes "Moonblight" which Dan Beard, the author, describes as "six feet of romance but which hides interesting economic issues under its romance."

"A Broken Rosary" by Edward Peple, Valentine Hawtrey's "Perronelle," William Rideing's "How Tyson Came Home," Frank Dilrat's "Tyrrants of North Hyben," "The Yeoman" by Charles Kenneth Burrand, "The Fishes" by J. Henry Ha, and "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" are in aristocratic society in John Lane's Spring list which contains announcement of another novel, "Charms" by the Earl of Iddlesleigh.

The Smart Set Publishing Co. also emphasize the overwhelming preponderance of the feminine contingent among our fiction writers with its announcement of the Baroness von Hutten's "Araby" and "Winning Him Back" by Anita Vivanti Chartres.

A translation of "Hototogisu" by Takutomi is Herbert Turner & Co.'s Spring fiction event. Mr. Tokutomi is the most popular novelist of modern Japan and the sales of his book, which in its American version will bear the name of "Wami-ko" have mounted beyond the six figure mark.

WHICH OF THESE ROCKS IS "PULPIT ROCK"?

BY HERMAN F. W. KANOLD

To the Editor of THE LAMP:—

IN reading the article in the February issue of THE LAMP on "Brook Farm as it is To-Day" my attention was attracted by the picture of what is there said to be "Pulpit Rock." I have lived on what has become famous as "Brook Farm" for about seven years, but in all this time I never heard the rock illustrated in the aforementioned article described or referred to as Pulpit Rock. The rock that I knew as bearing this distinction lay in the woods at some distance to the west from the one pictured in THE LAMP. The accompanying illustration is a faithful likeness of it. Again and again I have taken people to this rock and volunteered the information which I absorbed—I don't know how—that it was called "Eliot's Cave or Pulpit Rock." Some people inquired for "Eliot's Cave or Pulpit Rock," others for "The Cave," and again others for "Pulpit Rock" only; but all referred to the same rock.

However, a doubt having been raised in my mind as to the identity of Pulpit Rock, I decided to make some further investigations. I communicated with a number of persons who are connected with Brook Farm at the present time, and take pleasure herewith in submitting their opinions.

"Uncle" G. H. Bradford, whom I have known for the past sixteen years and who is mentioned in the recent LAMP article on Brook Farm, writes: "In looking over the article on Brook Farm I see the picture of Pulpit Rock which is correct. The one you speak of is not on Brook Farm at all; it is on what at that time was called 'The Palmer Farm,' called by Hawthorne and the old Brook Farmers 'The Cave.' So you see Eliot could not have had his pulpit

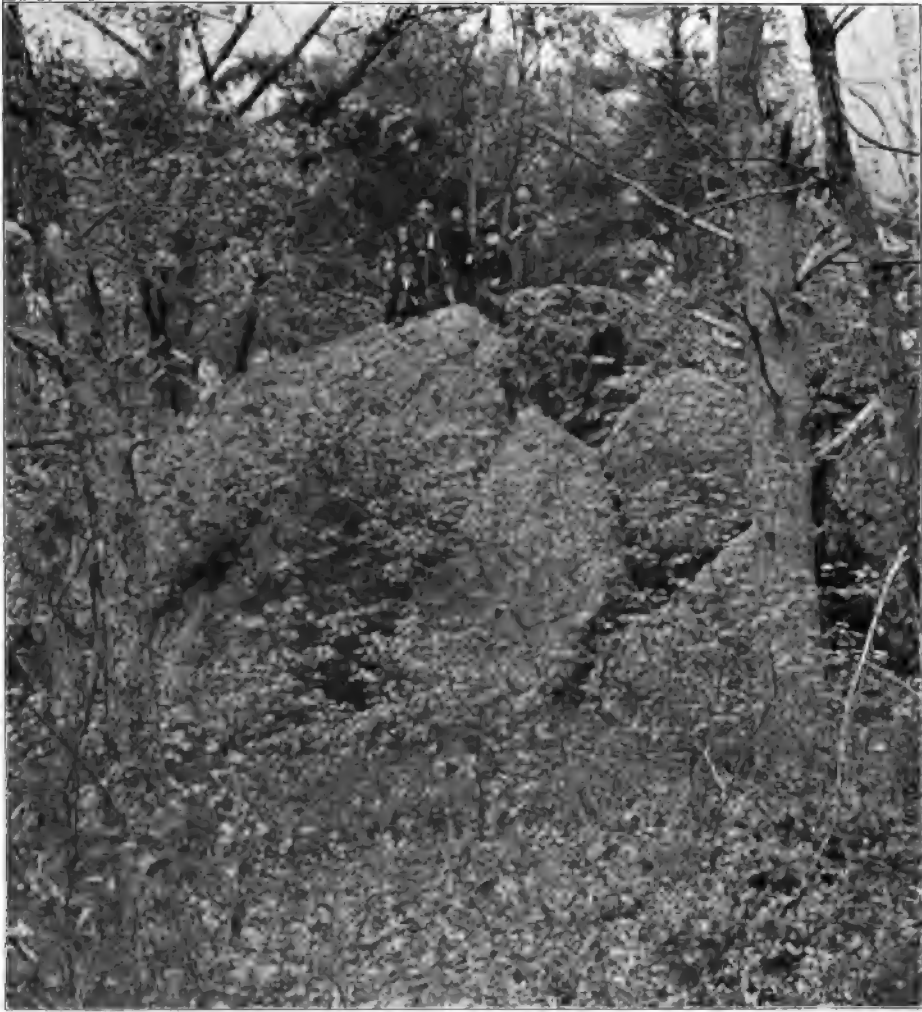
there and say it was on Brook Farm. The person who told me when I was a boy was one of the original Brook Farmers." This is one man's opinion and of course proves nothing; I give it for what it is worth, throwing out only the consideration that as Eliot's preaching to the Indians happened long before "Brook Farm" existed, the conclusion of my correspondent is at least doubtful.

Rev. A. Biewend, President of the Board of Directors of the Martin Luther Orphan's Asylum, who has been connected with Brook Farm for more than twenty-five years, writes: "There is no positive proof concerning Pulpit Rock. It may be that the Brook Farmers were preached to from the rock mentioned in the recent article on Brook Farm, but in all probability the 'Cave' in the woods is the rock from which Eliot preached to the Indians."

Rev. F. C. Wurl, of East Boston, member of the Board of Directors of the Martin Luther Orphan's Asylum, said in a personal interview: "I never heard of the rock pictured in the LAMP, as Pulpit Rock. The rock in the woods was shown me as being Pulpit Rock, and I have, on a number of occasions, taken friends there with the same explanation."

My father writes that he was told that the rock mentioned in the LAMP article is the one from which the soldiers were preached to during the Civil War, when Company D, 2d Massachusetts Infantry, had its camping place within three minutes' walk of this rock.

Mr. J. F. Peterson, of Boston, whose father was a member of Company D and is now buried in the cemetery occupying the site of the former military camp, writes: "My father never had anything to say about this rock, either



PULPIT ROCK ACCORDING TO MR. KANOLD

that it was called Pulpit Rock, or that the soldiers were preached to from it. It seems to me he would have said something if there had been any preaching, for he went by the spot often enough. In all the years that I went to Brook Farm we never called that rock anything. Eliot's Pulpit is in the woods, back of the Margaret Fuller cottage, and is supposed to be the rock from which Eliot preached to the Indians."

These are the opinions of people who

have been connected more or less closely with Brook Farm for a good many years. With one exception, they all agree that the rock in the woods is Pulpit Rock. The source of their information is, of course, tradition, but tradition does not always invalidate what it points to, and very likely it does not do so in the case before us. But there is, of course, no absolute certainty with regard to the rock from which Eliot preached.

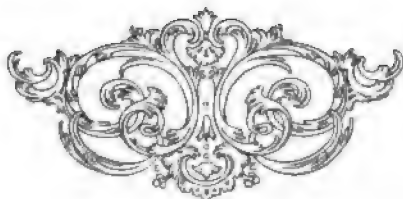
Before closing I wish to adduce one



PULPIT ROCK ACCORDING TO MISS HARRIS

more authority bearing testimony in favor of the rock in the woods. It is well known that Brook Farm is the scene of Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance." The great romancer there says, speaking of a knot of friends, that it grew to be their custom "to spend the Sabbath afternoon at a certain rock. It was known to us under the name of Eliot's Pulpit, from a tradition that the venerable Apostle Eliot had preached there two centuries gone by, to an Indian auditory. . . . The rock itself rose some twenty or thirty feet, a shattered granite boulder, or heap of boulders, with an irregular outline and many fissures, out of which sprang shrubs, bushes, and

even trees; as if the scanty soil within those crevices were sweeter to their roots than any other earth. At the base of the pulpit, the broken boulders inclined towards each other, so as to form a shallow cave. . . . At the summit the rock was over-shadowed by the canopy of a birch tree, which served as a sounding board for the pulpit. Beneath this shade (with my eyes of sense half shut, and those of the imagination widely opened) I used to see the holy Apostle of the Indians, with the sunlight flickering down upon him through the leaves, and glorifying his figure as with the half perceptible glow of a transfiguration."



LETTERS AND LIFE

BY JOHN FINLÉY

I

KOREA has long been called the eremite of the peoples of the earth. She has suddenly become their cynosure. The world of the daily papers gets out of its bed every morning now to ask, in varying accents, of Chemulpo, Pyeng Yang and Seoul. Names with vowels as superfluous as consonants are in some Russian words, once to be found in our western literature only in the home-letters of missionaries or the reports of consuls, are now to be read in the magnified head-lines of our neighbor's paper, across the street car. The Parisian, the Australian, the New Yorker and the Kansan have together crossed the Yalu (whether the Russian has or has not); and the corners of this once recluse country are as fully exposed to their critical view as the once dark recesses of an east-side house to a tenement inspector. The curiosity of the west has pulled the *chang-ot* from the face of this aged matron who with a peculiar modesty had hidden it though she had exposed her nourishing breasts unashamed.

But the life of an individual is not likely to be fairly estimated by one who sees him only when his house is on fire, his family in distress or his fortunes in peril. The national and racial differentials disappear in the face of such circumstances. He is to be more accurately judged in the average of his daily vocations and avocations—by the mean annual temperature of his ambitions and activities, by the even tenor of his life. A gun barrel is not a good camera. It may reproduce accurately what it sees but what it sees is not likely to be true. Either the subject is posing (for what he is not normal-

ly) or he is frightened (into what he is not).

And what has just been said of individuals (out of the surmising of an imagination which has never sat before such a camera) may as truthfully, I suppose, be said of the collective individual. A war correspondent looking at a people from the breech-end of a long-range gun is not likely to get a photograph that is worth reproducing in history.

It is, therefore, especially fortunate that Korea, now in such an abnormal state, had her photograph taken before and immediately before this trouble came upon her—fortunate, that is, if the artist has made a good likeness, for when she sat she was quite herself; she was neither posing nor frightened. The photographer, if I do not demean the art of the author, is Angus Hamilton, an Englishman who has spent much time among the Korean people and knows apparently much about light and shadow.

I ought to say before I speak of the result, that while I have never with my own eyes seen the eremite I have for some years been in direct communication with entirely trustworthy persons who have been living in that shut-away kingdom. And with the prejudice of this knowledge I cannot accept without protest the photograph as a true likeness. I can but think that there has been some retouching of the negative by the author's own temperament, likes and dislikes. He has, for example put into deep shadow the character and work of the American missionaries. What he says of their interests and industry outside of their immediate field, of their thought for this world's goods, may be true of a few, but I protest that



ON THE YALU RIVER
From Angus Hamilton's "Korea." By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

it is not true of the many and most emphatically it is not true of some. Certainly there can be no warrant for the general condemnation and implication of his paragraph which begins, "The American missionary in the Far East is a curious creature."

His antipathetic attitude toward American missionaries in particular and western missionaries in general is suggestive of his sympathetic treatment of his Orient subject. This is in itself a merit of the book and I am only regretting that there is this one disturbing, disquieting paragraph dictated by a prejudice that doubtless had specific warrant but that has carried him into an unwarranted generalization beyond his own observation and experience.

There is one other criticism. The *gisaing* seems to me to walk too conspicuously and frequently through these pages. But here again that may be the weakness of the people and not the fault of the photographer.

For the rest, the book is full of information for the merchant and the student of history and contemporary life, and not least of all for the general reader. It is entertaining, too, while it is informing, and it is beautifully illustrated and printed.

The reader will find here the amount of dowry the now independent kingdom would bring as a bride to Russia or Japan—the value of her commerce, her mines, her lands; he will find here an appreciative appraisal of her virtues, a considerate dealing with her faults and shortcomings; a catalogue of her chattels, the articles and rites of her faith, descriptions of her dress, her genealogy and what insurance men call the "expectation" of her years, the estimate of the risk of her solitary independent life. There is also an interesting chapter on her financial adviser, the guardian of her customs. Mr. McLeavy Brown, an Englishman, whose service to Korea

has been like that of Sir Robert Hart in China.

But the reader will find, too, and foremost an appraisal of the strengths of her suitors, Russia and Japan. It is their imminent contest for her hand and her dower that gives occasion for the book and the introduction is of them, their fleets and their armies. We have thus, with a glance at the wooed, come to the contending wooers.

II

The author of one of the newest and best books on Russia* begins his volume with the general bibliographical statement that "many books have been written on Russia and its people." The reason with which he justifies the addition of another is that "Russia is developing more rapidly than any other nation and that Siberia is very different from the inert, barren, dismal country conventionally described." The first part of his reason were reason enough and a modest one; but that he should borrow another from the imputed untruthfulness of the conventional descriptions of Siberia seems to ignore or discredit such books as Norman's, Colquhoun's, Wright's and others, or to class them as unconventional. The author has a better reason than he has given: that he has written a good book. It deserves a temporary place at least in every intelligent bibliography of the subject.

The Russia of which he writes is the Russia beyond the Urals and the Caspian. There are generalizations in the first chapter of the conditions and forces that lie this side; there are analogies with America; there are patent tendencies. But within sixty pages the Russian (and the reader) is upon his journey toward the other side of Asia, with these

* GREATER RUSSIA. By Wirt Gerrare. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

generalizations, analogies and tendencies for baggage. It may be of interest to inspect this baggage at the border line between Europe and Asia, between the West and the East, to know with what impulse, substance and purpose the Muscovite has set off across what was indeed long visualized as an "inert, barren, dismal country."

You will note first of all that he goes not as the old Turgote Tartars, the ancient children of the wilderness, who a century and more ago flying from Russia "their house of bondage," before the wrath of the Grecian Czar, sought amid all the cruelty of the inhuman Cosack and Kirgese, and all the torture of heat and cold, hunger and thirst, the shadow of the Chinese wall, and there were mercifully gathered like wandering sheep after infinite sorrow into the "fold of the forgiving shepherd, Kien Long, God's Lieutenant upon Earth." The Russ of to-day goes not baggageless and persecuted across pathless, treeless and waterless deserts; he goes with government encouragement and with government succor along the way; he is not only protected from murderer and robber; he is also sheltered against wind and weather; succored against hunger and thirst. He travels along the "margins of nations" in a steamcar, and sets up as monuments of his gratitude not such columns as Thomas de Quincey has reared over the fold of the flying Tartars, but milestones and whistling posts that while they measure and cry the distance of his separation from the throne of his White Czar, do not expatriate him nor even lay his loyalty under such rule as that to which gravitation is subject; for I think it is more likely to be directly than inversely as the square of the distance.

Nor goes he as a convict beyond the Ural Gates—a baggageless, hopeless, purposeless, companionless exile. Ger-rare has almost nothing to say of the

only inhabitant of Siberia that the world once knew, so insignificant have the exiled become in the multitudes of the free exodus. Prof. Wright in his "Asiatic Russia" states that the total number of transported persons now (two or three years ago) resident in Siberia is scarcely more than the annual immigration of free colonists.

But a word as to the contents of the baggage. The Russian is not (as the Englishman is) burdened with political obligations. "No doubt," says Ger-rare, "the Englishman gets some reward for his devotion to politics but when one considers what the energy the average man fritters away on party, local and imperial politics would accomplish if directed solely to advancing each individual's business, it is clear that in these days of race and world competition the exercise of the whole of one's political privilege has its disadvantages." This raises an interesting question; but it may not be discussed here. We are immediately concerned with the fact that the Russ in his journey is encumbered with no political baggage. What he has is largely the implements and ambitions of the agriculturist, the manufacturer, the miner and merchant; and with them, as I have already intimated, he has a few American analogies which nourish his imagination on his long journey East with hopes that impelled the American of a half century ago in his like journey westward. Only the Russian lacks one very essential item, namely initiative. "Given the idea, shown the way, helped to make a fair start the Russian can go ahead with facility. . . . More apt pupils never were found. All goes well until the machinery wears, or some little thing goes wrong: then things are at a standstill until outside help has been brought in to right them." This is indeed a serious lack. The ingenious Yankee farmer with a jack-knife, a yard of rope and a bit of fence-wire about his

person is well equipped by side of the state-aided Russ, who has his transportation for a nominal price, kitchens and hospitals and nurses at command along the way and a patch of land with a few rubles in cash when he gets to his journey's end.

There is disagreement among the inspectors as to the amount and value of the religion which the Russ takes with him. Gerrare seems not to take notice of it, though it is to be said that his study is rather economical than sociological. I remember the satisfying picture of some earlier and now forgotten writer who said that at every point where Russia rests on her road to the East, by fort and barrack, she rears the shrine of her religion and drowns the muezzin's cry with the louder call of her bells. And Professor Frederick Wright, out of his very recent observations, remarks "that the traveller in Siberia from whatever Christian land he comes can but recognize that all classes of Russian people are moved in the main by the high standards of Christian thought and action."

But I am keeping the Russ and the reader too long at the frontier. Though there is but one road to Vladivostock and Port Arthur the reader has a choice of several trains. He may travel (without distraction of his thoughts by politics or prisons) by way of Mr. Shoemaker's more leisurely book, entitled "The Great Siberian Railway,"* traveling by daylight from St. Petersburg to Peking and making a detour into Korea; he may journey back through the chapters of Professor Wright's book; and then, if he be not too tired of Siberian scenery, he may take Mr. Gerrare's "limited," which in the space of five or six hours' reading will "land" him in Manchuria, let him travel through

Manchuria with the author in disguise, and then instruct him of Russia's "manifest destiny." This destiny is succinctly stated by Mr. Gerrare in Russia's belief that the "Far East is her heritage," and that she is "about to enter into immediate possession if worthy to do so." She will make a desperate effort to realize it, as desperate as a thirsty animal to get to water, and fulfill the destiny of the desire which tortures it.

At the journey's end one comes to the "conclusions" which constitute the claim of this suitor. There is first that of Professor Wright that no other nation has more completely at her command the material and moral resources of modern science and Christian civilization than Russia has, if Russia but continues to use them rightly" (which doubtless seems to many a Sibylline prophecy because a questionable epitome.

There is, also, the crowning paragraph of Gerrare's book: "Russia has acquired an enormous dominion in Asia which she wishes both to extend and consolidate. These territories will not be opened to settlement by Europeans, but peopled by Russian subjects for whom the commerce and industries of these regions will also be reserved. The Russian Railways in Eastern Asia are intended primarily to serve a political purpose, and until Russia's military dispositions are completed there the lines will not be opened to general traffic. Probably before that happens the world will be asked to accept Russia's views and Russian rule in the Far East."

This, then, is the one suitor, he who, as one of Portia's would-be wooers, "doth nothing but frown," who "hears merry tales and smiles not."

III

And of the other well might Korea (complaining as Portia, "my little body

*THE GREAT SIBERIAN RAILWAY. By Michael Myers Shoemaker. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

is a-weary of this great world," unable to chose whom she would and as powerless to refuse whom she dislikes) say as Portia of another of her wooers: "He is every man." "If I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands." For Japan is both West and East; old in years yet as young and buoyant of spirit as the youngest; so dainty and nice of manner as to seem effeminate, yet so virile in achievement as to shame the most boastful. This is the other suitor and though he can frown as severely on occasion as the Russ, yet is his countenance usually unperturbed—and his heart happy.

This is the impression which C. L. Brownell's "Hearts of Japan" deepens. And it will be a smiling face that the reader carries through its pages. They are a relief from the rather monotonous versts of the interminable Siberian road. And there are no statistics that I remember, save of baths and mortality.

It is not a reverent book despite the use of the "honorific"; and much of its anecdote is "too good to be true." The initial story of the "prayer pump" taxes Western credulity as severely as it did the arms of the superstitious Orientals who kept the fields of Sono Hito green. And there are many others as charmingly told and as incredible in detail yet as truthful in their essence, even unto the last story, the beautiful but tragic story of the "Reverence of Kato." I do not doubt that in these disjointed descriptions, comments and anecdotes, and in these stories heard in some peasant's hut or among the temples, one has a truer characterization of the spirit of Japan than is to be had in a more serious and conventional treatise.

IV

The reader will not be tempted from this book till he has read the last story, but when he has and he were wishing

still to read of the Orient, I should put into his hands a very diminutive book in size but a very considerable one in its importance, entitled "Letters from a Chinese Official."* It were worth reading as a bit of literature, but it has the added value of comparing with a calmness and sanity of view and speech the Eastern and the Western civilizations. They are not the letters of a man of the Orient, but of an Englishman (and a courageous, keen-witted and clever-penned Englishman) who writes from the Oriental's point of view and with a Westerner's knowledge of our own civilization. I cannot better set forth the character of this little satirical treatise than by quoting a paragraph or two.

Here is a fragment from the Oriental's apostrophy to the Britons:

"Your triumphs in the mechanical arts are the obverse of your failures in all that calls for spiritual insight. Machinery of every kind you can make and use to perfection, but you cannot build a house, or write a poem or paint a picture; still less can you worship or aspire. Your outer sense as well as your inner is dead; you are blind and deaf. Your whole life is an infinite syllogism from premises you have not examined to conclusions you have not anticipated or willed."

And this a soliloquy of Oriental letters into which the author falls:

"To feel and in order to feel to express, or at least to understand the expression of all that is lovely in nature, of all that is poignant and sensitive in man, is to us in brief a sufficient end. A rose in a moonlit garden, the shadow of trees on the turf, almond bloom, scent of pine, the wine-cup and the guitar, these and the pathos of life and death, the long embrace, the hand stretched out in vain, the moment that glides forever away, with its freight of music and

*LETTERS FROM A CHINESE OFFICIAL. Being an Eastern View of a Western Civilization. New York: McClure Phillips & Co. 1904.

light, into the shadow and hush of the haunted past, all that we have, all that eludes us, a bird on the wing, a perfume escaped on the gale—to all these things we are trained to respond, and the response is what we call literature. This we have; this you [of the West] cannot give us, but this you may so easily take away. Amid the roar of loom it cannot be heard; it cannot be seen in the smoke of factories; it is killed by the wear and whirl of the Western world.” “And when I look at your business men, the men whom you most admire, when I see them hour after hour, day after day, year after year, toiling in the mill of their forced and undelighted labors; when I see them importing the anxieties of the day into her scant and grudging leisure

and wearing themselves out less by toil than by carking and illiberal cares, I reflect, I confess, with satisfaction, on the simpler routine of our ancient industry; and prize above all your new and dangerous routes, the beaten track so familiar to our accustomed feet that we have leisure, even while we pace it, to turn our gaze up to the eternal stars.”

The East bends before the West, but as Sir Edwin Arnold has put it, “in patient, deep disdain,” and when the legions of war have “thundered by” will she not plunge in thought again? We have wondered whether we could assimilate the East. This book goes back of that and asks whether we ought if we could.

THE LITERATURE OF FAMILY HISTORY AND ENTERTAINING GOSSIP

By J. M. BULLOCH

LONDON, March, 1904.

THE provision for an exhibition of Heraldry at the forthcoming St. Louis Exposition is one of the most significant demonstrations I have come across of the enormous interest that everything touching family history, or gossip, is creating at the present moment. That an enormous amount of energy is spent in this direction has long been palpable, but the enthusiasts have been doubtful of the attraction that the subjects involved have for the general public. When, however, a big exhibition constructed on lines to draw thousands from the ends of the earth makes arrangements to deal with so finicking an art as Heraldry, one is forced to the conclusion that the man in the street is not so far removed from the ken of the ex-

perts as one would naturally suppose. Within the last 10 or 20 years everything relating to genealogy has got an immense fillip in this country. Several magazines, notably the handsome quarterly called *The Ancestor*, have been started in the interests of the subject. Family histories have been produced regardless of cost, and occasionally indifferent to accuracy, and every sort of record has been ransacked on scientific lines.

It is not so very long ago that a very different state of things existed in England. There was a time when everything relating to family history was regarded as an old wife's tale, or an antiquated fogey's hobby. The change has been effected by various agencies. A reviewer in *Notes and Queries* recently suggested that America was the real instigator of

our modern interest in family history. Certain it is that America, as perhaps any young country, displays a far greater concern for a knowledge of its forebears than is felt by an old civilization. Everyone who knows anything of the subject is keenly conscious of the dense ignorance displayed by our oldest families about their own history. The artistic treasures of some of our stateliest homes are very frequently not inventoried, and I recently heard of a rare Van Dyck portrait being found hung up in a dirty state in the bedroom of the stillroom maid of a great Duke's household. But beyond America's infectious enthusiasm two other forces, in some ways interdependent, have been at work. The definite formulating of the doctrine of heredity, which has been held more or less vaguely by men from time immemorial, was a most conspicuous factor in the case. It suggested even to the non-scientific mind that it was well to know something of the streams of tendency with which a man came into the world. And then the whole methods of the school of scientific and minute history came into existence almost coincidentally to supply the data.

Family history has really become a part of sociology, and the revival has very little of that element of snobbery in it which for many years made a man who took an interest in genealogy look like a fool or a sycophant. As a matter of fact there has never been a time when greater accuracy has been shown, and when more crushing criticism has been directed against faked pedigrees and everything that cannot bear the light of searching proof. Thus Mr. J. Horace Round has pulverized the usually stated origin of the Duke of Bedford, put forward in the old careless days. As an example of the demand for valid origins it is notable that the modern peerages are yearly shedding from their list the names of baronets who cannot prove

their descent. On every side you find a genuine enthusiasm for accurate knowledge of the past, both in the study of its minute personalities who have no place in statelier history and in topography in all its varying aspects.

First and foremost the State has come to the front as a patron of the enthusiasm. The reconstruction of our splendid Record Office, which rears its stately head above the mean roofs of Chancery Lane, stands forth as the symbol of the State's help. It is a little more than a century since the House of Commons appointed a Committee to examine our national documents, but it was not until 1851 that the present building of the Record Office was erected, and our national muniments gathered together from divers hiding places in London, including the Tower. A great number of splendid "Calendars" have been published since then. They are well-known to all students, but although some men have spent their lives in editing these works, the mass of their fellow countrymen scarcely know even their names. The Chief of the Record Office, Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte, is widely known less for anything that he has done himself than as the grandson of the author of "Abide with Me."

The operations of the Record Office were extended by the establishment (in 1869) of a Commission to examine the manuscripts of private families and municipal authorities. The Commission is composed of men of the highest rank, such as Lord Rosebery (himself an antiquary), the Lord Chief Justice, some judges, and a few statesmen. At the present moment it is examining the remarkable collection of Jacobite papers owned by the King at Windsor Castle, a collection that Mr. Lang fully availed himself of in order to produce *Pickle, the Spy*. The Commissioners have a lofty contempt for nurturing any enthusiasm in their operations in point of

format. For some years they issued their reports in dingy-covered folios. Then it dawned upon them that for the library at any rate, an octavo size was much more useful; but a needlessly old-fashioned and ugly font of type has been retained while the editing consists mainly of severe accuracy. The "reports" have been issued practically at cost price, so that the poorest readers can buy them. Foreign booksellers have not been slow to avail themselves of the opportunity of getting these admirable reports, and at the present time it is next to impossible to procure a complete set except at a great cost.

On the more or less commercial side of ordinary publishing, one is struck by the fact that no fewer than five rival inventories of our titled classes ranging in price from 42 shillings to two shillings and six pence appear annually. Most of these books have been published for many years, but the increase in their numbers is very curious when considered side by side with the progress of democratic government. Paradoxical as it may seem, the position of the classes in this country has been distinctly strengthened by the deliberate intent of the masses; as a symbol I cannot help citing at the present moment the fact that if Mr. Chamberlain of Birmingham is leading one political situation, the stately Duke of Devonshire after years of comparative obscurity, has been welcomed as the chief of a powerful opposing party.

The best known peerage is "Debrett's" now in its 191st year. Debrett was a bookseller in Piccadilly, long a home of the quality, succeeding John Almon who died just 100 years ago. "Debrett" has been immensely improved by its present editor, Mr. Arthur Hesselrigge, and makes the original edition look like a very shadow. In 1826 the industrious John Burke, who was an Irishman (the Irish have always been

great on descent), issued his *Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom* which has become a most portly annual production, and is now edited by the founder's grandson, Ashworth Burke, son of Sir Bernard Burke who continued his father's work. In fact the Burkes have done more to make knowledge of the peerage popular than anybody else. "Burke" is not a rival of "Debrett," for it gives the history of a peerage while "Debrett" devotes itself mainly to living descendants and collaterals. The year after the first issue of Burke, there appeared a peerage in four volumes ostensibly by Edmund Lodge, the compiler of the well-known *Portraits of Illustrious Personages*, but it was really the work of three ladies. It has gone on appearing ever since — why one can scarcely say, for it has been a most indifferent publication. However, last year it was taken in hand by the publishers of the London Directory who retaining the title *Lodge's Peerage*, really republished a remarkable Peerage which was originally compiled over twenty years ago by Mr. Joseph Foster, one of the busiest of our genealogists. Mr. Foster's book was notable for the beautiful decorative arms which he gave, and which remain far and away the most artistic things of the kind in any of the Peerage annuals.

Of course the best peerage of all is the extraordinary work by the veteran who has modestly signed himself on the title page "G. E. C.," otherwise Mr. George Edward Cokayne, the Clarenceux King of Arms at the Heralds College. Mr. Cokayne is an inspiring example of a great worker. Although he has entered his 79th year he is now at work on a *Complete Baronetage* to be a companion to his Peerages, which I may note deal with peerages "extant, extinct, and dormant." "G. E. C.'s" work is in eight volumes, and appeared between the

years 1887 and 1898. It crept into life almost surreptitiously, which accounts for the fact that it has now risen in price from its original eight guineas to £35. The jest of a late lamented wit that "the Peerage was the best thing the English have done in the way of fiction" is strikingly disproved by "G. E. C." who criticizes a sham pedigree or an unfounded claim with more acidity than any of the most demagogic critic of rank.

Quite recently we have had a boom in Heraldry, largely engineered by Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies, who published some sardonic criticisms over the signature "X" on "the right to bear arms." He holds that the King is the fountain of honor, that the College of Heralds is his legal representative, and that unless you register your Arms at the College you have no right to bear them. And he created something like a sensation when he published an elaborate tome called *Armorial Families* in which he placed in italics all those who were "not genuinely armigerous." That there is a big market for heraldic literature is sufficiently proved by the recent publication by Mr. Fox-Davies of a colossal work on the *Art of Heraldry* based on Herr Strohl's *Heraldischer Atlas*, at seven guineas. I confess, however, that there is a good deal of mere snobbishness in the heraldic book; sociologically it has very little interest.

Splendid work is being done although it appeals, of course, to a comparatively small community, by the private publishing clubs like the old Maitland and the Bannatyne, with which Scott was connected. Lord Rosebery takes the keenest interest in the Scottish History Society which has shown remarkable industry, and the King himself is patron of the New Spalding Club which devotes itself to the North of Scotland. A handsome subsidy for genealogical work was left by the late Sir William Fraser who

spent a laborious life producing books on many of the great Scottish families: and, strange to say, seems to have made a fortune by it.

Quite the most popular aspect of family history, however, are the collections of gossip and tittle-tattle that are issued from time to time. Thus the *Creevey Papers* have created more notice than any novel published during the last season. The Pepys's, the Walpoles, the Wrexalls, the Grevilles, and the rest of them have always had a market, and an enormous mass of material is still waiting for the energetic editor. It is amusing to note, however, how the old theory that family history has no public still operates in the publishing world. A few months ago an extremely interesting collection of Memoirs of Anna Maria Wilhelmina Pickering, the daughter of John Spencer Stanhope, was privately printed by the Queen's printers. The editor apparently thought that there would be no market for it. A critic, however, who happened to get a copy, brought it before the notice of a large publisher, with the result that it has been one of the most discussed books of the season.

I believe we are on the eve of a great supply of entertaining memoirs bearing on the political life of the Victorian era, and giving a minute insight into the governing families who have had so much to do with it. During the late Queen's life, the watchword of extreme reticence went round: But the frankness of Mr. Sidney Lee's memoir of her Majesty clearly proved that the King has not the scruples shown by his mother for keeping facts under lock and key: and we may expect to get a series of books, which while avoiding sensational "revelations" will throw much light on the inner motives governing events, such as none of the serious historians have been able to give to the world.



GEN. JOHN B. GORDON (THEN GOVERNOR) LEADING THE GEORGIA MILITIA AT THE PHILADELPHIA CENTENNIAL, 1876



SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE RAMBLER

A RECENT article in a Chicago newspaper announces that a mill in Maine is now manufacturing a good quality of paper from corn stalks. Several years ago when this idea was first broached it was mentioned in the presence of the late Frank R. Stockton. His whimsical fancy immediately took to it, and with the twinkle in his eye and the kindly smile which were so characteristic of him, he straightway elaborated what might have been the germ of a real Stockton story. He was at that time living on his large estate near Charlestown, West Virginia. He said that he would have his next book splendidly advertised as having been printed on paper made from the corn stalks grown on the author's own plantation—a farm that raised not only a large crop of ideas but a supply of the raw material on which to promulgate the ideas. He developed the fancy with a number of quaint conceits, such as publisher's announcements that owing to the large sale of Frank Stockton's last novel it had been necessary for Mr. Stockton to plant twenty acres more in corn than had been ever before raised on his plantation. Then there might

follow the alarming announcement that owing to the severe summer drought it was doubtful whether Mr. Stockton's long-expected novel could be published at the time announced. Then there would be weather bulletins, with signs of approaching rain when the public could be led to expect the arrival of the Stockton corn-printed novel on time. A hail storm would send a shiver through the literary world. The price of phosphates from Chili might affect the book market. The little incident showed how spontaneous and a part of his real nature was the delicate humor of Stockton, unlike any other humorist before or since.



Not until 1894 was there any systematic search made to trace the life of the founder of the Smithsonian Institution, and the results are meagre. One important discovery was made, however; James Smithson's date of birth was eleven years later than that given on his tomb at Genoa, an important fact, as this cleared Smithson's memory of an accusation long current that his action in changing his name from "Macie" to

"Smithson" was a serious and unfilial reflection on the honor of his mother. The real date of his birth, 1765, in Paris, establishes the fact that although he was a natural son of Hugh Smithson, afterward Duke of Northumberland, he was born after the death of his mother's husband, James Macie. He bore the name of James Lewis Macie until he was about thirty-five years of age, having entered Oxford under that name; although the Oxford rolls show a pointed omission of the name of his father and most of his scientific writings are signed James Macie.

About 1800 he petitioned the Crown for permission to change his name to



RICHARD RUSH

James Smithson, the family name of the Duke of Northumberland. This was granted. A few years later he went to Paris to live and seems not to have returned to England, although very little is known of his later life.

It is to the tragedy of his birth and the injustice which he felt had been his lot we probably owe the creation of the Smithsonian Institution. He once wrote:

"The best blood of England flows in my veins: on my father's side I am a Northumberland, on my mother's I am related to Kings, but this avails me not; *my name shall live in the memory of men* when the titles of the Northumberlands



SMITHSON'S TOMB AT BENIGNO, ITALY

and the Percys are extinct and forgotten." And indeed he was related on his mother's side to Lady Jane Gray, Henry VII., Henry VIII. and to Queen Elizabeth.

The will of James Smithson is a brief document, mentioning, as inheritors, a nephew and two servants, a single short paragraph providing that, in case of the death of the nephew, "I bequeath the whole of my property to the United States of America to found, at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an Establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

A singular feature of the benefaction is the fact that he was not known to have had any correspondent in America nor in any of his papers was there any reference to America or to its distinguished men. It may be that the distinguished exploits in America of his half brother, Lord Percy—the legitimate son and heir—during the early days of the American Revolution, furnished the incentive for James Smithson's later action in giving his money to this country.

Richard Rush was sent to England by the United States Government in 1836 to secure the legacy and two years later returned with the money, which was brought in 105 bags each containing 1,000 gold sovereigns.

The best likeness we have of Smithson is in the form of a bust, executed,

probably, at the time of his scientific activities in London. It is here shown.



The formal "life" of a living, vigorous and voluminously producing author

is enough of a rarity to command attention, even though the author were not Marie Corelli. The writers of this lady's life, Messrs. T. F. G. Coates and R. S. Warren Bell, are inspired by a robust admiration and the book has the flavor of a brief. Never do they, for more than a chapter, forget Miss Corelli's arch-enemy, the critic, and it is with undisguised satisfaction that they tell us, near the end of the book, that "Temporal Power," though not issued to the press for review, was reviewed in no less



JAMES SMITHSON

than three hundred and fifty journals, all of which were obliged to buy it. This state of affairs has existed for five years, during which time "those critics, wandering by the book shops, see people issuing therefrom bearing in their hands the hated volumes—the brain children of the woman who had met them in unequal combat. They read in the papers of the gigantic sales of these works; they lift their hands in horror, and sigh for the gone days of authors who appealed to the cultured few." One cannot help feeling sorry for these miserable critics. The extract has the flavor of the book.

The authors confess that their task is one of extreme delicacy—"it will be apparent to the least intelligent of our patrons that, in common courtesy to Miss Corelli, it is possible for us to publish only a limited number of personal minutiae concerning the novelist during her lifetime." For this reason, no doubt, they omit to give any hint of her age. Miss Corelli was the adopted daughter of Dr. Charles Mackey, a well-known London journalist, scholar and poet, and it was in his well-equipped library that she, as a little girl, did the extensive reading that turned her into her after career. Of her achievement, her biographers write: "Owing to the unique and unclassifiable nature of her productions, it is impossible to award Miss Corelli a definite place in the world of letters. It is, under any circumstances, a thankless task to arrange writers as one would arrange boys in a class—according to merit. There are the poets, the historians, the novelists, the humorists and—the critics. Marie Corelli occupies a peculiarly isolated position. A novelist she is, in the main, and yet hardly a novelist according to cut-and-dried formulas; she is unquestionably a poet, for there is many a song in her books not a whit less sweet because it is not set in measured verse and line. So we may safely leave her place in the Temple of Fame to be chosen by the votes of posterity, for there is one critic who is ever just, who goeth on his 'everlasting journey' with gentle but continuous step; who condemns most books, with their writers, to oblivion, but who saves a certain few. And his name is TIME." A conclusion in which we heartily concur.

A volume of selections from the works of President Roosevelt will soon be published by the Scribners. It is in their series of reading for schools, and con-

tains extracts from the President's books, under such headings as "The Good Citizen," "The Pioneer," "The Hero," and "Hunting Wild Animals," etc. The book will be illustrated, and will give a good idea of the versatility and graphic power of the President [as a writer. It will contain an introduction by Robert Bridges.

Mr. J. A. Hamerton's "Stevensoniana" (imported by Wessels) consists of 350 pages of trivialities about Robert Louis Stevenson. It contains, for example, such miscellany as an anecdote about Mrs. Thomas Stevenson in her old age which has nothing whatever to do with her distinguished son, and a description of the entrance of Stevenson into a railroad car clipped from the columns of a daily newspaper. Here is what the *Pall Mall Gazette* once published about the change in the spelling of Stevenson's name: "It was not, as is generally supposed made by himself out of some literary affection or affectation for foreign ways, but by his father. Thomas Stevenson was a sturdy Scots Tory, than whom no Tory in the world is more desperate, and there was in Edinburgh a person in authority, no less stringent a Radical. Now that this person, whose name was Lewis, a rare name in Scotland should be taken by anyone to have given his name to the boy, was more than Thomas Stevenson could endure. And so the name was spelled French-wise to divert suspicion. In later times we believe that R. L. S. hankered after the ancient name, but it made no difference since no one called him Louis save in print."

The book contains quotations from an astonishing number of essays, articles and books. "With the notable exception of Mr. Andrew Lang, whose verses to Stevenson in the Scots tongue and whose 'Recollections' one would



GÉRÔME AND HIS FAVORITE MODEL, MME. BONNAT
--- From a photograph taken shortly before his death



A CHARACTERISTIC DESIGN BY FRANK BRANGWYN
From the cover of the April number of Scribner's Magazine.

fain have quoted, every author approached has readily granted the desired permission." Mr. John Davidson and Mrs. Meynell also refused, for personal reasons. The newspapers, of course, made no objections. The whole is a collection the worth of which, following the myriad Stevensonian books of the last decade, one seriously questions. But in point of interest it is, nevertheless, irresistible. "Crank" or not, every one who in the least cares about Stevenson (which, of course, means all) must needs, once opening the book anywhere, read on and on indefinitely.



The February election to fill the three

vacant places in the Royal Academy of London resulted in a victory for the advanced schools over the schools of tradition. Of the three new members, Mr. Frank Brangwyn is the best known in America. His recent superb work, in colors, in *Scribner's Magazine*, has enormously broadened his American following. He was born in Bruges and entered the designing room of William Morris & Company when very young. Those familiar with his work will not be surprised to learn that he soon broke away from this work and went to sea, and after a short space of time returned to the study of art. We shall always be glad of the whim that led him into his brief sailor life. He is at present working on a fresco, "Modern Commerce," for



FRANK BRANGWYN IN HIS STUDIO

the Royal Exchange, beside decorations in the Skinner's Hall.

Charles W. Furse and Henry A. Pegram, who shared the honors with Mr. Brangwyn, are, respectively, a portrait painter and a sculptor.

"Dramatic preludes," Mr. Francis Howard Williams calls the three short plays in verse which make up his latest book "At the Rise of the Curtain." They are finely conceived, well carried out and really actable pieces, with quite

enough of life and action to them to make an agreeable impression upon the stage. Some of the "closet dramas" of other contemporary poets are marked by a greater nobility of thought and of phrasing in certain memorable passages, but this lack in Mr. Williams's plays is to an appreciable degree balanced by their being actable, which the former, unfortunately, are not.

study of Dante though he read him constantly for many years; but in spite of the lack of sequence in these illustrations, they form, together, a running commentary on the divine comedy of rare sympathy and insight. "Ruskin's genius," writes Charles Eliot Norton, interestingly, in his brief preface, "was indeed intellectually far remote from that of Dante, but morally of a type



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

From an old photograph in the collection of Robert Coster

Students of Dante and students of Ruskin will both find much to interest them in Mr. George P. Huntington's "Comments of John Ruskin on the Divine Commedia," recently published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Even the most familiar reader of Ruskin will be surprised that these comments, all of them incidental to other topics, should bulk up, together, into a book of two hundred pages. Ruskin never made a

closely akin. There was a similar mingling, in both, of sternness and of tenderness, of self-confidence and of humility; but the resemblances only accentuate the essential differences in their respective natures. The one was self-contained, concentrated, and supported by a steadfast religious faith; the other unrestrained, diffused, and lacking the support of fixed religious convictions. Dante won his way to Para-



CLARK UNIVERSITY'S NEW LIBRARY

dise; Ruskin did not even attain to the Earthly Paradise upon the summit of the Mount of Purgatory. But Ruskin's unequalled observation of the aspects of nature deepened his appreciation of the truth and power of Dante's descriptions of the scenery alike of the actual and the imagined world; his fancy was stimulated by the mystic symbolism of the 'Divine Comedy' and his poetic sensibilities were quickened into poetic sympathies of spirit with which the poem is inspired."



An interesting feature of the recent dedication of the new \$125,000 library building of Clark University at Worcester, was the announcement of a gift of \$100,000 "to establish the George

Frisbie Hoar Fund, founded by Andrew Carnegie, in honor of the greatest man in our public life to-day." This perpetuation of the name of a national character during his lifetime is quite a new departure. Mr. Carnegie's telegram on the occasion is characteristic:—

"To President G. Stanley Hall.

"Responding to your telegram I can only congratulate you on to-day's proceedings, and express my deep satisfaction on having been enabled in the smallest degree to testify my unbounded admiration for the grand old statesman who never sold the truth to serve the hour, nor bartered with Almighty God for power. Carnegie."

Senator Hoar who is president of the University was unable to attend the exercises, owing to the recent death of his wife, and, in referring to his enforced

absence, it was announced that Mrs. Hoar had given the University \$30,000.



Whether Mr. G. K. Chesterton's cleverness is an asset or a liability is a question that admits of argument and the side one takes depends on the choice of standard. If Mr. Chesterton's ultimate

ton ; he is "the young man who is given to paradoxes." Let him absolutely change his style, let him carefully eschew the paradox, and the fact will remain the same; in the current criticism of the multitude he will still be the young man who is given to paradoxes. In a few years the adjective will be dropped. Mr. Chesterton will no longer be called young. But his para-



A GATEWAY OF GEORGE KENNAN'S SUMMER HOME IN BADDECK, CAPE BRETON

standing, to be estimated at some far future time, is the issue, then of course, it must count, with his other good points, to the credit side, for cleverness of any sort is very positively a good point. But if his momentary repute is the issue, his standing, that is, with the public of to-day among the day's men of letters, his cleverness, or that particular manner of cleverness with which his name has become associated, may very easily count to his disadvantage because its very sparkle seems to distract attention from the thought over whose surface it plays.

For example, the glib criticism of the day has already placed Mr. Chester-

doxes will remain in mind. In fact the word has already become a sort of label differentiating him from other writers. Whenever he is mentioned, you naturally mention paradoxes; whenever paradoxes, no matter in what connection, are mentioned, it is the thing to mention Mr. Chesterton. Years from now some alert writer, accustomed to observe for himself, will call attention to the fact that Mr. Chesterton has not uttered a paradox in at least a dozen years; whereupon the formula will be altered; he will then be, for the rest of his days, "the gifted writer who, it will be remembered, was, in his youth, so

fond of paradoxes." The phenomenon is familiar. On an unlucky day the newspaper critic discovered that Edith Wharton's early stories showed the influence of Henry James. She was labeled instantly. Thereafter she became "Henry James's disciple," and Mr. James was dubbed her "Master." It matters not that Mrs. Wharton's genius has long since emancipated itself; she is still, in a

readers who find Mr. Chesterton more often entertaining than suggestive.



Mr. George Kennan will find his summer in Manchuria (where he is reporting for the *Outlook*) very different from the one he expected to spend at his home in quaint little Baddeck, way up in Cape



GEORGE KENNAN'S SUMMER HOME AT BADDECK, CAPE BRETON

thousand journals, "Henry James's disciple," and will, we suppose, remain in that humble posture, in the belief of some millions of readers of newspaper criticism, as long as she lives and writes.

And so it is that Mr. Chesterton's cleverness may, after all, work to his disadvantage. That it sometimes runs away with his good judgment must be plain to all his readers, and there are those who find it interfering, now and then, with a taste naturally good. At its worst, perhaps, it clouds the mind to the worth of the writer's underlying thought, for solid worth his thought mostly has. But there are undoubtedly many casual

Breton. He considers the climate there just about right the year through, and has abundant opportunities for indulging his taste for fishing, boating and hunting, and the less strenuous and contemplative sport of gardening. From the wide piazzas of his picturesque and most comfortable house the author looks out over one of the many beautiful bays of the great Brasdor Lakes upon Mr. Graham Bell's fine mountain just opposite. Baddeck has progressed since Mr. Charles Dudley Warner was there and some of the stores of to-day are really remarkable in size; but the natives have not changed. Gaelic is still com-

monly heard and the Telegraph House and the Dunlop Brothers still extend their hospitality to the traveller. Mr. Kennan has to go but a few miles inland to find an absolute wilderness, and he is fond of making explorations with friends who manifest any special enthusiasm for rugged mountain work.



The story of "The New American Navy" from the pen of the Hon. John D. Long has the distinction of authority to commend it, as well as the merit of timeliness. As the Secretary of the Navy during the recent war, Mr. Long's name is associated with the great victories of Manila Bay and San Juan, and the re-establishment of our navy in its proper place in the estimation of foreign critics. The account in this work of the achievements of our ships and sailors in the late conflict, which like General Alger's account of the conduct of the army, is probably looked upon by many as little more than a vindication of the administration of his department, will, it is safe to predict, eventually win recognition as a veracious recital of important facts from the point of view of highest authority. We are fortunate to have had at the head of the Army and the Navy Departments during the late war, two men who later had the time and the inclination to write substantial contributions to the history they helped so considerably to make.



An entertainment at Sherry's, New York City, on the 16th of this month for the benefit of the Barnard College reading rooms has, to the full, that element of novelty which, in these days, seems necessary to the financial success of even the best of undertakings. It is to be called "Advance Sheets" because the entertainers have been chosen from

writers who have articles appearing in the May magazines which they will read, in whole or part. Among those who have agreed, at this writing, to read from their proofs are Agnes Repplier, Carolyn Wells, Herman Knickerbocker Vielé and Yone Noguchi, but there will be at least as many more chosen, and most of the more important magazines will be represented. Tickets, at \$2.50, may be had of Dodd, Mead & Co., or by writing to Miss Ware, 1285 Madison Avenue, New York.



Pre-eminent among Spencer's faculties when, at the age of forty, he could have been said to be in full possession of his resources, was, according to *Blackwood's Magazine*, "what Kant would have called his architectonic faculty. It is shown in the highest degree in his classification of the sciences, which places him in this respect beside D'Alembert and Ampère, and far above Comte. It is shown in the general scheme of his system. It is shown in the plan of every book, and the structure of almost every paragraph and sentence. It is luminously exhibited in the masterly outlines of his 'Descriptive Sociology,' which evoked the enthusiastic admiration of M. Taine, and well deserved that enthusiasm. It marked everything that he did. He would sit down to his desk and in a few minutes, with no apparent premeditation, map out in all its ramifications a department of social science. As he talked or as he wrote, part after part of a subject, which at first might seem 'a wilderness of building, far withdrawn,' came into view, and grew distinct, and assumed the proportions of a stately pile. The predominant bias of his mind towards construction he communicated in a measure to others. If Bentham taught his disciples the art of analysis, students learnt from Spencer the nobler



PAUL W. BARTLETT AND HIS STATUE OF GENERAL WARREN FOR ROXBURY, MASS.
The scene is his Studio in Paris and in the background is seen his statue of Lafayette for the Place de Carrousel, Paris



AN INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH OF T. B. ALDRICH

art of synthesis. One aspect of his master-faculty was (what may be called) the inductive flight. From a momentary glimpse of a law as embodied in one or two facts, he swiftly rose to a point of view whence the whole scope of the law was seen. A striking example of this power may be given. On the basis of a single sentence that was found for him in a historian who must have been all-unconscious of the bearings of his statements, Spencer reared his entire theory of the genesis and development of religious systems. His power of divination may be another aspect of the same faculty. He would instruct an assistant to

ascertain whether there was historical evidence for such and such a series of facts; and if the search was at first baffled, the facts were ultimately found to be as he had divined. If he possessed none of the poetical imagination which enabled Scott to revive, from the brief narrative of Commynes and a few passages in other writers, the *costume* of the age of Louis XI., he undoubtedly laid claim to the higher scientific imagination (as he deemed it) which reconstructs an extinct social or physical state, or conceives an as yet unknown cause, or conjectures the operation of a known cause in hitherto unimagined ways."

THE ELIZABETHANS *

By MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER

THIS volume, the second of the series in order but the third in date of publication, resembles those which have preceded it in being very well worth possessing, even if it were never to be read at all. The illustrations are so chosen and so presented as to be really instructive of and by themselves. The frontispiece is, as it could hardly help being, a reproduction of that foolish and exasperating "Stratford bust," but a reproduction admirably done in colors. In Shakespearean iconography, there also full pages of the Chandos and, in color, of the painted original of the Droeshout print, a full photographic representation of Shakespearean Stratford, views from old prints, not only of the Globe but of other theatres with which Shakespeare might, could, would or should have been connected, title pages of early editions of the plays, and so forth. The illustration is done with notable thoroughness. Nor is it less instructive in its degree with reference to the less famous Elizabethans and Jacobeans. The reproduction in color of the portrait of Sir Philip Sidney would of itself, to a collector, be quite worth the price of the volume with which it is presented. So would the full page of Raleigh. So would the page of miniatures, in their original colors, of Jonson, Fletcher and Donne. But, besides such things, the autographs, the title pages in facsimile, the old-fashioned bird's eye views of "seats" and churches and colleges so reconstruct a visual image of the Elizabethan era that, we repeat, one can readily imagine a judicious inquirer becoming a purchaser with no in-

tention of reading the volume at all. The stress laid by the publishers upon the matter of illustrations is perfectly justified by the results. The student of the period can scarcely afford to dispense, if he aims at a collection at all complete, with a series of documents which puts the period so vividly before him. While the text is not exactly a minor matter, the illustrations are so well done that the book would be worth having if the text were ill done.

It would not be fair to say that it is. But neither would it be fair to say, without much qualification, that it is well done. Dr. Garnett, as we know, wrote the first volume by himself, and Dr. Gosse the third by himself. This second is a work of collaboration, and the chief trouble with it arises from the imperfection of the collaboration. Apparently, Dr. Garnett took the "Elizabethan" part for his province, of course including Shakespeare, and Dr. Gosse the less important and extensive "Jacobean" for his. One consequence of this arrangement is that the treatment of what mankind has agreed to call the Elizabethan drama is divided, and that Marlowe, born in Shakespeare's year, and Kyd and Peele and Greene are noticed by themselves as Elizabethans and precursors of Shakespeare and Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher by themselves as "Jacobean" and successors of Shakespeare a hundred and fifty pages later. Even if the arrangement were chronologically accurate, it seems quite plain that the whole subject should be treated together, and once for all. Nothing but confusion to the reader can result from the division. But the division is far from being even chronologically accurate. The period of little more than half a century, from the middle of Eliz-

*ENGLISH LITERATURE. An Illustrated Record. In four volumes. Volume II. From the age of Henry VIII to the age of Milton. Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D., and Edmund Gosse, M.A., LL.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

abeth's reign to the end of Charles the First's is properly fixed by Charles Lamb as the period within which "nearly all that we have of excellence in serious dramatic composition was produced," and the evolution of this drama should be treated consecutively to be treated instructively. Jonson was seven years Shakespeare's junior, but his "works" appeared in a collective edition seven years before Shakespeare's "plays." And everybody remembers how at Shakespeare's death "rare Beaumont" was bidden to "lie a little nearer Spenser" to make room for the new-comer. Everybody remembers, too, that Shakespeare and Fletcher, who appears here as of a later age, were collaborators, and how one of the chief drawbacks of Dryden's criticism of "the giant race before the flood" is his continual and uncritical association of the two. Yet here, while Shakespeare properly appears as the chief of the Elizabethans, Beaumont and Fletcher appear long afterwards as "Jacobean" to the confusion of the reader not better grounded than all the readers can be assumed to be to whom this record makes its appeal. And surely it is not too much to ask of the collaborators that they should so far defer to each other as to read each other's copy, and to avoid repetitions. This deference to the enterprise has not been shown. Richard Knolles, the author of the "Generall Historie of the Turks," is dealt with properly, or properly in that respect, as an Elizabethan, discussed, and dropped as finally disposed of on page 86, only to reappear as a Jacobean and come in for more discussion on page 387 with a difference between his two appearances of two years in the birth year conjecturally described to him. Of course he was an Elizabethan. The work which alone entitles him to mention was completed during the "spacious times," and was published the very year of King James'

accession. Evidently this is discreditable slovenliness of editing, and a failure to treat either publishers or public with the respect they are respectively entitled to expect. The discredit is aggravated by the fact that neither notice is adequate. Knolles may not be entitled to be ranked among the "great four" of the Elizabethan prose writers, though, on the "testimonies of authors," a very fair case might be made out for him as against Sir Philip Sidney. But when Dr. Johnson has laid it down of an English writer that he "has displayed all the excellences that narration can admit," and when, although this estimate has been rather vehemently controverted by Gibbon, the judicious Hallam affirms that it is not too high, the inquiring reader has a right to complain of the omission, from a work of the plan of which "specimens" comprise an essential part, of any specimen by which he might judge of the justness of the estimate.

Of the three other and unquestionably greater Elizabethan prose writers, it is a pleasure to be able to say that the treatment of them is adequate, considering the limitations of the work, and admirably circumspect and discreet. Hooker and Raleigh by no means stand, in the estimation of the general reader, so high as they deserve to stand. Hallam's remark of Bacon's prose, that "in mere language" he is "inferior to Raleigh" is justified by the citations here given from Raleigh's writings. And as for Hooker, his place as a writer of English will bear a great many more eulogies before it is recognized by the "general reader." It much mollifies one towards that "royal author" James Sixth and First, that his first inquiry, upon coming into England, should have been for "Master Richard Hooker" and that he should have been grieved to find that the judicious man had died before his royal mistress. Never, surely, was there

a theological controversialist with less of the "odium theologicum," and never a more effective witness by his life against those tendencies which his writing deplored. Those who excuse the brutal savagery of Milton's controversy by a reference to the spirit of his age ought to remember how completely his temper had been avoided by a controversialist of the age before, and, in the pages of that early advocate of "sweetness and light" to learn what mischief the Puritanic temper wrought in England. As an English classic, Hooker is surely the most astonishing in the whole list, for the reason that he had no models, none, that is, in his own language. And yet this pioneer attained and holds the place of a classic, with a style which, when one is imbued with it, makes the style now current appear the "jerky jargon" as which Mr. Kipling somewhere unduly disparages his own.

The treatment of Bacon in these pages is equally critical. The tendency expressed by Hooker, in a passage not quoted here: "Whom in great things we mightily admire, in them we are not easily persuaded that anything should be amiss" is as remote from the spirit of the biographer as the opposite or perhaps correlative tendency to wreak our disillusion upon the subject of it. This is really judicial work. But we cannot help noticing that these pages also are marred by that slovenly editing of which we have so often to complain. When did Bacon die? When did Raleigh? The reader, who cannot

be expected to carry the chronology of the sixteenth century in his head, has a right to expect to be told such things. The bracketed (1561-1626) at the beginning of the notice would tell him in the readiest way, but this detail is apt to be omitted just where it is most needed. And is it not dignifying too much a passing fad of the half educated to make any reference, in a work of these proportions and pretensions, to the Shakespeare-Bacon "controversy" even for the purpose of decrying it?

The first criterion of this volume is necessarily its treatment of Shakespeare. He occupies something like a sixth of it with a monograph, biographical, critical and expository, very soberly written, very enlightening so far as it goes, and with no tendency either to "considering too curiously" or to myth-making. It is quite true that, since Mr. Sidney Lee, it has become comparatively easy to refrain from writing nonsense about Shakespeare, and that his mode of treatment has "imposed itself." All the better for everybody concerned. And the treatment of the minor Elizabethans is equally satisfactory, at least to readers who have neither the minute knowledge nor the inflammable imagination of Mr. Swinburne. There are, in fact, a great many things in the volume worth reading, of which we cannot refrain from particularizing a little dissertation upon the influence of the musical development of England in Shakespearean times or just after, upon the literary art of song-writing. A book not only worth having.

SOME NOTES ABOUT PATER

BY MILTON BRONNER

I

"I AM but a lizard, a literary lizard, warming himself all day long at the full sun of the beautiful."

Thus Flaubert wrote to a friend, describing himself. Pater quotes it approvingly. It applies to the one as to the other. It suggests alike the even tenor of their lives and that long quiet search for the beautiful which marked both.

Up-to-date the most complete account of Pater's quiet life has been in "Critical Kit Kats," by Edmund Gosse; the most complete exposition of his style and philosophy has been made in Lionel Johnson's essay in the "Fortnightly Review" in 1894. Mr. Greenslet's book * gives us no biographical facts that we do not already possess in Gosse's portrait, whereas he omits some touches the latter gives and has failed to make the most of Mr. William Sharp's paper on Pater. In the way of criticism of Pater's style and philosophy Mr. Greenslet has given us perhaps the most complete, although even here the ardent student of Pater has faults to find, the critic making too little of "Gaston de Latour" and paying too little attention to those reviews, signed and unsigned, which Pater contributed to the magazines.

The story of Walter Pater's life is soon related. His Dutch ancestry once pointed out, it is not a matter of length to tell how he went to King's School at Canterbury and from there to Oxford, where he afterwards held a fellowship and spent the better part of his life, with the exception of brief trips to the continent. His biographer might have said of him as Pater said of Wordsworth in an early review:

* WALTER PATER: a Biography, by Ferris Greenslet. McClure, Phillips & Co.

"His life's changes are almost entirely inward ones; it falls into broad, untroubled, perhaps somewhat monotonous spaces; his biographers have little to tell. What it really most resembled, different as its superficialities may look, is the career of those early mediæval religious artists, who, precisely because their souls swarmed with heavenly visions, passed their fifty or sixty years in tranquil, systematic industry, seemingly with no thought beyond it."

Mr. Greenslet fails, as Gosse and Sharp partly failed, to give us a vivid impression of the man's personality. It remained for Zangwill in those partly frivolous, wholly egotistical essays, "Without Prejudice," to give us the best picture of him in little:

"He had an air. There was in him—as in his work—a suggestion of aloofness from the homespun world. I suspect he had never heard Chevalier. I should not wonder if he had never even heard of him. He was wrapped in the atmosphere of Oxford and though 'the last enchantments of the Middle Ages' in no wise threw their glamour over his thought, there was a cloistral distinction in his attitude."

To hear of a man's little whims and fancies, to learn that he has a sense of humor, when from his work we have judged the contrary, is to learn that he is human like the rest of us. If Pater had humor, we do not learn it from Mr. Greenslet, despite the very interesting information on this point given us by Gosse, who assures us that the author of "Marius" delighted in farce and broad humor at the theatre and had the gift of inventing little farcical dialogues into which he introduced his contemporaries. But more human, more whimsical than this was his invention of a group of rela-

tions, Uncle Capsicum, and Uncle Guava, Aunt Fancy, who fainted when the word "leg" was mentioned, and Aunt Tart—shadowy, fantastic, dream-people of whom he talked for years, reciting their sayings and their doings.

This sense of fun, by the way, is in singular contrast to the reminiscences by Zangwill: "When I told Mr. Pater that there was a pun in 'Plato and Platonism,' he asked anxiously for its precise locality that he might remove it." Zangwill adds that the assurance that the pun was excellent and the reminder that Shakespeare had indulged in them did not seem to tranquilize Pater. Pater, the man, enjoyed his gentle joke. Pater, the author, took his work too seriously to allow of any such levity as a pun.

So much for the man, his life, and his personality. As to his studies, his newest biographer tells how he read widely in German and French and Greek, in addition to his own English; how he made translations from Goethe, De Musset, the Greek Anthology and Saint Beuve, but there is no showing by Mr. Greenslet, as there is by no other critic, of the enormous influence Flaubert had on him. Again and again, in reviews, now so hard to obtain, he refers to the great French stylist and quotes from him with an air of approval that is unmistakable. In the very beginning of a review of Flaubert's life and letters, he first uses the phrase "prose as a fine art," a fine art he himself was to practice for the rest of his life. Again how singularly appropriate to Pater, how prophetic, are the words which he wrote of Flaubert: "By taking care, he lived to be almost sixty years old, in the full use of his gift, as we may suppose, and he wrote seven or eight books, none of them lengthy." Pater, too, by "taking care," lived to be fifty-five, wrote eight books, none of them very long. He quotes with an approving nod of the head, as it were, Flaubert's letter to a friend in which he

says, "What we should have is the conscience of one's work." He describes the slow creation of Flaubert's pages, the seeking with pain of the particular phrase or epithet. Again he quotes: "We have too many things, too few words. 'Tis from that comes the torture of the fine literary conscience." That accounts for the slowness of Pater, the pain. So many things to say and so few words in which to say them with the delicate shades of meaning the real artist in language desires, the artist who has the conscience of one's work when so few have it!

II

When a man led the quiet life of Pater, we naturally inquire whether there were letters and diaries, which will reveal something of the real man, his personality, his likes and dislikes, his foibles—in fact, himself. It is precisely here that we are baffled. His friend Hosse points out that letters were scarce and diaries wanting. Yet here and there in articles on Pater we pick up a fragment from a letter or a conversation and it is precisely these that Mr. Greenslet seems to have neglected or overlooked. Of several fragments from letters, it is possible to quote one, such as any grateful author might have written to an appreciative critic. It was written to Mr. Sharp, November 5, 1882.

"Your friendly interest in my various essays I value highly. I have really worked hard for now many years at these prose essays and it is a real encouragement to hear such good things said of them by the strongest and most original of young English poets."

The other fragment to be quoted is unmistakable. Only one such as Pater could have written it. At once it reveals the things which interested him and the manner of his style. It was written to Gosse in 1877 from North France: "We find always great pleasure in adding to

our experience of these French places, and return always a little tired indeed, but with our minds pleasantly full of memories of stained glass, old tapestries, and new wild flowers." Quite as rare as his letters are his recorded conversations. Pater was not often Boswellized, the more's the pity! The biographer under review lost a fine thing for his book when he omitted a conversation on English poets recorded for us by Sharp. It is more than a fine thing. It reveals that careful and painstaking as Pater was as a writer, he had, when he chose, an extraordinary facility, charm, and eloquence when he spoke on things which lay near to his heart.

"As for Browning," he said, "he is, and perhaps long will be, the greatest stimulus to hopeful endeavor. He is the finest representative of workable optimism whom England has given us. I am convinced that hundreds of people who delight in his writings, are primarily attracted by his robust, happy-go-lucky, hail-fellow-well-met attitude towards what he himself prefers to call Providence, and to the tragic uncertainties and certain tragicities of life. . . . Browning is a great poet, perhaps greater than any of us know. Unquestionably he, and he only, can be thought of as a successor to the laureateship, if, as is likely, he survive Tennyson. I think of him sometimes as a superb god of poetry, so proudly heedless or reckless that he never notices the loss of his winged sandals, and that he is stumbling clumsily where he might well lightly be lifting his steps against the sunway where his eyes are set."

If there are few letters and few records of his talk, there are at least the next best things to them, not his formal, highly-polished essays, reprinted in book form with his consent, but his off-hand reviews contributed to the magazines. All criticism is more or less a matter of the personal equation. In reviewing a writer

one is apt to make quotations that appeal most to something within one's self. In these off-hand essays or rather reviews, we find the authors and the subjects which appealed most to Pater and so are in a way as self-revelatory as letters themselves. In so self-conscious an author, the more formal essays are not necessarily so. Indeed, it has been well said of him that to his friends his writings seemed a sort of disguise. One may well believe this of some of the "Appreciations," but not of his reviews which show his enjoyment in reading old annals of the stage, a history of his beloved Renaissance, selections from all classic English prose, which he himself was so to enrich, letters of Flaubert, poems of his young friends, Gosse and Arthur Symonds.

III

Mr. Greenslet has done full justice to what he calls the "Alexandrian style" of Pater's prose, to its beauty, its lucidity, its substance freighted with the author's personality as far as he desired to reveal that personality. There is just one thing that might have been added. Reminded of his old times of labor with the file, Pater exclaimed: "Ah! it is much easier now. If I live long enough no doubt I shall learn quite to like writing." The exclamation is illuminating. It goes far to explain a certain deadness, a certain coldness in his work. We no longer wonder at an absence of fresh spontaneity, of verve, of rush.

Mr. Greenslet fully develops the humanistic tendency of Pater, his sympathy with things in general, nowhere better illustrated than in Pater's own definition of the Renaissance, a definition which shows why it had such strong attractions for him and formed the subject of so many studies by him: "The Renaissance is an assertion of liberty indeed, but of liberty to see and feel those things, the seeing and feeling of which gener-

ate not the 'barbarous ferocity of temper, the savage and coarse tastes' of the Renaissance Popes, but a sympathy with life everywhere, even in its weakest and most frail manifestations."

Turning to the actual work of the author, in considering his criticisms, his biographer finds that after taking extensive notes on the writer he was studying, it was Pater's way "to brood over his subject in a long analytical scrutiny, until, with a clear and complete vision of the whole in his mind, each piece of suggestive detail would fall into its rightful place and relation."

With this we are inclined to heartily agree for does not Pater himself say of Amiel's criticism that it is "criticism which is itself a kind of construction, or creation, as it penetrates, through the given literary or artistic product, into the mental and inner constitution of the producer shaping his work."

Finally as regards the philosophy expounded by Pater's works, in the chapter Mr. Greenslet calls "The New Cyrenaicism" we have the most accurate view yet published of the true import of

"Marius" and of Pater's advance and growth. If in the Renaissance the biographer finds Pater almost the orator of luxurious wealth, he finds him in "Marius" returning to a love for the chaster beauties of Hellenic life and art, to an appreciation of the poetic beauty of clear thought and austere living.

Mr. Greenslet could well have quoted Pater's own words to Sharp in 1883, after the latter's review in the *Athenaeum*:"

"As regards the ethical drift of 'Marius,' I should like to talk to you, if you were here. I did mean it to be more anti-Epicurean than it has struck you as being."

Indeed, all the critics in placing Pater, could have been saved much trouble had they but known what Pater told Sharp was his most "intimate" passage, the following from Plato:

"Honor the soul; for each man's soul changes, according to the nature of his deeds, for better or worse." The man, who took this to his heart, could in the nature of things not have been a Sybarite or a voluptuary.

THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS.—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE LAMP, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

817.—Recently, in a small company of well-read persons, one quoted the lines:

"The sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow."

The question arose, what were they from? and he who had quoted them, answered that they were from Mrs. Hemans's poem on the Pilgrim Fathers. All acquiesced, declaring the lines were perfectly familiar, until one expressed a doubt. Then the book was consulted, and, to the general surprise, they were not there! Then various guesses were made, but all proved futile; the origin of the familiar lines could not be found. Can any reader answer the question?

R. .

818.—(1) I have been trying to find a recitation entitled "Green Mountain Justice," but

have not succeeded. Can you assist me in any way, by giving me the author, or referring me to anyone who will be likely to know?

(2) Also, can you tell me who publishes the poems of Fred Emerson Brookes? B. R.

819.—(1) Please inform me whether Edmund Wallers wrote the famous lines:

"Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round."

(2) Also, whether there is a good edition of Leigh Hunt's poems published in this country? A.

(1) We never have known them to be attributed to any other author. They are the closing lines of his little poem "On a Girdle."

(5) "We think no edition of his poems is published in this country, and we doubt whether they are now in print at all."

820.—(1) Who first said of one that had died : "He has gone over to the majority"?

(2) Can you tell me the origin of the proverbial saying about "An axe to grind"?

(3) Who was Byron's "Maid of Athens," and what became of her?

(4) I have seen somewhere an account of the largest sums paid to British authors about a century ago, and it surprised me when I considered how much smaller the reading public must have been then than now. Wishing to make comparison with the profits of some books that have had a phenomenal sale in our country in recent years, I looked for the account again, but could not find it. Can you or any reader help me?

D. L.

(1) Several modern authors have used the expression, notably Charles Lamb (if we remember correctly), whose form of it is : "They have gone over to the majority and joined the sainted nations of the dead." But the phrase has been traced back, through Latin and to the ancient Greek—Aristophanes, we believe.

(2) This phrase is from a story that used to be in some of the school readers, but has disappeared. It is commonly (and naturally) supposed to be by Ben Franklin, but was written by Charles Miner, a Pennsylvanian (1780-1865). The story was essentially this : A boy on his way to school meets a man carrying an axe, who asks if the boy's father has a grindstone. The boy says he has, and is then asked to bring water, which he does, and to turn a little while. It proves to be a new axe (axes were sold unground in those days), and the boy has to turn a long time. When the work is done, the man, with unnecessary cruelty, reminds the boy that he will now be punished for being late at school. The moral is so obvious as not to need the illustrative applications that the author added.

(3) The "Maid of Athens" was Teresa Macri. She married a Scotchman named Black, and their home was in Greece. N. P. Willis, in his "Cruise in the Mediterranean," tells of a visit to her. He found her in very humble circumstances, plainly dressed, but apparently contented, and still retaining much of her youthful beauty. He says : "She said her welcome in a few simple words of Italian, and I thought there were few sweeter voices in the world. We met her as simple Mrs. Black, and we left her, feel-

ing that the poetry which she had called forth from the heart of Bryon was her due by every law of loveliness."

(4) Several such articles or paragraphs have been compiled for books of anecdotes or curious statistics. From one of them we select these items (turning the sterling sums into dollars) : Scott's "Life of Bonaparte" brought him \$90,000. Moore's "Life of Byron," \$20,000, and his "Life of Sheridan," \$10,000. His "Lalla Rookh," \$15,000. Heber's Journal, \$25,000. Lingard's "History of England," about \$24,000. Charles Fox's "Fragments of History," \$26,000. The "Life of Wiberforce," \$21,000. The "Rejected Addresses," by the Smith brothers, \$5,000. And Hannah More's works, in her later years (if the figure is correct), \$15,000 a year. Bulwer received \$8,000 for "Rienzi," and Dickens \$15,000 for "Nicholas Nickleby." The cheque for \$100,000, which Longmans gave Macaulay as part profits of his "History of England," was famous as the largest single payment for literary work until it was surpassed by the profits of Gen. Grant's "Memoirs," two payments on which were \$200,000 and \$150,000.

821.—Will the editor kindly tell me who was the author of a poem beginning :

The abbot closed his book
And donned his sandal shoon,
And wandered forth alone to look
Upon the summer moon ;
A starlit sky was o'er his head.
A quiet breeze around,
The flowers a sweet fragrance shed,
And the waves a soothing sound.

K.

822.—Will the editor please tell me who is the author of the following :

"When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not"?

And also of this :

"We must to virtue for our guide resort,
Or we shall shipwreck in our safest port"?

S. E. C.

823.—To whom does Scott, in "Old Mortality," vol. 2, ch. 17, refer as "the Great High Priest of all the Nine" [muses], quoting, from lines describing the Duke of Monmouth :

"Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please ;
His motions all accompanied with grace,
And Paradise was opened in his face."

A. A.

The quotation is from Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel"

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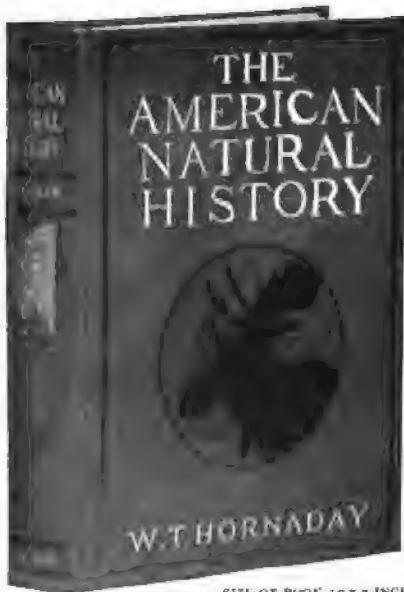


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VOL. XXVIII

NEW YORK, MAY, 1904

NO. 4

SHAKESPEARE'S VIOLA

BY ELISABETH LUTHER CARY

AT one of the performances of *Twelfth Night* given this Spring "in the Elizabethan manner," a disparaging critic in the audience remarked that it was rather an old play, and that the production was really "not up to date." Certainly it was not. During the season we had seen a *Midsummer Night's Dream* so astoundingly modernized and bewitched by the wand of the electrician, that we could pass to it from *The Wizard of Oz* with merely the slightest of intellectual shivers. We had seen a Hamlet whose University accent was more recent and familiar than that of Wittenberg, and whose acting seemed to bring the lusty troubles of the Danish court into the very alien social atmosphere of the present day. We had seen a Malvolio who read his distracting letter in an Italian garden lined with yellow roses and cross-gartered with box-trees, over which the mellow sunshine sifted down through too obvious gauze. There was nothing of all this upon Daly's stage of ancient memories during the first week in March. There was instead the representation, not too meticulously accurate but sufficiently suggestive, of an end of the hall of the Middle Temple, where, according to John Manningham's serviceable diary, *Twelfth Night* was acted on Candlemas

Day, 1602, and where Shakespeare himself, then a member of the company of The Lord Chamberlain's Servants, played possibly Malvolio, possibly Orsino. In the Twentieth Century representation there was an attempt to bring back a little the spirit of the earlier place and of the earlier time. There was a continuous action without change of scene and without waits and without the mangling of the text to which we are accustomed. Beside the principal characters there were perhaps a dozen more persons to represent Orsino's court and Olivia's household. There was no overloading of the scene with gorgeous accessories, no restless mob of unessential people standing about the sides of the stage and in the background, and thus the attention of the audience easily was concentrated upon the players and upon the details of their representation. Whether the interpretation were or were not rendered in the authentic Shakespearean spirit there was at least no gloss of modernity upon its setting to conceal its shortcomings, while the imagination of the spectator was given a healthful and not disagreeable exercise.

It is perhaps daring for any critic, certainly for any critic without extraordinary archæological equipment, to

pronounce upon the authenticity of the rendering in the case of the ductile Shakespearean drama. And not even archæology renders one fit to expound its multitudinous meaning. It is so compounded of the elements of human nature that it seems to drop to the plane of the lowest intelligence that dallies with it, and to rise to the plane of the highest, with heights beyond that never as yet have been scaled. The words are like Hamlet's mourning, "forms, moods and shapes," "actions that a man might play," but that within which passeth show must be contributed by the player and can never fully be realized by the commentator. "I heard you were saucy at my gates," Olivia says to Caesario upon her first sight of him, and comedians may well apply the rebuke to their critics. Nevertheless we must go on occasionally having our ideas about even Shakespearean creations though they lead us to find fault with the great people who have made of Katherine a fish-wife scold, of Beatrice a boisterous vixen, and of Viola a laughing madcap, for it is in the deep reality of the characters that we seek our joy and our consolation in Shakespearean plays. In the skeleton of the plot there is often little enough to please us. When in cold blood we examine *Twelfth Night* for its plot, for example, we can hardly find it in our hearts to quarrel with the candid Mr. Pepys who called it "a silly play" and "one of the weakest" he had ever seen upon the stage. But the feature of a lady disguised as a page and attending upon the master of her affections was not uncommon in the Italian and British literature of Shakespeare's day, and the elaborate complication caused by the resemblance between a brother and sister was popular with the old novelists and playwrights to whom he lightly turned for his raw material. It was natural enough that the Elizabethan audiences should take Viola's

situation—to us so incredibly fantastic and extravagant,—as no serious tax upon the imagination, and should ask themselves when psychologically inclined how a lady of gentle breeding and tender sentiment would bear herself under such intricate conditions. That the audiences of the present day do not oftener make this inquiry is chiefly due to the fact that Viola is not our contemporary, that she wears the dress and habits and speaks the language of another age than ours, that she seems to us more like the lovely portrait of a lady long since dead than like the embodiment of living youth and passion. We cannot approach her as many of us have approached Mr. Shaw's Candida, for example, with a tremendous curiosity aroused by our sense of her being of us and among us, a personage upon whose modern attitude it behooves us to pass our modern judgment. We are reasonably content to watch her in her "masculine usurped attire" without troubling ourselves to put Audrey's question whether she is not only "poetical," but "a true thing," honest in word and deed." We take her as she has been handed down to us by the traditions of those actresses of the past who have set upon her the seal of their dominant temper. It was more than a century ago that "Dolly" Jordan, whose good natured "swindling" laugh and riotous gayety made her so unfailingly a source of enjoyment in boisterous parts, subdued her nature to a rich and sober conception of Viola that surprised her public no less than it delighted them. Possibly she set the fashion for the line of afflictingly sentimental Violas who came after her. But within the last half century there has been a different type portrayed by the admirable players who have undertaken the role. In the notices of twenty years ago, we read that Ellen Terry was a laughing Viola, uncontrollably



EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON AS VIOLA



ADA REHAN AS VIOLA

amused by her disguise and smiling at her grief with a most infectious merriment. Adelaide Neilson adopted a mood "of almost saucy defiance" very well adapted to her beauty which was described by one of her friends as having something soft and kind about it, but surely not adapted to a thoroughly intelligent interpretation of her part. She was followed by Miss Rehan, whose emphasis and occasional frolic wildness interrupted her feeling for the charm of

the more obviously serious moments. Just now Miss Viola Allen has shown us what the critics have been pleased to call a feminine Viola, capricious and arch, impulsive and in her manner with the oblivious Duke not desperately concerned for the integrity of her disguise. It has been reserved for Miss Edith Wynne Matthison to check this current of more or less farcical sprightliness with a serene and delicate conception that is all her own, unless, as it is tempting to



ELLEN TERRY AS VIOLA

From a copyrighted photograph by Window and Baker, London

think, it is also that of the poet (the "Shaxberd," as the old records have it, "which mayd the Play.") Her Viola leaves upon the mind an impression of delightful harmony distinguished by the air of high quality, by the gracious courtesy which our imagination likes to throw about the court life of the spacious times when even a drunken Sir Toby could preserve the accent of the courtier. It might be said of her as Davies said of Shakespeare himself:

Some others raile, but raile as they think fit,
Thou hast no railing but a raining wit.

Nor can the most carping critic find the impersonation at odds with the text. The Shakespearean Viola does not indicate even at the beginning that she has embarked upon her enterprise in a spirit of rash daring. We need not go back to the early sources of the play to inquire whether she has previously known and loved the Duke and has found her way to his neighborhood



ADELAIDE NEILSON AS VIOLA

partly by chance but partly by also intention. We find her where Shakespeare placed her, cast upon a strange coast in a country where the Duke is a bachelor and there is no feminine court in which she may seek shelter. When she makes her resolve to serve Orsino in the semblance of a boy, it may, of course, be assumed that she is in a temper for caprice, but there is nothing in the text to show it. There is none of the exhilaration of the lively Portia who, put-

ting on her masculine dress, declares that she will practise a thousand raw tricks,

speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint lies.

how honorable ladies sought her love which, she denying, they fell sick and died. There is none of Rosalind's brave swearing that she will have

a swashing and a martial outside
As many other mannish cowards have.



VIOLA ALLEN AS VIOLA

There is merely the hope that she may serve acceptably, together with a gentle confidence in her accomplishments.

I can sing
And speak to him in many kinds of music
That will allow me very worth his service.

When next we see her, borne down by the sudden passion that Shakespeare is always ready to kindle in the hearts of his heroines, her mood could hardly be construed as merry by the most wan-

ton spirit. The Duke is sending her to storm Olivia's gates, bidding her as Caesario, to

Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

It is here that Viola first strikes the note of character. "I'll do my best," she says, "to woo your lady." Miss Matthison's generous and beautiful gesture as she seizes the hand of the Duke, and the lovely sincerity of her

flexible voice, reveal more eloquently than the words a resolute loyalty of temper. Throughout the play this temper is sustained by a hundred subtle perfections of interpretation. All the minor action has a wistful gravity and simplicity, all the suggestion beneath the sharp irony of the scenes with Olivia is deep and pure, and the scenes with the Duke are inspired by a singular veracity of feeling. There is nowhere the sense so often conveyed by players of less dignity than the Duke "so that he had and a little tiny wit," must penetrate the frail disguise and read the meaning of arch looks and significant intonations. "I am not what I am," Caesario says to Olivia with ambiguity, but the contrary is true. Miss Mathison's Viola and Shakespeare's is what she is, whether she is demanding Olivia's true love for her master, or rendering that master the humble service of a page, or swearing her soul's truth as the queen of Orsino's easily diverted fancy. She belongs to the class of gracious temperaments whose quality is best expressed in Desdemona's assurance to Cassio:

If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article.

Among all infirmities of human nature the forgetfulness of benefits received is most hateful to her. When Antonio, thinking her Sebastian, reminds her of the kindnesses he has done for her, she flings the implication back with denial as fiery as her mild spirit can encompass:

I know of none,
Nor know I you by any voice or feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

This pervading grace of constancy and truth is not in Viola's case appropriately combined with a bright vivacity of humor, even in the scenes with

Olivia. Unlike Rosalind in *As You Like It*, Viola is conducting a courtship the success of which should, of course, plunge her in despair. Valiantly wooing Olivia for her master she allows herself the relief of a light mockery, a glimmering satire, through which her passion escapes with safety from its concealment; but nowhere does she give way to such joyous banter as that with which Rosalind delights her unsuspecting Orlando. There is neither poetry nor reason in forcing upon her a mirthful manner. To make her gay is to impugn her sincerity, and it may very well be that her sincerity is her chief Shakespearean characteristic. For nearly a century it has been thought by most students of Shakespeare's work that Collier's ascription of *Twelfth Night's* origin to an old novel by Barnaby Riche, entitled *Apolonius and Silla*, was probably the correct one. Dr. Furness, however, is loath to admit that a story so unrefined is the source of the lovely *Twelfth Night*. It would be grievous, he declares, to think that Shakespeare wasted even half an hour over the reading of *Apolonius and Silla*, and he delights to find an Italian play translated into Latin and transferred to English soil shortly before *Twelfth Night* was written in which practically the same plot is developed. If this Italian play is indeed the immediate source of Shakespeare's comedy, then Viola is wholly in debt to Shakespeare for her most characteristic virtue. The Italian heroine whose name is Lelia, is as fraudulent in character as in dress. She becomes the page of one Flaminio, and her aim in visiting the lady courted by her master is to put an end to the whole affair that she herself may come into Flaminio's favor.

"Flaminio," she explains to her old nurse who is in her secret, "Flaminio is enamoured of Isabella Foiani, and he often sends me to her with letters and



A NEW PORTRAIT OF EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON
From a photograph. Copyright, 1904, by Alice Boughton, N. Y.

messages. She, taking me for a young man, has fallen madly in love with me, and makes me the most passionate advances. I pretend that I will not love her unless she can so manage as to bring Flaminio's pursuit of her to an end; and I hope that in three or four days he will be brought to give her up." Certainly a very different sentiment from that of Viola's passionate response to Olivia's offer to grant whatever she might demand of her. "Nothing but this, your true love for my master."

It must be owned that in the repulsive novel of Apolonius and Silla, the "weak Silla" as Dr. Furness calls her, whose position in the plot is the same as Viola's cannot be considered a treacherous person, however numerous her defects. "Now, gentilwomen," asks the author with amiable confidence in the kindness of our affections toward his heroine, "doe you thinke there could have been a greater torment devised, wherewith to afflict the harte of Silla, then herself to bee made the instrumente to worke her owne mishapp, and to plaie the attorney in a cause that made so much against herself? But Silla, altogether desirous to please her maister, cared nothing at all to offende herself followed his businesse with so good a will as if it had been in her owne preferment."

This passage and one or two instances in which the phraseology of the novel forms a credible model for Shakespeare's very words, make it seem not impossible that the great Elizabethan, having less care, perhaps, or less need than we for improving the mind, may have wasted even two or three hours turning over the vulgar little novel, separating from it for his own uses the plot in which he saw excellent possibilities, and developing the loyal character of Viola from the hint of poor Silla's faithful obedience. Be that as it may, he has given us many reasons to suppose that he would recognize as his own the

pensive, kind, and delicately fanciful creature of Miss Matthison's rendering sooner than the lighter hearted masquerader of Miss Terry's and Miss Neilson's. There is but one moment in the play that affords unquestionable opportunity for an exuberant rendering of the comic spirit: the moment in which Viola is first assured of Olivia's misplaced affection. Here she cries with delicious hilarity: "I am the man!" And even this is but a momentary outburst. Her gentle melancholy returns with a wave of bountiful pity for the deluded lady, and she philosophizes whimsically:

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

Shakespeare understands to the last fine instinct the sympathy existing between women of a certain liberal type. The friendship of Celia for Rosalind, of Beatrice for Hero, sufficiently proves his knowledge of the feminine parallels to Montaigne's affection for Etienne de la Boetie. And Viola's attitude toward Olivia is no less an illustration of feminine allegiance to an ideal respected by all good men and women. Beshrew the players who ignore its opulent charm, and especially beshrew the Olivias who so misread their part as to make impossible Viola's beautiful compassion, which in Miss Matthison's rendering is so kindly and beneficently bestowed. Sympathy, faithfulness, a wistful tenderness, and invincible sincerity, these are the elements of Viola's character, and brilliancy is not easily to be combined with them. Poised between tragedy and comedy her grace and charm are as delicate and silvery as moonlight. To pass from the rich farce, the superb extravagance of the scenes in which Malvolio struts his part, and Sir Toby and the lighter people make glorious game of his pretensions, to her fair be-

haviour in paying service to the Duke "so much against the mettle of her sex, so far beneath her soft and tender breeding," is to realize one of the transitions of feeling which Shakespeare above all other dramatists delights to evoke. He defined his characters, moreover, with such completeness that each exists for us quite apart from its type, in the highest degree individualized. It was part of his magnificent sport in creating his world of men and women to make no two alike. Each comes before us, vivid, special, idiosyncratic, and absolutely harmonious. It is in her realization of this integrity of art, this exquisite co-ordination of characteristics, that Miss Matthison most clearly shows her imaginative power. Into the morality play of *Everyman* she has breathed the deep spirit of universal tragedy. Her impersonation of Rosalind was summer sunshine incarnate. That she gives to Viola the undisturbed serenity and dusky dreaminess of a twilight picture by the master of tremulous and elusive values proves not merely her versatility but the rare quality of fastidious discrimination in her gift. In omitting the usual emphasis on certain lines, the "points," to use the argot of the stage, she gains the quiet breadth of tone essential to her conception, and produces a sustained illusion. In one instance only does her Viola seem inconsistent with this poetic conception: in the duel scene beloved of the light-hearted public. Mr. Spedding long ago cried out against the absurdity of this scene

as the traditional rendering has fixed it, and recently Dr. Furness has re-enforced his complaint. Viola it is pointed out is a brave lady morally if not physically, and would not willingly do anything to disgrace her assumed character. There is nothing in the text to justify the running away and pulling back, the ludicrous fight very literally at the point of the sword, and all the comic by-play first introduced so long ago that the offender's name is now forgotten. It is matter for hope that Miss Matthison will some day break with this tradition as she has broken with others, though it is forty years ago that Mr. Spedding declared the case quite beyond hope since "managers can hardly be expected to sacrifice a piece of farce which always makes an audience very merry," and thus far no manager with so stout a heart for consistency or so independent a judgement has been discovered. It is, moreover, solely as the champion of consistency and art that one can frown on the silly episode as it was given at Daly's. It brought before us for an instant the brighter side of a temperament that vibrates to the sense of pure and simple fun as responsively as to austere tragedy. And during the rest of the performance the spectator could dream, deluded possibly, but happy, that he was beholding the veritable Viola of Shakespeare's radiant mind, as many hours with the book and the commentators had failed to reveal her. Truly "many things shall mortals learn by seeing!"



HAS ENGLAND CEASED TO SING?

BY J. M. BULLOCH

NO one who is closely observing England can fail to feel an undercurrent of pessimism, or at any rate, a drift of doubt, in the minds of its people. I need only point to such positive effects as the demand for "efficiency" and the campaign against Free Trade, both undertaken by reason of grave deficiencies which have made the most insular minds to think. The South African war proved a rude eye-opener, a begetter of doubt, which has caused many reconstructions. A wave of trade depression, caused partly by that war and partly by the increasing competition of other nations which are beginning to understand that they, too, have the resources of wealth, has tended to underline that doubt, and prompted our statesmen to hark back on Protection as the remedy. A government with strong reactionary instincts has done much to emphasize the spirit of doubt: while the operation of compulsory education for more than a quarter of a century has resulted in tendencies which are distinctly disappointing to the more conservative aspects of culture.

The latest pessimist for culture is the Poet Laureate, Mr. Alfred Austin, who has been addressing a large audience under the chairmanship of a (noble duke), on "the growing dislike for the Higher Kinds of poetry." The mere fact that Mr. Austin should hold the Laureateship might be considered by many critics as a sufficient comment on the poor estate of poetry which he pictures. True, the Laureateship (the origin of which is extremely obscure), while including the names of Spenser, Ben Jonson and Dryden, was also filled by such nonentities as Colley Cibber, and the poet Pye. Scott re-

fused it in favor of Southey, who is forgotten except for a few ballads which would scarcely come up to Mr. Austin's definition of the "Higher Kinds of Poetry." For the first time since Dryden, however, a really great poet laureate arose in the person of Wordsworth. Curiously enough, in view of Mr. Austin's pessimism, Wordsworth was followed by another great poet laureate in Alfred Tennyson, who kept the office in high esteem for a long period of 42 years. Never, indeed, in the history of the office has the laureateship been filled consecutively by such great poets as Wordsworth and Tennyson, and the fact is all the more striking in that their long reign (1843-1892) was co-incidental with an intensely materialistic period of our culture consequent on the statement of evolution, and the immense developments of physical science. When Tennyson died, his legitimate successor was most certainly Mr. Swinburne, but Mr. Swinburne's political opinions, even had he been willing to accept the position, ruled him absolutely out of court. This country cannot accept as its poetical ambassador the poet who penned the terrible sonnet ending with the never to be forgotten line

A white shroud for the white Czar:

Thus it was that an almost cynical adroitness and the reactionary contempt for the man of letters once almost universally displayed by his caste that Lord Salisbury placed the laurel of Alfred Tennyson on the brows of Alfred Austin.

A sensitive nature might see in Mr. Austin's complaint about the Higher Kinds of Poetry an access of temerity.

But Mr. Austin has no such feeling, for the burden of his plaint is the absence of the audience, not the non-existence of the poet. Defining poetry as the "transfiguration of the actual or real into the ideal" and its domain as connoting "whatever men perceive, feel, think or do," Mr. Austin has divided poetry into the descriptive, lyrical, reflective and epic and dramatic. He admits that for descriptive and lyrical poetry, provided it is of sufficient brevity, there is perhaps as much taste and as much liking as ever, but from dramatic and reflective poetry, unless it is of the most modest dimensions, most readers turn away with "repugnance." Again he allows that Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Byron, and even Shakespeare himself are read and "tolerated," but their real superiority, namely, imaginative thought and imaginative action, is especially repugnant.

Despite the publicity given to Mr. Austin's complaint, it is rather remarkable that scarcely any supplementary discussion has arisen in the newspapers or magazines: which shows that the critics either do not believe in his diagnosis, or else do not regret the change which he describes. With a little industry, I think a critic might be able to show that the Laureate's pessimism has had its parallel in previous periods. Wordsworth's very origin was really a practical protest against the debased poetry of his time, and the wonderful introduction to the *Lyrical Ballads* remains as a striking comment on the anaemic condition to which 18th century formalism had reduced poetry. The author of *Peter Bell* summed up the situation in a nutshell when he described it as an "awful truth that there neither is, nor can be, any enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live, or wish to live, in the broad light of the

world—among those who either are, or are striving to make themselves of consideration in Society."

The question then arises, Is it really the case that people appreciate the Higher Kinds of poetry less than they did in former times? I think that an affirmative can be given only in the most hesitating manner. Beyond the actual existence of poets of the "Higher Kind," what gauge have we of any widespread appreciation of their work in former times, except among the experts? We know that Milton had to get rid of *Paradise Lost* for a beggar's pittance, and the poets who made fortunes, notably Scott and Byron, can scarcely come under the category of the advance guard. Among the tags of literary tradition the attack on Keats—summed up in the phrase

"Who killed poor Keats?"
 "I," said the *Quarterly*,
 So savage and tartarly,
 "I killed poor Keats"—

is sufficient to show that for his contemporaries at least he did not stand on a pedestal.

I am inclined to believe that the non-existence of the poet rather than that of the audience has far more to do with the question which is troubling the soul of Mr. Austin. Take, for instance, the question of dramatic literature. It is quite notorious that the dramas of the Victorian poets have been quite unsuited for the stage. The other week the Stage Society put on *A Soul's Tragedy* by Browning, but it is not too much to say that everyone of an audience even thus selected felt the total unsuitability of Browning's work for the purposes of stage representation. Mr. William Archer himself, always eager for the wedding of literature and acted drama, frankly confesses himself anti-Browning from the theatrical point of view. Even Tennyson was a hopeless

failure on the stage, except in the case of *Becket* which succeeded far more by dint of Sir Henry Irving's remarkable representation than by the literary qualities of the play. It would take some courage even for a Swinburnian to sit through a performance of any of his dramas. Mr. Austin's own performance in the theatre, where Mr. Tree gave him a chance, was, to say the least of it, ludicrous. In the case of Mr. Stephen Philips we have had a poet who has succeeded on the boards, but the tendency of the critics is to deny him the possession of the literary gift. Modern poetic drama, as a matter of fact, has become extinct. The familiar saying that Shakespeare spells ruin is an absolute fallacy. Shakespeare pays every manager who puts him on adequately, and if there was a Shakespeare to-day the great paying public which is utterly indifferent to tradition, would go and see him. But there is no Shakespeare.

Mr. Austin again states another familiar explanation in the spread of the novel; but it is by no means a new feature. Taking Scott as the great founder of popular romance, we know that he died eleven years before Wordsworth became Poet Laureate, and more than that before Tennyson became a force. Since that time novels, multiplied by the maw of a compulsorily educated public, have increased enormously. Fortunes have been made, and a class of professional story tellers has been created, as distinct in its way as that of journalists, but a reference to statistics will show that the number of volumes of poetry is also increasing, though, of course, in nothing like the same proportion. Here let me give the supplies for the last ten years, not reckoning the new editions, which, in the case of poetry, constitute a remarkable feature and must satisfy the appetite of many readers.

Year.	Novels	Poetry and Drama
1893	1147	185
1894	935	197
1895	1315	160
1896	1544	231
1897	1654	284
1898	1960	298
1899	1758	290
1900	1825	317
1901	1563	296
1902	1513	202
1903	1743	272

Another explanation offered by Mr. Austin for the non-appreciation of the Higher Kinds of poetry is the increase in material wealth; but, as we have seen, Wordsworth noted this same thing long before Mr. Austin was born, and I am optimistic enough to believe that there is as much idealism in England to-day as there has ever been; only, it is assuming different shapes. The truth perhaps is that our judgments are warped and our expectations disappointed by the fact that we have scarcely increased the audience for poetry. That the experts are still as interested in good poetry is abundantly proved by the enthusiastic newspaper reviews. Never probably in the history of poetry has the poet received so much public recognition as now; a condition of things which is not at all at variance with the hard dry fact that the volume praised has in the majority of cases an exceedingly limited sale. It may be questioned whether with the exception of half a dozen writers a volume of verse sells on an average more than 500 copies. That may be a disappointing result in a population of 34,000,000; but has it really ever been proportionately greater?

A distinguished London publisher to whom I have submitted the query: "Is Poetry read?" favors me with an exceed-

ingly curious answer. He answers in an unhesitating negative, and the cause, he says, is not far to find. "Women, who undoubtedly read poetry more than men, nowadays have much less spare time than was the case a generation ago, and moreover the training to-day is far less sentimental than it used to be." I may say that my correspondent is one of the most businesslike of the publishers, and I place great reliance on his judgment of books that will at least have a market. His opinion is therefore all the more strange in view of the number of women poets whom Mr. John Lane has brought out from first to last. Indeed, so characteristic a feature has this been of Mr. Lane's business that a writer of society verse once apostrophized Mr. Lane's shop as "Sapho's Bower in Vigo Street." With the exception of Mr. Kipling and Mr. William Watson, the writers of verse have within the last few years been made a great deal more of than men. I need only mention Mrs. Meynell, who created, or at least had created for her, a circle of devotees such as few writers can summon. Again, next to Mr. Yeats himself none of the new school of Irish verse writers has made such a mark as Mrs. Shorter; while few have been so industrious as Mrs. Hinkson and Miss Norah Hopper.

There is one aspect of the subject where I think the poetry of to-day has not been bettered in the past; that is the recognition of form, apart from substance. Wordsworth himself in his later work threw to the winds the theory which he developed in the preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* of "natural language"—a theory, which, despite the appreciation of his out-and-out admirers, frequently reduced itself in practice to absolute doggerel. The fortunes of form have had a curious history since Wordsworth's day. We have carried it many steps forward, and Mr. Swinburne has extended its boundaries immensely. It

reached its *reductio ad absurdum* in the revival of the old forms of French verse which made ballades as common as blackberries. In the hands of Mr. Henley, Mr. Dobson, and Mr. Lang, the fashion found valid exponents, but "all can rhyme when all can write" and it reached the point where ideas vanished in favor of metres and forms as difficult as a Chinese puzzle. The fashion expired for sheer lack of brains.

The most interesting development of form is that which is at the base of the young Celtic school. It is far removed from the tricks of the prim mechanical school, which relies upon language only.

Indeed some of the Irish poets seem to me to have an inadequate ear for metre and measure in this restricted sense. It is not in this direction that they rely for the effect of poetic music. The actual singing accompaniment which Mr. Yeats has advocated so strongly is most effective and it hides any defects in what may be called the minute mechanism of the mere spoken word. In any case its essential rightness for ballad poetry is unquestionable; and one cannot help feeling that it takes us back to the very origins of lyrical poetry.

I am not in a position to contrast this country with America so far as the appreciation of poetry goes, but I may say without hesitation that no poem has of recent years achieved anything approaching the boom of "The Man with the Hoe"; and it also may be maintained that the immense enthusiasm with which Mr. Kipling's "White Man's Burden" was received in the States was the first recognition on a large scale of his particular skill, for popular as his *Barrack Room Ballads* had been for years on this side, it must not be forgotten that they were introduced to the public by so exigent a critic as Mr. Henley, and in such a very particular magazine as the late lamented *Scots Observer*.

Altogether I think that Mr. Austin is much too pessimistic. The great poet arises quite independent of the promptings of his contemporaries. These may encourage him, but they surely do not create him. There is moreover a curiously conventional view in confining the term poetry to rhythm. The great

success of Maeterlinck—surely a poet if ever there was one—is an encouraging sign of the times; and, when I see the most popular London morning newspaper publishing his essays, I cannot think that the interest in the Higher Kinds of poetry is in such a bad way as Mr. Austin pictures.

MR. WHISTLER'S ART DICTA

BY A. E. GALLATIN

IN the autumn of 1897 the list of a London publisher's new publications contained the information that a new edition of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" was about to make its appearance, and Max Beerbohm seized upon this joyful news and made it the subject for one of his inimitable essays. "Oasis found in the desert of Mr. William Heinemann's Autumn List!" he exclaimed with proper enthusiasm, "most exquisite announcement!" But, alas, the "exquisite announcement" did not bear fruit, for Mr. Whistler's continued ill health—I have it on the authority of his publisher, and I chronicle it for the first time—Mr. Whistler's health did not permit him to make the exertion which the preparation of a new edition would entail.

And again are we doomed to disappointment. When Mr. Heinemann's Autumn, 1903 announcements began to crop out in the public prints, we discovered among them this selfsame "exquisite announcement." But again alas! for this new edition turned out to be nothing but a reprint of the edition published in 1892. However, let us not be too despondent, for the earlier editions of "The Gentle Art" are classed

among those wondrous tomes which the auctioneer carefully designates as being "scarce," or "*very rare*," and we should, therefore, be duly grateful for this latest "Gentle Art," even if it be but a reprint.*

The first edition of Whistler's book, in which "The serious ones of this earth, carefully exasperated, have been prettily spurred on to unseemliness and indiscretion," bears the title-page which is here appended:—

| The Gentle Art of | Making Enemies: | Edited by Sheridan Ford | New York | Frederick Stokes and Brother | 1890.

This book is the collection of Whistler's letters to the London newspapers, and the accounts of his quarrels, which were prepared for publication by his secretary, Sheridan Ford, with Whistler's approval and assistance. Just as the book was about to go to press, Whistler suddenly decided to place the material in the hands of another, and he wrote to Mr. Ford, enclosing a cheque for ten guineas, and prayed him to let the matter rest. To this letter Sheridan Ford replied that he did not fancy this arrangement, and "I assure

* THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING ENEMIES. A third edition. London MCMIV. William Heinemann.

you that the book projected by me, will see the light in due season; and the story of your charming *camaraderie* being now public, will be scheduled with the rest of the trophies. So will this letter."

This, the earliest version of "The Gentle Art," comprises about the same collection of letters which a few months later appeared in the authorized edition, an essay by the editor on "Mr. Whistler as the 'Unattached Writer,'" and a chapter containing twenty-two Whistler anecdotes. Such is the matter which was published in this volume, a 12mo, of 256 pages, bound in green paper with type-set titles printed in red. When the book, after many futile efforts, finally appeared, it was promptly suppressed, and the few copies which survived are, I imagine, worth their weight in radium.

The edition of "The Gentle Art" which was "printed under" Whistler's "own immediate care and supervision" appeared the same year as the "garbled version" and bore the imprint in London of William Heinemann and in New York of J. W. Lovell. This volume, which was reprinted in 1892, with the edition of the catalogue of "Nocturnes, Marines, and Chevalet Pieces" and five letters, three written by Whistler, and the book of which the 1904 edition is an exact reprint, this volume is an octavo of 292 pages, bound in brown boards stamped in gold. The matter contained in it comprises fifty-eight letters written by Whistler to the press, many quotations from newspapers, several interviews, Whistler's account of the Ruskin v. Whistler case, "Mr. Whistler and his Critics," this being the catalogue of an exhibition of his etchings and dry-points, with quotations from his critics under each title, and frequent annotations by Whistler, as well as a number of pieces of art-criticism.

II.

All of Whistler's contributions to the literature of art criticism are to be found collected in "The Gentle Art," as are all of his writings, in fact, except "The Baronet and the Butterfly." They bear the following titles:—"Whistler v. Ruskin;" "Art and Art Critics;" "The Propositions;" "The Propositions, No. 2;" "The Red Rag;" Mr. Whistler's "Ten O'clock," and "A Further Proposition."

The first of these is Whistler's commentaries on the famous case indicated by its title, the second is a set of rules for etchers; the third are rules for the guidance of art-critics; "The Red Rag" is an interview with Whistler in which he explains his theories; the "Ten O'clock" is his lecture on art delivered in London, Cambridge and Oxford, in 1885; and the "Further Proposition" instructs painters in what manner they should paint flesh.

In the course of a review of D. S. MacColl's "XIX Century Art" in the March, 1903, *Fortnightly Review*, Arthur Symons said, "Everything that Mr. Whistler has written about painting deserves to be taken seriously," and certainly this is but a fair valuation of Whistler's art dicta. The well-written account of Whistler's art which Messrs. Way and Dennis have lately given us contains a chapter on "Mr. Whistler as a Writer,"* and in this essay the authors have echoed Mr. Symons' opinion. And they have made a more complete statement of the case by saying that the remaining contents of "The Gentle Art," his "ephemeral quarrels," are "better forgotten."

Whistler's pamphlet, "Art and Art Critics," is a "vigorous onslaught on the critics," as Messrs. Way and Dennis

* THE ART OF JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER. An Appreciation. By T. R. Way and G. R. Dennis. London: George Bell & Sons, 1903.

term it, and Whistler's opinion that the painter should be the "critic and sole authority" on painting was disputed in the strongest terms at the time by the art critic of the *Times*, Tom Taylor, who insisted that the opposite of this was true, and wrote (the document is given in "The Gentle Art"): "God help the artists if ever the criticism of pictures falls into the hands of painters! It would be a case of vivisection all round."

An essay, assuredly, on the artist as

art critic would be very interesting—and if only to show that his naturally prejudiced opinions are but of little value. Whistler, however, was the great exception, and we are in full accord with Messrs. Way and Dennis when they say that "A collection of his *obiter dicta* would make an excellent text-book on the underlying principles of art," and also when they add that: "a study of them would do much—indeed it has done much—to raise the general level of art criticism."

COURAGE

BY JEANNETTE BLISS GILLESPIE

From "The Eastward Road," by permission of James Pott & Co.

IF in the days that now are at an end
 I had been false in deed or look or
 word
 To that unspoken vow our spirits heard
 When eyes met eyes and each life
 claimed a friend—
 If ever I had stooped my soul to spend
 Less than the gold of love, or ever
 stirred
 To action by a baser motive spurred
 Than to be worthy—fate could make
 me bend.

But, love, look back across the change-
 ful years—
 Is not our friendship high and true and
 brave,
 Strong to all service, swift in high em-
 prise?
 If we must part, then, let there be no
 tears.
 Life cannot daunt us—and beyond the
 grave
 We shall stand up and look God in the
 eyes.



THE HERD

From the Copley Prints. Copyrighted, 1899, by Curtis and Cameron, Publishers, Boston

JULES GUERIN

BY JOHN FINLEY

THE primitive hut, the ruined abbey, the dilapidated farmhouse, the wayside tavern have long had their painters; the country lane, the "nibbling sheep," the weary ploughman, the robust inn-keeper theirs. Transcripts of such scenes are everywhere to be seen in the city. They give urban eyes an outing; they bring the country to the town; they induce a sense of peace and quiet in the midst of turmoil. But in our urbanized life the artist has another opportunity than that of visualizing to the city what it

fondly remembers of its childhood or what it has left to fall into picturesque ruin. It is the interpretation of the city to its own habitants; it is the hallowing of what has grown commonplace to the many, the redemption of what has become mean from its associations, the revelation of the soul of a building breathed into it by its creator and chastened by its experience of wind and weather as a human being by his temptations and fortunes. And not of its comely or crumbling corners only in their blossoming or decay, but of



JULES GUÉRIN IN HIS STUDIO

its towering, practical, hundred-windowed office buildings and shops too, which time has not yet toned or aged to the similitude of nature. As a lay urbanite I am glad to write my gratitude especially to one artist who has

begun this hallowing interpretation, this expression of the better moods of some very hard, ugly and over-practical buildings of our American cities.

The particular artist I have in mind is Jules Guérin, whose work has be-



SMACKS AND OYSTER-FLOATS NEAR FULTON MARKET AT THE FOOT OF BEEKMAN STREET, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK
From Scribner's Magazine



THE BRIDGE, WINTER



A CROSS STREET AT MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK

From Scribner's Magazine

come known to the people through magazine illustrations chiefly. Those of the artist's world who have seen examples of it in the Salon or in exhibitions here are perhaps more familiar with the Holland landscapes and the peasant pictures. But it is not for those I thank him and give him my lay praise, good as these are. It is for his sky-scrapers with the lines of their faces softened as those of a hard unsentimental business man in the midst of his children, for his monuments that become real memorials without guides or souvenir venders to divert one from the ritual of their worship; for bridges that invite the constant traffic of one's thought across them, for the cañoned streets that run

through the mountains of stone and clay, and the bright-colored "squares" and parks that lie like valleys among them. All this landscape he has painted, painted eagerly as if tired of the lonesomeness and dull skies of Holland, and painted truthfully as he has seen it through the haze of half-shut eyes.

Some will say it is only a mirage that he sees and not the real city; for they have sight of only the endless stretch of street and wall, an urban desert. But isn't it better to have this "vision" upon the horizon? It may keep our feet going till the hazy, ethereal vision of this painter becomes the selfsame city as that which gives us food and shelter.



TULIP CULTURE, HOLLAND

THE GREEK PLAY

I

AJAX IN NEW YORK

BY ELISABETH LUTHER CARY

SHAKESPEARE is comparatively near to us. It is only a matter of three centuries between the first performance of Hamlet and Mr. Forbes-Robertson's production—yet when we find an English actor with what we somewhat hazily call "the Elizabethan accent," the breadth and force and clear intellectual conception, that is which we instinctively associate with Shakespearean characters, we are not less surprised than happy. And if we should find an entire company of actors all imbued with this liberal spirit and intelligence, our joy would pass quite beyond bounds. It is about two thousand years since Sophocles wrote on the shores of the Ægean, and surely it is no unusual skepticism that failed to see promise in an attempt to produce his *Ajax* with a company of amateurs drawn from the numbers of modern Greeks who have immigrated to this country to engage chiefly in commercial or clerical pursuits. Yet the result of such an attempt recently made here in New York has proved both astounding and inspiring. The cast was composed of people entirely without professional experience on the stage, some of whom had been in the country less than a month, whose fitness for this particular undertaking apparently lay solely in the fact that they were Greeks, belonging to the nation of the poet whom they were to interpret. The play was not unknown to them, but its language was unfamiliar to them as the language of Chaucer would be to the ordinary English tradesman. The difficulties to be surmounted by their American manager, Miss Mabel Hay Barrows, are obvious, yet possibly they seem appal-

ling largely on account of their difference from the ordinary difficulties that lie in the way of getting great art interpreted through ordinary means. Any artist realizes that no traditions at all are easier to cope with in the case of pupils than false and wrong traditions, and Miss Barrows at least had not to struggle against vulgarities and stupidities that painstakingly had been trained into her company. Certainly her success and theirs, from whatever source it came—national pride, ancestral enthusiasm, native capacity or exceptional zeal—amply proves the vitality of masterpieces and their power to move the heart with only the aid of a reasonable and sincere rendering. It proves also the dramatic value of childlike methods. During the performance what most impressed the spectator ignorant of Greek and wholly indifferent to archæological accuracy, was the apparent absorption of the actors in their work. The traps into which the amateur mime commonly falls are self-consciousness and feebleness. He dares not be himself and lacks power to be anyone else. These amateurs were neither self-conscious nor feeble. They were somewhat exuberant for the uniform balance and harmony of Sophocles, and Athens in particular missed the mellow dignity with which we like impersonations of that helpful goddess to be invested. But of cheap vanity there was not a trace. There was no appeal from the actor to the audience. Apparently the people on the stage were not aware of the presence of an audience. They played as children do in their elaborate games, with perfect concentration and integrity. Odysseus, peering along the ground on the

track of his foe, used the free gesture of the American Indian engaged in similar pursuit. Ajax roared out his Titanic despair with the unmodulated fury of a primitive nature, and with a noble pathos in keeping with the part. The Salaminian sailors, thrilling with eager delight, and leaping in passionate joy at the supposed return of happiness to their master's spirit, danced rhythmically and with the abandonment of uninitiated souls, as though under the wide bright sky of glorious Salamis. In the total effect there was nothing forced or artificial or clumsy.

As for the words, whether they had the fluent rhythm of the ancient Greek is a question for scholars to argue. What was evident to the unlearned spectator accustomed to the tardy and comparatively mechanical give and take of the ordinary stage dialogue, was that the actors spoke with the impetus and decision of unpremeditated feeling. In the angry altercation between Teucer and Menelaus this intensity of spirit was most manifest. Insult followed insult with a vitality of expression reminiscent of the two great Italians, Duse and Salvini; and in the calmer passages as

well, particularly where Ajax responds to the appeals of Tecmessa, the same admirable spontaneity was maintained, although occasionally joined to disconcerting suggestions of haste. In the long speeches there was the temperance and variety to be expected from artists of high qualifications, and decidedly not to be expected from the amateur. The surprise, therefore, was not that the little company did so well "under the circumstances," but that they did so much better than innumerable professional actors to whom years in place of weeks of experience and drill had been accorded; that they realized all the pleasant freshness and individuality of the best amateur art without marring it by coarse technique.

Dignity and simplicity in acting demand something in the way of appreciation of these qualities from the actors themselves, and these actors provided dramatic material well worth developing. The way in which they reconstructed this picture of the splendid past suggests that they felt a peculiar joy in escaping from their present environment to the simulated atmosphere of their heroic age.

II

GREEK DRAMA IN MODERN GREECE

BY RUFUS B. RICHARDSON

Author of "Vacation Days in Greece"

ONE is apt to think of Greek drama as something that has been, but is no longer a living force. To most people it appears to afford material for study to "those who like that sort of thing." They think, even if they do not say it, "Let the dead bury their dead."

We must not, however, forget that there is a Greek people still living, and

that this people clings tenaciously to a proprietorship in the great past of their nation. We are reminded of this fact by the recent production of the Ajax of Sophocles in New York by Greeks.

Of the success of this play I am unable to speak at first hand, since I was obliged to be absent during the three days when it was presented; but from



THE THEATRE AT EPIDAUROS

From "Vacation Days in Greece," by Rufus B. Richardson

a rehearsal two days before the first presentation, I was led to believe that Miss Mabel Barrows, who seemed to bear the whole responsibility for the success of the undertaking, had a difficult task on her hands.

Since the success of the play has been variously rated, three observations as to what should properly constitute its success or failure may be made.

1st. The play would be kindly received in almost any case by the cultivated audience that would be drawn to it.

2d. This cultivated audience would naturally fail to understand a good deal of what the actors were saying, because they delivered the original text of Sophocles with the modern Greek pronunciation. The reply of Charles

Lamb to his whist antagonist's remark, "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war," "Yes, and when you meet Greek, you d-d-don't understand it," finds a special application here. It takes a good deal of practice in hearing and speaking to enable one to follow easily the speakers. *Œdipus Tyrannus* was given by the students of Harvard University in 1881 with the pronunciation in vogue in America, and was more easily understood.

3d. These Greek players themselves were using what was to them an artificial language; and the production of a Sophoclean drama was to them a *tour de force*. Actors who belonged to the people would especially feel this unnaturalness.

Under these circumstances one could

hardly expect that these actors could so "throw themselves" into their rôles that the play should "stir and purify the passions" of the audience, which according to Aristotle was a proper effect of tragedy. Thus handicapped how could they "Make mad the guilty and appal the free"? The whole question with them was how to acquit themselves as well as was possible under the circumstances.

But let us turn from this band of players struggling with an unwieldy language before an audience, a considerable part of which understood that language imperfectly, if at all, to Greece itself, where the drama was once a living force, where the production of a new play of Sophocles was awaited with quivering expectation, and where even

"the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."

In the royal theatre at Athens, which is only a few years old, and in the large city theatre, the plays usually given are translations of light European plays intended to amuse. Occasionally a piece of commanding merit is produced. Sometimes an actor of European reputation visits Athens with a troop of his own training, and makes a sensation. Coquelin, and Duse, have been among the latest of such visitors. But all this is a sort of servitude to Europe.

There is in Athens a Society for the Production of Ancient Greek Dramas, and hardly ever does a year pass without the presentation of some masterpiece by this Society. The president of the Society, a professor in the university, and a much homelier man than Socrates ever thought of being, has shown tremendous energy in bringing out these dramas. The actors, many of whom are university students, get a lot of coaching. At the time of the revival of the Olympic Games in 1896, Antigone

was presented to a full house and evoked considerable enthusiasm. The choral parts seemed particularly successful. The music was composed by a Greek, who led the chorus. He was on his mettle, because he had been savagely attacked by a French teacher and composer residing in Athens. The audience took sides, like the "reds" and the "blues" in the Hippodrome at Constantinople; and there was considerable tension, which made it the most interesting case of the production of ancient dramas that I have seen in Athens.

I have made it a point to attend all such productions as well as a good many of the rehearsals; and the impression which I received, and which I give simply as an individual impression, is that with rare exceptions there is a lack of naturalness and spontaneity in these performances. The "Herz zum Herzen schaffen" element is lacking. While there are correct gestures and fine modulation of voice, one feels that the actors are appealing to the audience with "see how well we are doing it." This lack of heart cannot be wholly due to the fact that classic Greek is to a certain degree a dead language. The young ladies of Vassar College brought out Antigone in 1893 in classic Greek, a language more foreign to them than it could be to cultivated Greeks, and held the audience spell-bound. The explanation seems to be that they *felt* the tragedy, and rose with Antigone to the height of her great love and descended with her as she went down alive to the tomb.

It is an old saying that *pectus est quod facit theologum*. It is also in the last analysis the *heart* that makes the actor. I have seen Iphigenia in Tauris played in Athens, and while I followed it perfectly, the acting left me cold. At Vienna Joseph Kainz playing Orestes in Goethe's Iphigenia wrung my very soul; and the whole audience was with me. In Athens it was also evident that

the whole audience was with me. Is it possible that we Teutons have stolen from the Greeks their birthright, the right to go mad over the antique drama, to weep for Hecuba?

It is not uncommon in Athens to have the old tragedies brought out in the language of to-day, but in the "high style" Greek rather than the colloquial. It is perhaps generally known that an educated Greek talks to a foreigner, and to some extent to his educated neighbor in a language approaching that of Xenophon or Demosthenes, but has to address his servants, his tradespeople and hack-drivers in quite a different language. Two years ago there was a war waged in Athens, mainly by the students of the university against the translation of the Gospel of Matthew into a language intelligible to the common people. We may call it a war, because it resulted in bloodshed, the resignation of the highest ecclesiastical functionary of the kingdom and the fall of the ministry. During the past winter there was a purely linguistic war waged by the same body in behalf of the high style Greek in the drama. Professor Sotiriades wrote an *Oresteia*, following the lines of the great Aeschylean trilogy, but in a style approaching the colloquial Athenian speech. The direction of the city theatre accepted the play; and after some delay brought it out transformed into high style Greek, without having submitted the changes to the author. He naturally protested against this high-handed proceeding. Several newspapers took up the cudgels for him. Then the university students showed their colors again. They went about the city tearing down the posters of plays that were being given in the vulgar tongue. The authorities were obliged to interfere, and the rioting students were this time put down with some bloodshed.

The question may be raised whether the persistent effort to force the lang-

uage back to the classical norm has not shed a blight over the high class drama of modern Greece. The desire to make the nation talk like the writers who made the famous literature of Greece is explicable; but there must be in the hearts of those who essay such a language a feeling of artificiality about it all which savors of insincerity. Some Greek must arise, perhaps Sotiriades is not yet the man, to catch what is vital in the old drama and bring it home to the heart and conscience of the present generation.

A much greater success than I have ever seen achieved by old tragedy in Athens, was made in the presentation of the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, with some slight changes, by Souris, the editor of a comic and caustic paper called *Romaeos*, which once landed him in jail, from which he emerged more popular and more caustic than ever. In the three presentations of the *Clouds* given in the city theatre there was a fairly good attendance and "inextinguishable laughter."

But if one wishes to see the really living drama of Athens, one must go to the summer theatres which are free from all trammels of language, and are really popular. The people sit in the open air enjoying the play in the cool evening after the hot summer day.

A typical play of this class is the *Luck of Lettice* (*Ἡ Τύχη τῆς Μαρούλλης*) which presents a bit of "life below stairs" in a great house. Lettice is the servant at the bottom of the ladder, the slave of the whole hierarchy of the kitchen, the one upon whom the rest throw as much of their work as possible. But she gets a little legacy, and all the men-servants adore her, while the maid-servants show her envy instead of contempt. Her old father comes in from the country to visit her, and meets the butler whom he takes, on account of his grand air, to be the master of the house, and makes pro-

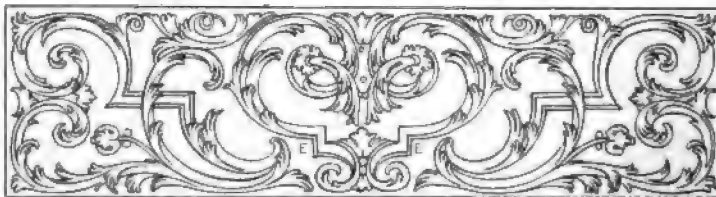
found salaams to him. Being corrected by Lettice, he next runs up against the master of the house, who is so free and easy with him, that he takes him for one of the servants, and talks with him as "man to man." When the gentleman offers him a cigar, like a true Greek who always smokes cigarettes of his own making, he takes it to be something good to eat. He is horrified when he finds out that that plain man was the master. Then there is a grand dinner up stairs, and the butler calls down an order for twelve coffees, "five sweet, three medium, and four plain;" the cook gravely pours out of the same coffee-pot the whole lot, but groups them, "sweet, medium, plain." The audience laugh here as if they recognized that their own discriminating orders amounted to about that.

This gives some idea of a play that is a sample of a rather large number of plays written by Greeks, which draw and delight an audience, and are thoroughly wholesome, with a spontaneity and naturalness that make them refreshing. A good deal of the language is a kind of Greek that the foreigner does not readily understand; but it is a live language.

There is one comic actor in Athens of whom I always think, when I hear him, that it is a pity that he was not born an Englishman, a German, or a Frenchman, in which case he would surely have been known to the world,

which could hardly be said of any of the tragic actors. I saw him once in a play called *Ἡ Θεία τοῦ Καρόλου*. The playbill explained that this was taken from the English play, "The Charles his Aunt." This man convulses the audience whenever he wants to.

Outside of Athens there are regular theatrical performances only in a few of the larger cities such as Corfu and Patras. It is surprising to see how wrapped up the Greeks in the smaller towns are in the Punch and Judy show. I have seen Thebans crowd to overflowing a café where such a performance was going on, while the neighboring cafés were empty with the exception of a few staid old gentlemen. One can hardly refrain from quoting the remark of the Egyptian priests to Solon, "You Greeks are always children." I once spent the better part of a summer evening in a café at Sparta, with Tsountas, the ephor, who probably knows more about Mycenaean civilization than any man living, the lucky finder of the Vaphio cups. The air was so thick with tobacco-smoke that one did not need to smoke except for one's natural liking to have a hand in it and to deaden the pervasive odor of garlic. When I left at midnight, Tsountes showed no signs of being bored. It would, however, be only just to him to suppose that it was habit, the company, and the smoke that held him rather than the insipid show with the running comments more stale than the tobacco-smoke.



A GROUP OF DANTE BOOKS

BY WALTER LITTLEFIELD

AIDS TO THE STUDY OF DANTE. By Charles Allen Dinsmore. Large Crown 8vo. Gilt top. pp. 435. Illustrated. Index. Brown cloth. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50 net. Postage extra.

FORERUNNERS OF DANTE. An Account of Some of the More Important Visions of the Unseen World, From the Earliest Times. By Marcus Dods, M.A. (Edin.), B.A. (Cantab.). 12mo. Pp. 275. Red cloth. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net, postage extra.

COMMENTS OF JOHN RUSKIN ON THE DIVINA COMMEDIA. Compiled by George P. Huntington. With an Introduction by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton. Crown 8vo. Pp. 201. Red cloth. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25 net. Postage extra.

EXILES OF ETERNITY: An Exposition of Dante's

Inferno. By the Rev. John S. Carroll, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 7s.6d. net.

INTRODUCTION TO DANTE'S INFERNO. By Adolphus T. Ennis. 12mo. Pp. 142. Boston: Richard Badger. The Gorham Press. \$1.25.

THE DREAD INFERNO: Notes for Beginners in the Study of Dante. By M. Alice Wyld. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Uncut. With Frontispiece. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 2s.6d. net.

STUDIES IN DANTE. Third Series: Miscellaneous Essays. By Edward Moore, D.D. Long 12mo. Pp. 388. Cloth. Uncut. Oxford and New York: The Clarendon Press. \$3.10.

DANTE'S INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH POETRY FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON. By Prof. Oscar W. Kuhns, Wesleyan University. 12mo. Pp. 256. New York: Henry Holt & Co. In Press.

THE most astonishing literary revival of the age is that which finds expression in books dealing with Dante. It is, as A. J. Butler states in his introduction to an English version of Dr. Karl Federn's book, "a phenomenon somewhat difficult to explain." To the casual observer of literary fashions, the thing seems to have come of itself. The rapidity of its unfolding is a surprise to those who have devoted their lives to the study of Dante with vague hope that the result of their labors might reach other eyes than those of their fellow students. So far it has been a revival wonderfully free from insincerity and charlatanism, from pedantry and from moral as well as intellectual bigotry. The score or so of volumes dealing with the Florentine, his life and his works, which have appeared during the last twelve months in various languages leave no doubt in the mind that there is an eager widespread call for information. The 7,000 separately bound volumes in Cornell University, the gift of a generous gentleman and scholar, while representing a charming personal trait of reverent enthusiasm, throw open to American scholarship a "biblioteca dantesca," the mere contemplation of

which suggests infinite possibilities of valuable and inspiring work.

A commendable phase of this Dante vogue is the desire on the part of certain scholars and students to popularize the poet. This is particularly noticeable in England and America. Through new editions of translations of the "Commedia" and the zealous expositions and commentaries written by men like H. F. Tozer, W. J. Payling Wright, Dr. Hogan and others in England, and Profs. Norton, Holbrook, and Kuhns, and the Rev. C. A. Dinsmore in America the reading public having made its first acquaintance with the poet through the Cary, Longfellow, Parsons, Carlyle, or Plumptre translations is brought into close and more or less sympathetic touch with the profound scholarship of men like Witte and Streckfuss in Germany; of Scartazzini in Switzerland; of Fraticelli, Rajna, Cornoldi, and Angelitti in Italy, and of Dr. Edward Moore and Paget Toynbee in England.

Like the invention of printing by the Egyptians, the movement does not seem destined to be starved out through the expensiveness or inaccessibility of the material upon which it should feed. Translations have multiplied since Cary,

just a century ago, was inspired to his undertaking by Italian patriots like Alfieri and Parini who found in Dante the prophet of a united Italy. The revival then begun was to receive renewed energy through the English residence of the Rossettis, Rolandi and Mazzini, was ultimately to find expression in English and American poetry, and in plays and novels the themes of which were drawn from Dante's life and the "Commedia." The altogether unprecedented number of books on Italian history and art that has appeared in the last few years and the steady but so far limited spread of the Italian language among English-speaking peoples have also contributed their influence.

But behind all, as the foundation of the movement, as the inspiring element in its growth and development have been the Man and the Book. Dante's theology, astronomy, and natural history might cease to interest, his religion and his politics might pass out of date, but the marvelous beauty of his poetry and the mystic yet profoundly human individuality of him who wrote it would constantly assert themselves and cause new interpretations to be given to the very things which in their literal significance had become obsolete. The restless moral carplings of Leigh Hunt, the sneers and shudders of the Latin Lander might at the time have seemed vital criticism. In reality they were the challenges for newer and broader comprehension and appreciation. The Man and the Book—the tragic isolation, the pathetic unrelenting combat of the one, the imagery, the art, and the eternal truth of the other! Except for his visionary world, he was solitary and companionless; an exile, he made laws, established tribunals, set up standards of culture for himself and for his immortal dead. His one fear was lest he should lose his life "among those who shall call this present time antiquity."

It is 600 years since he penned those lines and now, more than ever, the fear seems groundless, for there is still the Book, with its never-ending lessons, which is destined to endure as long as the spirit of man requires a guide—it is, Lowell wrote, as "a spur to noble aims, a secure refuge in that defeat which the present always seems, that they prize Dante who know and love him best. He is not merely a great poet, but an influence, part of the soul's resources in time of trouble."

In the following pages are briefly considered the more recent books on Dante which have appeared in England and America. Those by Prof. Kuhns and M. Alice Wyld are scarcely from the press. Collectively, they all reveal an interesting moral and literary phenomenon of mental activity. Individually, they indicate the wonderful variety of phases, motives, and forms through which this phenomenon is finding expression.

The Rev. C. A. Dinsmore, who about two years ago produced a rather ambitious collection of ministerial meditations on the "Commedia," has recently appeared as the author and editor of a second volume entitled "Aids to the Study of Dante." It is made up of papers drawn from the writings of Dean Church, Norton, Dr. Moore, Saintsbury, Wicksteed, E. G. Gardner, Lowell and others, of translation from Villani, Boccaccio, Gaspary, Comparetti, Scartazzini, and others, together with sketches by the author on such subjects as the Dante letters, "Lyrical Poetry before the Time of Dante" "The Religion of the Paradise," etc. The volume is intelligently illustrated with reproductions of notable "iconografia dantesca," with chronological tables, and with diagrams of Dante's cosmography. There are also frequent notes in which an attempt has been made, when necessary, to bring the authorities cited into the light of the most recent research.

The compiler has probably made as good a selection and arrangement as was possible from English writings and from translations already in existence, but an Italian can hardly fail to note how slight and poor are the "aids" which, according to Mr. Dinsmore, have been contributed by Dante's own countrymen. One looks in vain for citations from Fraticelli, Selmi, G. P. Antonelli, Bennassuti, Borglio, Dolce, and at least a score of others of whom Italians are justly proud. The fact that the author has entirely ignored the real essential first aid to the study of Dante—a knowledge of the Italian language—need not be discussed. There is no doubt of the usefulness of the clergyman's book within its limitations. It is no exaggeration to say that the English or American student provided with it and a copy of Cary's translation—with or without the Doré illustrations—will be able to learn more about Dante than he could otherwise acquire without a prolonged residence in a large city library.

The "Forerunners of Dante" represents a phase of the Dante vogue which is decidedly fascinating and capable of inspiring further similar work. It is not the effort of a great Dante scholar—Danteists can scarcely fail to smile at some of Mr. Dods's deductions—but it is the incidental work of a painstaking student of comparative religion whose father, bearing the same name, is a most distinguished theologian. Without the present general interest in Dante we could hardly expect to have this book. The knowledge was there and it required only a respectable amount of admiration for the poet and the sense of expectant public appreciation to extract from it those things which seemed to apply to Dante's celestial and infernal cosmography and the treatment of the shades therein.

Together with the stories of visits to the nether world, such as those in the

"Æneid" and the early Jewish and Christian apocryphal literature with which Dante may reasonably be supposed to have been more or less familiar, we have the Babylonian legends with which the poet could not have been directly acquainted. All, however, represent the torments of hell as physical and the joys of heaven as mental or spiritual. It is significant, therefore, that in one legend—dating from 1321, the very year of Dante's death—there are punishments as well as rewards spiritually or mentally bestowed. Although Dante, in accordance with the teachings of the contemporary Church, never quite freed himself from visiting upon the soul the insatiable torment of the material sin, yet there are instances—notably the cases of the unbaptized and of those who were neither good nor bad—where mental torment or at least the absence of physical pain as well as spiritual bliss are present. But Godfried in his legend is much more modern than Dante—"sin is punished by remorse, which is everlasting in hell, but relieved in purgatory by a certain hope."

The bringing together in a single volume of all that John Ruskin wrote on Dante was evidently inspired by the same motives which called forth the preceding book. The quotations in Mr. Huntington's collection are conveniently classified, the comments on the "Commedia" being arranged according to the cantos to which they refer. Ruskin, of course, had not the deep penetration of a scholar of Dante, nor did his ever-changing nature with its daily prodigality of varied impressions strive to regulate itself to the slow, equable, unalterable mental movement of the Florentine. His attempts at criticism are often quick, unmeditated, at times irrational, although usually striking. His expositions are frequently egotistical; they betray an eager desire to have Dante support some personal judgment or opinion

in art, or morals, or natural phenomena; rarely do they acknowledge a debt of inspiration on the part of the famous art critic to the poet.

Still, it is good to have these sayings of Ruskin brought together if only to hear things like: "The central man of all the world, as representing in perfect balance the imaginative, moral, and intellectual faculties, all at their highest, is Dante," and to come under the spell of a magnetic, emotional personality. A dip into the book will always spur on the Dante amateur who may be weary with the unfathomable symbolism of the closing cantos of the "Purgatorio." For, as Prof. Norton carefully notes in his introduction, after a proper rating of the values of Ruskin's comments for the student: "His imaginative insight and his intense moral sentiment brought him into such sympathy with the poet that he entered deeply into the spiritual purport of the poem, and was thus enabled to reveal and illuminate the truth which often lies hidden within verses that to most readers seem simple narrative."

These three volumes, "Exiles in Eternity," "Introduction to Dante's Inferno," and "The Dread Inferno" are put forth with more or less candor as aids to those readers, who, without any particular knowledge of the subject, may desire to read with some intelligence the best-known part of the "Commedia." But even with this praiseworthy motive they would be quite superfluous were it not that they reveal the constantly expanding horizon of Dante's inexorable ethics from religious and humanitarian points of view of the present day. The Roman Catholic no longer regards the "Commedia" as anti-Papal; not does the Protestant Churchman consider it the exclusive property of the Vatican. The Anglican sees in it a Christianity which is limited by neither creed nor doctrine; even the freethinker, noting the exact relation that Dante always

maintains between cause and effect, accepts with a keen feeling of satisfaction the rules of conduct and the logical results of their transgression.

Of the three, "Exiles in Eternity" is quite the most ambitious—so much so, indeed, that did space permit we should be obliged to pay more attention to its errors than is here convenient. It is quite plain that Mr. Carroll has read several books about Dante quite through although there is no evidence that any of them were in Italian, and many of his quotations and translations are from authors who have served their time. The elder Rossetti is scarcely a first authority on Dante's correspondence with Forese Donati, nor even on Florentine history, when he says that Cardinal Malteo found twelve Priors in Florence in 1300. Mr. Carroll himself should have known better than to ascribe the well-known canzone on Fortune to Guido Cavalcanti; while the statement that Dante quarrelled with him "because he refused Vergil the reverence which Dante thought his due," is quite gratuitous. On the other hand, Mr. Carroll clears the ground for those who approach translations of the "Inferno" with Roman Catholic prejudice by freeing the poet from the accusation of revenge or of religious or political fanaticism, and well says that the absorbing thought in Dante's hell is "that the punishment of sin is simply sin itself—the narrowing down of the soul to its one master vice, and its hopeless imprisonment therein, through having sinned away the very power of true repentance."

Mr. Ennis's little book is a paraphrase in good moving English of the "Inferno" interspersed with brief comments and observations which are never so diffuse as to injure the coherence of the story. It is written from the Roman Catholic point of view, and would, perhaps, be entirely exuberant were it not for its compact form, textual divisions, and

pleasing letter-press and binding. Probably the author is not aware that the Rev. Dr. J. F. Hogan, of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, has already done the same thing, if not quite so concisely, in his "Life and Works of Dante Allighieri."

"The Dread Inferno" is the result of some experience in teaching the "Inferno" to classes from the point of view of moral conduct—classes among which were persons who inquired "How can you commend Dante as a spiritual teacher when the 'Inferno' is nothing better than a picture of physical torments?" or "I can not see how a man who delights in putting his enemies into Hell can see truly the meaning of Life." These and similar questions are answered by M. Alice Wyld in a series of homilies with texts drawn from the "Inferno." If the honor of having discovered a John Bunyan of the "trecento" is due to the Rev. Charles A. Dinsmore and sufficiently proclaimed against all comers by his "Teachings of Dante," no less honor is due to the author of the "Dread Inferno" for having turned Dante's hell into a "Pilgrim's Progress."

We have to thank Prof. Angelitti and other Baconian Danteists—if I may be permitted so to term them—for furnishing Dr. Moore with the excuse for a most admirable essay, in his third volume of studies, establishing beyond all possible controversy and quibble, the exact year and the ideal day in that year of Dante's descent into Hell. Similar, although less profuse recognition should also be made to those students who have sought to heap up difficulties in the path of the amateur striving to understand Dantesque astronomy and geography. And measurable gratitude, moreover, may be bestowed upon those critics who have questioned the genuineness of Dante's letter to Can Grande della Scala, which forms the dedication of the "Paradiso" and which has always been

an inspiring guide toward a proper understanding of the entire "Commedia."

Dr. Moore explains in a lucid and forceful manner how most of Dante's astronomical references "are perfectly simple and clear to any one with a knowledge of the most rudimentary facts of astronomy, modified by the manner of their presentation on the Ptolemaic system." The scheme of Dante's geography is shorn of the intricacies and enigmas which many writers have woven into it and is elucidated in a similarly clear and proficient manner. These two essays should be read and absorbed by all who may desire to comprehend the meaning of the subjects as they are employed by the author of the "Commedia." They fittingly and concisely take the place of everything that has been written before, whether in English or Italian.

In his essay dealing with the symbolism and prophecy to be found in Cantos XXVIII. to XXXIII. of the "Purgatorio," the author guides the student through a labyrinth of signs and allegories with a sure and firm tread, with a keenness of penetration and with observation and judgment drawn from profound knowledge which should evoke the admiration and gratitude of all Danteists. It is a matter of regret, however, that the greatest of living Danteists should have wasted so much study over an attempt to solve the "DXV. Problem" by applying the Hebraic cabalistic method to the well-known puzzling line in the "Purgatorio:" "*Un cinquecento diece e cinque*;" and find in the mystic number that the "DUX" who was to regenerate Italy was to be, by this prophecy placed in the mouth of Beatrice, Henry VII. It is a long argument and is fraught with many specious revelations and minute speculations; but its conclusion is a mocking reproach to Dante's detestation of incomplete things. Henry died in 1313. The "Com-

media" was not finished until the year of Dante's death, 1321. Would the poet have thus perpetuated a prophecy which history had to his proper knowledge rendered nought? The whole elaborate argument to establish this inconsistency seems burdensome and superfluous—*ruit mole sua*.

I have read Prof. Kuhns's account of Dante's influence upon the English poets with pleasure and profit. It is far more comprehensive in its scope, however, than is indicated by the title. It is a brief on the entire record of Dante appreciation by writers of English together with extended discussion of the obligation of our poets to the Italian for theme, description, poetical figure, or spiritual or artistic influence. The amount of valuable material and data thus brought together by this author is a matter for surprise and admiration. His coherence and his fine sense of discrimination in selecting what is worthy of comment and what should be relegated to notes are high tributes to his literary workmanship.

In his introduction, which, incidentally and inclusively, is a thoughtful and inspiring essay on the whole study of comparative literature, the author surveys the field of his particular subject and carefully delimits the paths he is to pursue. He writes:

In studying this question, we must look for evidence of Dante's influence on the English poets in the following forms: direct mention; imitation of the outer form of his works; literal translation or paraphrasing of certain passages; repetition of thought or sentiment; adaptation or use of metaphor or figure; and lastly, the effect on life and character of his moral teaching.

And he cautions the student not to be misled by mere coincidences or appearances which are incapable of further investigation. He cites pitiable examples of too ardent critics to this end.

The influence of Dante in England began with the poet Chaucer, who has

left incontrovertible evidence of it in his works. This evidence is established and expatiated on in an entertaining manner and it falls into every department—direct mention, imitation, translation, thought, sentiment, figure, etc. "With the death of Chaucer, and the opening of that long period when English literature was at its lowest ebb," writes Prof. Kuhns, "practically all trace of Dante's influence dies out for over a hundred years." Still his chapter, "From Chaucer to Milton" is full of interest for the student of comparative literature, and reveals an amazing amount of research. Burton, Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne were all indebted to Dante, while "as to Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' certain fortuitous coincidences have struck some writers"—Longfellow in his translation quotes several parallels. But it was left for the great poet of Puritanism to find more material and inspiration in the great poet of Catholicism than had his predecessors or contemporaries. Twenty-six well-stored pages are devoted to Milton's obligations of various kinds.

These are followed by two essays dealing respectively with Dante's small influence upon the English literature of the eighteenth century and with the Dante revival in the nineteenth century, which beginning with a fine British sympathy for Italian patriotism and an appreciation of Italian letters has since developed through various and independent paths—philological, linguistic, poetical, religious, philosophical and purely human.

Prof. Kuhns's analyses of the Dantesque elements in Byron, Shelley, Matthew Arnold, Rossetti, Browning, and Tennyson form the most interesting pages in his book. Although the name of Byron is indissolubly connected with that of Italy, and although he was under great obligation to the Peninsula's foremost poet and strove to do him con-

spicuous honor, he had, strange as it may seem, neither the keen penetration of nor the "simpatia" for Dante of which we become conscious in the translations and original verses of Shelley and Browning. The anti-Papal fetish prevented the Rossettis, father and son, in spite of their naturally wide and varied knowledge of the poet's works, from interpreting him in a manner to add one stable unadorned stone to his monument of fame.

In closing, I cannot refrain from quoting a passage from Prof. Kuhns's book as it contains a message for other students than those who are exclusively

and for various reasons, interested in Dante:

It would be of extreme value for the proper understanding of English literature, if the influence upon it of all the great foreign writers could be investigated and summarized by specialists,—not merely from a philological or scientific point of view, but with a sympathetic feeling for the aesthetic and psychological processes involved in the making of literature. Such an undertaking would naturally be fraught with great difficulties, and would need the co-operation of many minds; and yet if some such plan were carried out in the case of Homer, Vergil, Cervantes, Tasso, Petrarch, Ariosto, Molière, Goethe, and others, the students of comparative literature would have to hand the material which now lies scattered over a wide field.

ROOSEVELT AS A WRITER FOR YOUNG MEN

(Introduction to "The Roosevelt Book")

BY ROBERT BRIDGES

IT is a good thing for Young Americans to be familiar with the books written by Theodore Roosevelt, not because he is President of the United States, but because, whether cowboy, Assemblyman, Police or Civil Service Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Colonel of the Rough Riders, Governor of New York, Vice-President, or President of the United States, he has always been the right kind of an American citizen. He has loved this country from his youth, with a fervor inherited from generations of patriotic men. He has always been a man who has had no use for an emotion that does not lead to action. It was impossible for him to be patriotic and not *do* something to show it. He was proud of the history of this country, and he was hardly out of college when he began the preparation of a work on "The Naval War of 1812"—a field that had been to that time almost neglected. It was published

when he was only twenty-four years of age. I once asked a competent historian of the navy who had been studying the period, whether he had found it a useful book. He replied that, with all his special study, he had found only two bad errors in it. I told this to Mr. Roosevelt, and he replied that he thought he could point out more than that. But, at any rate, here is the work of a very young man, which has stood the test for its thoroughness. With his vigorous ideas about the duty of every citizen to do things, it was natural for him to plunge into political life as soon as the opportunity offered. He went into the New York Assembly with a dash, energy, and directness that won for him prompt recognition. That kind of young man was new in the New York Legislature in the early eighties. But he compelled attention by his honesty of purpose and fervent efforts to make that purpose real by deeds. From then till



Copyright, 1904, by Arthur Hewitt.

From "The Roosevelt Book."

Theodore Roosevelt

From a photograph taken by Arthur Hewitt in the Green Room of the
White House, March 19, 1904.

now he has been a conspicuous figure in public life.

To do things, and do them persistently and well, he found out early in life that it was necessary to have a body capable of endurance. He knew that flabby muscles helped to make flabby thought and inefficient action. So all his life he has striven after a clean, well-trained, healthy body. He read the lives of great

men and learned that good blood that had sunshine in it helped them to do great deeds. His buying a ranch and living the life of a cowboy was not the idle freak of a young man. He knew that States in the raw were being made out there in the West by the kind of men who had pushed the frontier of this country, through a hundred years, from the Alleghanies to the Pacific. He

wanted to be a part of it, to have for his own the body of a pioneer and the thoughts of a pioneer. For that reason all over the West to-day they say, "We like that man. He speaks our language." He can't do anything by halves. He might have been an idle "gentleman rancher," as so many were, but he lived the life for all that was in it, and became a good cowboy, an expert hunter, a zealous deputy sheriff, and a good deal of a naturalist besides. All these things he learned by frankly going to men who knew more about them at first hand than he did, and watching how they did it, and talking with them about it.

Half a dozen books have grown out of this side of his life, and they are full of instances which show his capacity for learning things from the men who really knew them. His generous praise and enthusiasm for the expert plainsman, the wily trapper, the fearless cowboy, the tireless hunter, are expressed in every chapter. He learned things by intelligent appreciation of others, and not by jealous rivalry. That is one of his most attractive traits.

It is "playing the game fair" that appeals to him first, and then "hitting the line hard." Even opponents and rivals like that kind of a man. Cow-punchers, foot-ball heroes, and political bosses have yielded admiration to it. And no boy can read what he has written and not feel the charm of it.

All his hunting stories are full of this spirit of fair play. That is why he is always called "a good sportsman." When he is hunting big game he gives the animal a fair chance. He is scornful of a pot-hunter and a game butcher. To him the pleasure of the sport lies in pitting his wit and endurance against the wiliness and strength of the wild animal in its native region. There are just as many stories in his books of the wild animals that outwitted him as of those that he killed. It was the chase

that stirred his blood. One of his old guides in Wyoming once told me with pride, "Mr. Roosevelt always picked his head." He would let a whole drove of elk escape rather than shoot an inferior head.

Out of this fine free life on the plains grew his keen interest in the history of that region. With his accustomed energy he was not satisfied with skimming the surface from books already published, but he went to the sources of history. The result is his most ambitious historical work, "The Winning of the West." Nearly every page of it shows in the foot-notes how industriously he investigated letters, journals, documents, oral tradition, and State archives. He blazed the trail for the future historian. The heroes of this book are the Pioneers. To him they are the real "makers of America."

It was the brave conquest of nature which they made that appealed to him, for above all things he likes a square, upstanding contest, whether it is against a wilderness, a mountain, wild animals, or men. His joy in these things is infectious. That explains the power and fascination of his leadership. Boys and men like to follow a man who gets joy out of his life; and that is why the men in his regiment idolized him. He played the game fair, and he played it on exactly the same terms as the humblest private in the ranks. Moreover, he expected just that spirit in all of them and he lifted them up to it by the force of his enthusiasm.

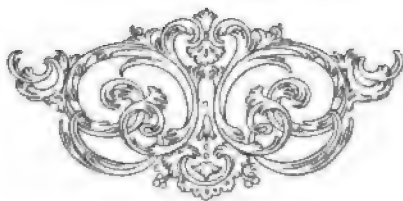
There was never a man who was on the lookout for what is good in other men who failed to have a sense of humor. This very appreciation of all kinds of people reveals the amusing differences between them. It illuminates the motives which control other people. A frank, direct, sincere man like Mr. Roosevelt is for that reason not an easy man to fool. Politicians have misinter-

preted his simple frankness, and have suddenly found themselves thoroughly seen through.

The books which have grown out of his public life—"The Strenuous Life," "American Ideals," "Administration and Civil Service," and "Presidential Addresses"—are just the expression of this direct, vigorous, healthy, and joyous nature when it applied itself to the tasks which came to him as Police and Civil Service Commissioner, Governor or President. There is no portentous solemnity of meaningless phrases in his speeches and addresses. He knows every kind of American, East and West, and he speaks to him in the language of simplicity and sincerity. "The good citizen is the man who, whatever his wealth or his poverty, strives manfully

to do his duty to himself, to his family, to his neighbor, to the State; who is incapable of the baseness which manifests itself either in arrogance or in envy, but who, while demanding justice for himself, is no less scrupulous to do justice to others. *It is because the average American citizen, rich or poor, is of just this type that we have cause for our profound faith in the future of the Republic.*"

This is the kind of a man, who is, I believe, revealed in the extracts from his books here printed. The Young American who reads them will not only be interested in them, but will be inspirited by them, and touched with admiration for the pioneers and heroes of our Country, and will earnestly believe in its people and its destiny.



Monographs of the American Revolution

THOMAS JEFFERSON

By

PAUL LEICHTER FORD



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS
CHICAGO, ILL.
1911

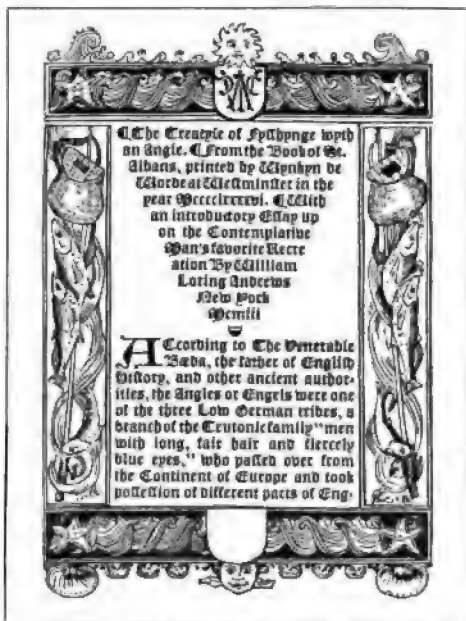
AN ARTISTIC TITLE PAGE

TYPOGRAPHY AND BOOKMAKING

BY FREDERIC SHERMAN

THE series of privately printed books produced by Mr. William Loring Andrews includes some of the finest specimens of artistic bookmaking yet done in America. His various issues represent many different styles in typography and in illustration and a great variety in format and in binding. Mr. Andrews' knowledge of bookmaking is derived from a long and very intimate association with the best of books, old and new, and he enjoys the advantage of considerable leisure in which to plan his volumes, as well as ample means to have them made as they are planned,

regardless of cost. He has been fortunate in securing for his publications the services of eminent artists, engravers, printers and binders and it is only just to add—without in any way questioning his achievement—that to them belongs something of the credit for his several most successful books. The latest of these volumes is "The Treatise of Fishing with an Angle," with an introduction by Mr. Andrews upon "The Contemplative Man's favorite Recreation," a most excellent reproduction typographically of the printing of the period of "The Book of St. Albans "



REDUCED PAGE "TREATISE OF FISHING"

from which the Treatise is taken. The present edition is printed in red and black from a face of Caslon text almost identical with a font of black-letter cut by William Caslon and commended for its likeness to the type used by Wynkyn de Worde, who printed the original edition of the "Treatise." The initial letters are exact copies of those used by Wynkyn de Worde and were specially imported for the work.

The University Press of Cambridge and Messrs. A. W. Elson & Co., of Boston, the engravers, have undertaken the publication of a series of five "Monographs of the American Revolution" by the late Paul Leicester Ford, who was probably always more of a historian than novelist, though it was as a novelist that he became famous, and is most widely remembered to-day. The first of these monographs, that upon Thomas Jefferson, includes, besides Mr. Ford's essay, several of Jefferson's writings and two handsome engravings of Jefferson

together with a vignette upon the title-page of Monticello, his home. The book is in form a large quarto, evidently designed to accommodate the engravings. The type is a good readable face of modern cut that comes out clear and distinct upon the fine surface of the Japan paper in the volume. The composition is good and the register excellent. Altogether the book is artistically successful and gives to its contents a distinctive and pleasing setting that one cannot fail to feel and appreciate.

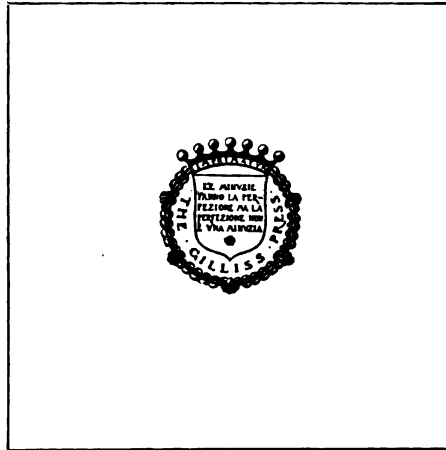
The finest book yet produced by the Kirgate Press, in the estimation of the writer, is the edition just published of Walpole's essay on "Modern Gardening" with the French text and English translation on opposite pages facing, the former in italic and the latter in the roman of a fine old face of Caslon. Mrs. Alice Morse Earle has written a very charming introductory essay for the edition, and Mr. Buddy has bound the whole in covers most appropriate and beautiful. No more perfect specimen of fine bookmaking, everything considered, is to be found among the considerable number of handsome books recently produced in America.

Mr. George French, who has for several years past contributed to the journals of the printing trade in America articles upon bookmaking in its various details, has recently published a volume upon "Printing in Relation to Graphic Art." The book is full of high-sounding talk about composition, press work, etc., and Mr. French's writing is so involved that, at times, it is almost impossible to determine definitely his meaning. It is hard to understand how any one should undertake to write a book of this kind who so little appreciates the reasons for certain rules of printing. It has evidently never occurred to Mr. French that the only sensible reasons for the wider outer and bottom margins of book pages are first, because books are held by these

margins in reading and secondly, because the two printed pages of an open book should be considered as a unit and placed as close together as possible in order to preserve the continuity of the text and facilitate the reading of it. Mr. French's book is handsomely bound and well printed.

Two excellent miniature books are Mr. Seymour's hand-lettered edition of "The Song of Demeter and Persephone" printed in red and black with two large initials in gold leaf, and the Kirgate Press issue of Emerson's "Tantalus," done in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Emerson's birth. The binding of the latter volume in particular is very beautiful. Another artistic book but little larger than these thumbnail volumes is Mr. Walter Gilliss's "Story of a Motto and a Mark," in which he tells the meaning of the inscription used on the imprint of the Gilliss Press and a great deal besides about the use of printers' marks past and present, which will interest all booklovers and bookmakers. This work, which is generously illustrated with reproductions of colophons and the devices of various presses, is planned with Mr. Gilliss's usual taste and printed in the best manner of his Press. The large initials in blue and gold are a pleasant surprise, and a most agreeable and welcome change from the customary red or red and black initials so generally in use at the present.

The Elston Press edition of the "Tale of Cupid and Psyche" introduces a new departure in format and in binding from this establishment. The volume, a small quarto, vellum-bound, is very attractive to the eye. The decorations by H. M. O'Kane for this work are rather better than usual and save for the frontispiece, which is a remarkably bad drawing, they are really an addition to



THE GILLISS PRESS MARK

the book. The pages are set solid, with paragraph marks throughout, an old and thoroughly established manner of composition, but one which might be varied to advantage perhaps to-day by indicating paragraphs by spacing. This would, it seems, be an improvement at least in books in which there are often several paragraphs to a page, as it would relieve the pages of the black marks which to the general reader probably seem unnecessary and are in the way. The "Tale of Cupid and Psyche," however, is divided into few paragraphs, and the marks do not occur anywhere frequently enough to embarrass the ordinary reader or in any way mar the beauty of the pages of this book.

The reissue in small quarto of Sir Henry Wotton's "Elements of Architecture," printed at the Chiswick Press for Miss Prideaux, and presumably designed to furnish students of bookbinding a fitting subject for their work, is another successful volume. It has the advantage of being ornamented throughout with designs specially drawn by Herbert P. Horne, who is a designer of types also and whose ornaments naturally harmonize with the type.

SOME OF THE NEW FICTION

BY ELEANOR HOYT

SPRING fiction, up to date offers few sensational features; but it includes a surprisingly large number of readable books, and, on the whole, a high average of merit in a season's fiction argues more enjoyment for the novel-reading public than spectacular interest attaching to a few meteoric successes.

Many of the new novels deserve an adjective more laudatory than "readable," although that word, conscientiously used, spells high praise.

Mary Tappan Wright's "The Test," for example, is readable, but it is much more than that.

When Mrs. Wright wrote "Aliens," she made a place for herself among the novelists whose work demands serious consideration. "The Test" strengthens her position, fulfills much promise, justifies more expectation. The author has made of the sin of a man and a woman a test for all the folk who figure in her book—a test of individual, of family, of community. The story is simple enough and it is told simply, clearly, forcibly, with a certain fine reserve and freedom from hysteria. Mrs. Wright paints the life of a little town, the souls and deeds of its people with keen insight, wide human sympathy, relentless logic. The shadow-darkened intensity of some of her work recalls the Mary E. Wilkins of "A New England Nun" days, but her brush strokes are broader and freer than those of Miss Wilkins, though no less sure.

She has too, a leaven of humor to lighten her soul study. Her folk do not live altogether in italics. She has found happiness as logical as suffering and a vein of cheerful sanity runs through even her grayest chapters, insuring them against the morbidness that is the most

dangerous pitfall in the path of the novelist who deals familiarly with souls. (Scribners.)

A NOVEL OF DIVORCE

Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays is tremendously in earnest about the souls attached to the characters in "He that Eateth Bread with Me"—so much in earnest that the reader is likely to lose sight of both characters and plot of the book, in the preachment of the author.

The divorce problem is a fitting theme for a great novel, but this is not the great novel. The author's views upon the problem may be excellent, but her heroine, her hero, and the inevitable fleshly siren do not point her moral with convincing force. The deserted and loyal wife might have been deserted and loyal without being the poor sentimental invertebrate that she is. She fails to hold one's sympathy and the reader who bears with her to the end finds an understanding of the siren episode borne in upon him. Yet the siren is such a stage property female villain that her iniquity seems as dull as the first wife's morality; and a reading of the book is likely to leave one with a reprehensible feeling of sympathy for the much married man whose character looms but vaguely through the mists of the tale, but who must, beyond a doubt, have been born on Friday.

Mrs. Keays has a clearness and facility of style, and "Airlie," who is at times delightful proves that she has also a reserve fund of humor. It will be interesting to see what this author does in her next book. (McClure, Phillips.)

THE MATRIMONY VINE

Several of the Spring novels remind one of a bit of satire contained in the

annual catalogue of New York's best known seed and bulb firm. Under the head of vines in the catalogue comes "The Matrimony Vine," and the description of this particular vine begins in this way. "The Matrimony Vine does not cling and has no tendrils." Was the maker of catalogues an unconscious satirist, or was his joke deliberate? At any rate, Margaret Doyle Jackson has pictured in "The Horse Leech's Daughters," a kind of matrimony that corresponds to the description.

The author has written an interesting story around an American type—a type not only American but universal. The central figure is a New York woman, beautiful, extravagant, sensuous, cruel, a woman respectable not because of high moral ideals but because outward respectability is necessary to social advancement, a woman who, like the daughter of the horse leech in Solomon's proverb, cries incessantly, "give, give."

Over against this picture is one of another worldly luxurious woman, but a lovable woman this time, a woman with a heart greater than her sensuousness, with an idleness and frivolity only surface deep.

Possibly Mrs. Jackson has been a trifle precipitate in the development of her hero's love for the second woman, after his thorough disillusion concerning the first, but the book is a clever one and even the tragedy that sets Cleworth free is not sensational beyond the bounds of plausibility. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

THE PRICE OF YOUTH

Once again, a novel by a woman,—and a novel of excellent quality. Margery Williams aroused considerable interest with "The Late Returning," but "The Price of Youth" is a better book than "The Late Returning." It is a story of the Jersey coast and pines, a story of Fan Tasker, daughter of a dis-

reputable road house keeper, and of one King, a gentleman, who put up at "The Cyclist's Rest; proprietor J. Tasker," for his health's sake, and fell in love with J. Tasker's reckless but fine-souled daughter. Miss Williams—who is, by the way, still in her teens—has handled her story cleverly, even brilliantly, and has had the courage to give it its logical ending instead of wrecking the eternal fitness of things to cater to the public's taste for an "and they lived happily ever afterward."

With a first and second book of such unusual merit for her guarantees Miss Margery Williams should have a literary career worth watching. (Macmillan)

THE HEART OF LYNN

When one has said that Mary Stewart Cutting's "The Heart of Lynn" has a sweet wholesome tone that suggests Louisa Alcott, one has given the book fair meed of praise. The story is in no way remarkable, nor striking, but it is distinctly likeable; and Lynn is a girl of definite charm—a plucky, resourceful, generous American girl, with a pretty face, a big heart, a very human temper, and a delicious sense of humor. (Lippincott.)

THE GORDON ELOPEMENT

Of the froth frothy, is "The Gordon Elopement," by Carolyn Wells and H. P. Taber; a bit of sheer absurdity that makes no pretence of seriousness. It is lightly written, amusing in an inconsequential way. Much of its facetiousness bears the machine made stamp but occasionally it lapses into genuine humor. One reads it with apologies for laughing, but one does laugh at the rather vulgar Miss Ethel Martin of Columbus, Ohio, at Jimmy Black and Stewart Havens, and the rest of the group collected at Umbagog, Maine—

and, after all, a laugh is a pleasant thing even when one is a trifle ashamed of it. (Doubleday, Page.)

THE ADMIRABLE TINKER

From "The Admirable Tinker" one obtains a laugh of a different sort. Edgar Jepson did his worst for the book in several rather dull preliminary chapters; but after Anne Hildebrand Beauleigh, called "Tinker" for the sake of brevity, really claims the stage centre, the book wakes up, and things begin to happen—ridiculous, incredible, entertaining things of which the author gives spirited and graphic accounts. From the time when Tinker plays at bloodhounds with his bull dog and an irate farmer, to the last chapter in which he successfully marries off his father this child of the world is as amusing as he is improbable, and the reading of the book is fairly sure to be lavishly punctuated with chuckles. (McClure, Phillips.)

THE VIKING'S SKULL

Runic rings, Viking's ashes, secret burial vaults, French prisons, robbery, hypnotism, shipwreck, divining wands, buried treasure, mandrakes that shriek "torn from the ground," one attempted murder and several actual murders, love galore, grim Nemesis for the wicked and final happiness for the virtuous—these are a few of the elements from which John A. Carling has constructed his novel, "The Viking's Skull."

The book suggests the shilling shocker, the plot occasionally thickens to the point of opaqueness, the characters drop at intervals into grandisonian English more impressive than colloquial, but the chances are that any novel reader who begins the story will pursue it to the end and find much interest, if little edification, by the way. (Little, Brown.)

ORDER No. 11

"Order No. 11" is a story of the days when the Jayhawkers and Quantrells men harried the borders between Missouri and Kansas, and when the famous order, possibly necessary, surely cruel, commanding all the folk of the Missouri border counties to abandon their homes within 15 days was issued by the Government. Caroline Abbot Stanley was fortunate in her choice of a time and place so rich in dramatic possibilities, for the setting of her story, and there is a very human note in the humor, romance, pathos, and tragedy through which the thread of her narrative runs. Some of the scenes called for a stronger hand, the author is at her best in genre work rather than in vital drama, but the novel deserves to be ranked in the readable class. (Century Co.)

AN EVANS OF SUFFOLK

There are certain books to which the adjective clever belongs as by right. "An Evans of Suffolk" is one of them. It isn't a big book, a brilliant book, a remarkable book, but it is eminently clever and in writing it Anna Farquhar has done an excellent piece of work. Her pictures of Boston society—that much satirized, altogether agreeable Boston society—are delightful, not bitter, not farcical. She laughs at Boston as though she loved the town and its folk, and in the end she converts even her heroine with an unconventional past and a drunken Anarchist father, into the irreproachable wife of a Bostonian of long descent. They sell the Beacon Hill house and travel for a time, but one knows that they will ultimately settle down within the traditional limits of aristocratic Boston, and live happily, among old mahogany, family silver and ancestral portraits. After all, is not the young woman's husband a Fuller? (Page).

IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE

Just who Miriam Michelson is, no one seems to know, but at least it is safe to say that she is the author of what bids fair to be one of the most popular books of the season.

"In The Bishop's Carriage" is fresh, original, amusing. Nowhere in its length does it drag or flatten out. Nance Olden, whom the publishers describe as a feminine *Raffles* is human, convincing, delightful when introduced as a thief and the loyal adorer of Tom Dorgan a fellow thief—she is still human, convincing, delightful when the curtain falls leaving her a popular actress and the faithful wife of Fred Obermuller, the theatrical manager. Her reform is not of the traditional dramatic kind. She merely learns that there is nothing in crookedness to make it desirable and that being in love with a decent man is infinitely more satisfactory than being in love with a tough. She isn't a saint even at the finis, but she is a big-hearted loyal little woman who will in all probability make life tremendously entertaining for her husband as well as for the public. Miss Michelson—or is it Mrs. ?—writes exceedingly good dialogue and has a trick of mixing humor and pathos and serious drama in piquant fashion. Her heroine is not a model of propriety, and the author has had the courage and good judgment to make her beautifully consistent from start to finish, but with all her deviltry, Nance never loses her grip upon the reader's sympathy. "In the Bishop's Carriage" will be read and liked by a public tired of novels made according to time-honored recipes. (Bobbs Merrill).

SIR MORTIMER

To say unflattering things about an author whose work one has admired is a thankless task, but it is hard for one

who remembers the swing and the verve of "To Have and To Hold" to consider "Sir Mortimer" with any degree of equanimity. The fact that Miss Johnston has been in wretched health for the past two years is the probable explanation of the inferior quality of her last book, and this explanation inclines a reviewer to lenient judgment, but in justice to Miss Johnston herself one must needs say that the new book is not worthy of her.

It is a fairly good story as tales of buccaneering romance and adventure go and in the figure of Sir Mortimer himself there is a flash of the skill that gave the author her fame, but the swift, vigorous action, the absorbing interest, the dramatic intensity are not here. The story has not the grip of the author's earlier tales. One could lay it down at any page without a sigh. "To Have and to Hold" was a novel to be read at one sitting. (Harpers).

TOMASO'S FORTUNE

Henry Seton Merriman was a story teller by divine right. A part of his clear, crisp, incisive style he may have acquired but he had the story teller's gift of suggestion, the knack of sustaining interest by things untold, the artist's feeling for an effective curtain.

Every chapter of his novels showed these characteristics. Every story of his "Tomaso's Fortune and Other Stories" shows the same characteristics. Some of the tales are but impressionistic sketches, mere snap shots, but the pictures are full of suggestion and linger hauntingly in the memory long after the book is closed. (Scribners).

TILLIE

The portrait of Tillie, which serves as frontispiece for "Tillie, a Mennonite Maid" is, by art or accident, calculated

to disarm criticism. It might even lead a sentimental critic so far from the paths of judicial severity as to prompt him to quote Austin Dobson's "Just a mere child of Nature's rarest making, wistful and sweet, and with a heart for breaking."

Such a round, dimpled childish confiding face, under the prim cap—and Helen Martin's heroine justifies the portrait. Tillie is faulty, sensitive, big-hearted, eminently human, and, first, last, and always, lovable.

She holds the reader's sympathy and, against a somewhat grim background, her charm glows warmly.

The picture of the Pennsylvania Dutch is not a flattering one. Indeed it is so emphatically the reverse, that one would feel inclined to question its faithfulness, were it not drawn with a realistic force that persuades one of its individual truth, if not of its general application.

Mrs. Martin has lived and taught in the district which she has chosen for the background of her story, and has had unusual opportunity for studying a phase of American life little understood by outsiders. Naturally she has selected from the results of observation and experience, the material most picturesque and most practicable for her purpose, and the result is profitable to the story, if a trifle severe upon the community. Mrs. Martin has tried to do justice to the virtues underlying the ignorant intolerance but partisanship toward Tillie has evidently influenced the author as it influences the reader to wholesale con-

demnation of all that comes between the little maid and happiness.

The story is well-handled, the characters skillfully developed. A saving sense of humor lightens sombre circumstances and tangled romance; and the dialect, while perforce plentiful, ceases after the first few chapters to be puzzling and does not thrust itself between the reader and the heart of the tale. (Century Co.)

JOAN OF THE ALLEY

Stories of the East Side have been many, within recent years. A few have been good, more have been bad. The best of them have seemed weak enough to folk who know the East Side as fact, not as fiction.

Frederick Orin Bartlett met the fact, as a newspaper reporter, before he essayed the fiction and as a result, much of his story "Joan of the Alley" rings true. He has, like a majority of newspaper trained novelists succumbed to the temptation to drag good copy into the story by the heels even when it was not essential. Mag is effective, but she does not belong to the novel. She is thrown in by way of local color as is much else, but at least Mr. Bartlett's local color is of a superior quality and perhaps his story is hardly strong enough to stand without the extras. It is well worth reading, but having read it, one feels that the author has not risen to the possibilities in his theme, that he has handled inadequately an idea full of dramatic suggestion. (Houghton, Mifflin)



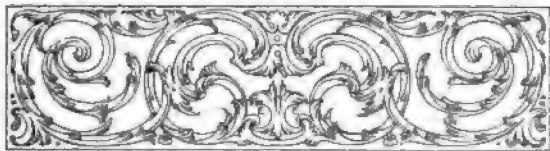
GEORGE MEREDITH ON SIR LESLIE STEPHEN

THE April *Author*, just to hand by the last steamer as we go to press, contains this, from the pen of George Meredith, on Sir Leslie Stephen:—

“When that noble body of scholarly and cheerful pedestrians, the Sunday Tramps, were on the march, with Leslie Stephen to lead them, there was a conversation which would have made the presence of a shorthand writer a benefaction to the country. A pause to it came at the examination of the leader’s watch and Ordnance map under the western sun, and word was given for the strike across country to catch the tail of a train offering dinner in London, at the cost of a run through hedges, over ditches and fallows, past proclamations against trespassers, under suspicion of being taken for more serious predators in flight. The chief of the tramps had a wonderfully calculating eye in the observation of distances and the nature of the land, as he proved by his discovery of untried passes in the higher Alps, and he had no mercy for pursy followers. I have often said of this life-long student and philosophical head, that he had in him the making of a great military captain. He would not have been opposed to the profession of arms if he had been captured early for the Service, notwithstanding his abomination of bloodshed. He had a high, calm courage, was unperturbed in a dubious position, and

would confidently take the way out of it which he conceived to be the better. We have not to deplore that he was diverted from the ways of a soldier, though England, as the country has been learning of late, cannot boast of many in uniform who have capacity for leadership. His work in literature will be reviewed by his lieutenant of Tramps, one of the ablest of our writers. The memory of it remains with us, as being the profoundest and the most sober criticism we have had in our time. The only sting in it was an inoffensive humorous irony that now and then stole out for a roll over, like a furry cub, or the occasional ripple on a lake in grey weather. We have nothing left that is like it.

“One might easily fall into the pit of panegyric by an enumeration of his qualities, personal and literary. It would be out of harmony with the temper and characteristics of a mind so equable. He, the equable, whether in condemnation or eulogy. Our loss of such a man is great, for work was in his brain, and the hand was active till close upon the time when his breathing ceased. The loss to his friends can be replaced only by an imagination that conjures him up beside them. That will be no task to those who have known him well enough to see his view of things as they are and revive his expression of it. With them he will live despite the word farewell.”





J. B. YEATS

From a photograph. Copyright, 1904, by Alice Boughton, N. Y.

THE RAMBLER

MR. Angus Hamilton, the author of the book on Korea about which everybody is talking, has crowded many adventures into his life, though he is only thirty. He has sheep-farmed in New Zealand, has been a newspaper man in New York; a war correspondent at Mafeking, in the Boxer Rebellion, and in Macedonia. Mr. Hamilton is a cadet of the old Scots family of Hamilton of Silverton Hill, Lanark—a branch of the house of which the Duke of Abercorn is chief. Mr. Hamilton's father, who was a captain in the West Indian Regiment, distinguished himself in the West Coast of Africa. His mother married recently Mr. Pinero, the dramatist. His only sister has written a charming volume of fairy stories.

And now comes William Butler Yeats's brother. As the poet vanishes from one side of the stage, the artist pops in on the other. Jack B. Yeats's water colors, some sixty-two in number, now on exhibition in a Fifth Avenue gallery, are mostly scenes from Irish life. In their way they have as much individuality as the poems, to which they bear, very distinctly a family likeness. This entire family is interesting. The father, John Butler Yeats, is well-known in England as a painter. Father and sons were, in turn, all pupils of the Slade School of the University College of London, and all three became artists, but the older son, as he expresses it, "left art for literature." Our present visitor studied with Frederick Brown, one of the early exponents of impressionism in England.

A small volume on William Butler Yeats by Horatio Sheafe Kraus (Con-

temporary Men of Letters Series) comes to hand just as we go to press. Its aim, as stated in the preface is "to give a sketch of the Irish literary revival that may serve as a background to the work of Mr. Yeats; to show how many phases of Irish life he has brought into literature, and in what sense he has given a new voice to the Celtic spirit; and in general to smooth the way to an enjoyment and appreciation of his poetry, plays and stories. To understand these they must be seen in the light of beliefs in regard to mysticism and symbolism which can only be come at by putting together stray hints scattered here and there through Mr. Yeats's work and combining them with what is said by way of exposition in 'Good and Evil.'"

Claiming Mr. Yeats as "the representative man" of the Irish literary revival, Mr. Kraus declares that the future will look back upon him "as to a landmark in the literary history of Ireland, both because of his artistic achievement and because he has been a leader in a remarkable movement. Through his poetry the Celtic spirit moves like a fresh wind. The quest of the ideal in all its forms, faith in the unseen life, the passion for romance and mystery, the pursuit of the intangible and evanescent, a vague melancholy and a vague unrest, the shrinking from the tumult of the world characteristic of a race that has not greatly succeeded in dealing with the actualities of life—these are Celtic traits and all of them are vital in the creations of Mr. Yeats's art. No living poet has created as nobly as he from the store of Gaelic myth, legend and tradition, and no poet of the younger generation can show a body of poetic work at once so finished in detail and so sustained in poetic quality. Mr. Yeats is the chief English-writing representative of the mystic and symbolist movements

and as a mystic he has followed doubtful gleams on the dim frontiers of an undiscovered country, has voyaged in strange seas of thought and brought back tales of stranger spiritual adventures. His philosophy, whether or no its specific doctrines find acceptance, throws a romantic interest over life and quickens in all who come under its spell a sense of the mystery that abides in common things. Like his contemporary and fellow mystic, Maeterlinck, he is a leader in a movement which now seems gathering force against that externality in life of which the theatre of the day is the great monument. And the reaction against the drama of commerce, which is spreading everywhere, has found its best expression in the dramatic organizations which Mr. Yeats and his associates founded. In the Ireland of to-day Mr. Yeats is important as the leader in a literary awakening that may go far toward bringing into being what Ireland most needs—a cultivated national public."



The new bronze doors for the Nelson Robinson, Jr., Hall of the Architectural School, Harvard University, here pictured, have just been completed after a year's work. The doors were designed by McKim, Mead & White, the architects of the building which they are to adorn. The style is of the Italian Renaissance: the rich ornamentation of the low relief being executed by Buhler & Lauter, whose work on the St. Bartholomew Church doors has recently been so favorably commented upon.

The front of the doors is divided into thirty-two panels, the Harvard initial "H" occupying the centre of squares alternating with portrait medallions of eight famous fifteenth-century architects: — Brunelleschi, Michaelangelo, Alberti, San Gallo, Lescot, Peruzzi, Bramante and Sansovino. These portraits were made by Piccirilli Bros.

The doors measure sixteen feet in height and are eight feet wide, and, since they weigh two tons, an unusual and practical expedient has been used in dividing them into upper and lower halves, upon separate hinges, in order that for ordinary use the lower half can be used leaving the upper half closed, affording at all times a view of a portion of the doors in their proper relation. They are a natural bronze color and the casting has been done by methods not used before in this country, involving hand manipulation of an unusual artistic skill. The bronze in this case is free from machine marks, showing the personal modeling of the sculptor with all its vigor and delicacy.

An interesting and significant feature of this work of art is the fact that the mechanical art involved in their making was the product of a foundry in the very heart of New York City. The John Williams Bronze Foundry is but a half dozen blocks from Madison Square, yet these doors, those of the Church of St. Bartholomew, Library of Congress, and the wonderful doors for the Boston Public Library which the sculptor, Daniel C. French, has been working upon for the past sixteen years, have been cast in this foundry. Ten years ago it would have been considered impossible that America could execute such work.



The limited edition of the "Three Masques of Ben Jonson" just published by Mr. R. G. Cooke, represents very nearly the average American idea of perfection in bookmaking. The book is printed in the Della Robbia type designed by Mr. Cleland on good handmade paper, and bound in vellum. The most attractive feature of the volume is the engraved frontispiece portrait of Jonson and its worst fault the illumination of the title page and ini-



THE NEW BRONZE DOORS FOR THE NELSON ROBINSON, JR., HALL OF THE ARCHITECTURAL
SCHOOL, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

From a photograph. Copyright, 1904, by The John William Bronze Foundry, N. Y.



THE LATE SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S HOUSE AT AZABU, TOKIO

From a drawing by Robert Blum

tials in weak imitation of better books made many years ago. Illuminated books to compare with the "missals" of the past are hardly to be manufactured in editions however limited.



The *Charleston News and Courier* states that "all lovers of literature must be 'Slaves of the Lamp,' and no one who is interested in contemporary letters can afford to be without it," a compliment so discerning and accurate that we cannot forbear quoting it, with acknowledgments.

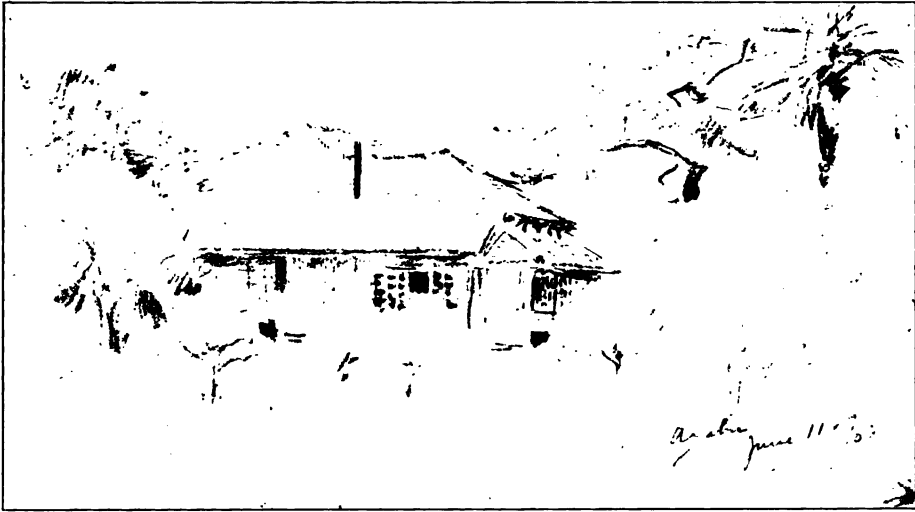


"I care not a fig for your pedants who lay down laws of style and by them test the greatness of those who have written immortal works," says a writer in the *Academy*. "Such pedagogues anger me! Who are these little men that they should dare to tell great men that they would have been greater if they had reduced their styles to a dreary dead level of excellence, founded upon pedantic

theory? Laws are made to keep the average man from error, not for the tying of the hands of the master-folk.

"If a man have nothing to say, let him keep his tongue and his pen quiet; he may acquire temporary notoriety by perfecting what he calls a style, by writing many beautifully chiselled sentences, which shall be as tinkling cymbals, signifying nought and satisfying no one. Shall I call down abuse about my ears if I declare that among such writers are Stevenson and Pater? Will they be read a hundred years hence by any save students of literature, by such men as now read Lyly, his "Euphues"? That book I have read, it wearied me, interesting me only in that in its day it had affected literary workers.

"But as for the master-folk, they speak out straight from their great hearts, their words burn with life and lustiness, their words are part of themselves, and what should this insignificant me dare to say of their styles? Let me humble myself before them and thank God that they were not as other men and that they said their say in the style with



ANOTHER VIEW OF SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S HOUSE

From a drawing by Robert Blum

which God had seen fit to equip them. Academicism is the grave of originality; freedom is the breath of literary life.

"As well ask all writers to study and observe the rules of style as demand that all men and women should mould their manner of expression in some set fashion. Clothes are 'the bird-lime of fools;' and the garments of literary fashion are only useful to hide the nakedness of little souls; from the shoulders of the great they fall away."



In the third and final volume of his comprehensive and accurate historical and biographical study of Christopher Columbus, Mr. John Boyd Thacher has collected and printed, with many fac-similes, all the known manuscripts of the great discoverer. This volume also presents the official accounts of the several examinations of the remains of Columbus, and informs the reader of the several public institutions and favored individuals who possess portions of the ashes gathered

after each examination. No data however inaccessible or obscure seems to have escaped Mr. Thacher in preparing his work and every clew to any fact of significance in the life of Columbus, whether approved or of doubtful authenticity, is faithfully recorded. It is the most adequate and conclusive work upon the subject ever produced in this country.



An interesting reprint of this spring is J. Hector St. John Crevecoeur's "Letters from an American Farmer," put out attractively by Fox, Duffield & Co. This American classic was first issued in 1782, and has been out of print now for more than a century. The book won great popularity in England, and was highly praised by Hazlitt and Charles Lamb. "That the reprinting of this work should be undertaken," writes Professor Trent in his introduction, "has been clear to me ever since I read an article by Professor Sheldon L. Whitcomb on 'Nature in Early American Literature,' which was published in



ALPHONSE MUCHA

The Sewanee Review for February, 1894. Professor Whitcomb paid such a tribute to Crevecoeur's merits as a poet-naturalist that I could not rest satisfied until I had secured a copy of the *Letters* and read them for myself. Since then, although I have been permitted to add my mite to the slowly accumulating critical testimony with regard to the enduring charm of one of the few early American books that fairly deserve to be ranked as a minor classic; I have not been able to rest satisfied because, owing to the rarity of Crevecoeur's volume, the pleasure I had received could not be shared by many others. There is no reason now, however, why the sane, sympathetic, open-eyed Norman-American of a century and a quarter ago should not make as fast, if not almost as

many friends among modern readers as he won for himself during his lifetime by his genial *Letters* and, we cannot doubt, by his genial manners. Surely the latter-day public ought to be willing to welcome an author who can no longer lure them to take up their abodes in the wilderness, but may lure them to forget in the ideal past the cares of the real present."



Each year brings us an increasing number of foreign artists to execute commissions. A recent addition is Alphonse Mucha, illustrator and designer. M. Mucha became known in Paris a few years ago through a series of striking posters made for Sara Bernhardt at the time she opened her Theatre Renaissance. A series of decorative posters were

produced by lithography and made this phase of Mucha's work well known in this country, so well known that there sprung up many imitators of his general style and for several years past the general picture shop has blazed with the real and the imitation "Mucha art panels" as they are termed.

But Mucha has done much more enduring work in the way of decoration and illustrating, and is to have some decorations at the St. Louis Fair. Although a Bohemian by birth and now living in Paris, his art education was largely acquired in various German schools.



In the short preface to "By the Fireside," his latest volume of kindly philos-

ophy, Charles Wagner says: "The reader will find in my book, as in life, lights and shadows; I have not tried to dissimulate the dark points: but I have sought to bring the luminous ones into relief," and he adds, "this honor we owe to the ideal." His is not a new philosophy, save as he has brought it first to the hearts of busy multitudes, and it is probable that he has succeeded in doing that entirely because of his own realization of the value of the ideal as represented in the brightness of life. Thousands in this hurried world have heard the voice of friendship and of love for the first time in a rather too strenuous life, in his simple, quiet words of cheer and of comfort.



An up-to-date librarian in a certain New England town sometime prior to the death of the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, told a friend who happened also to be a friend of the kindly autocrat an amusing incident in his own experience. This librarian, like many of his brother and sister librarians, before and since, constantly endeavored to get people to read the best books. One day a young lady caller asked for one of Mary J. Holmes's stories and, after finding all the copies of all her books out, he mildly suggested her taking one of Mr. Holmes. This suggestion she gladly acted upon, and called later for the other of Mr. Holmes's books.

The librarian's friend, to whom he related this amusing incident, happening to meet Dr. Holmes some time later, told him the story and added playfully: "You may sometime be as popular as Mary if you keep at it, Doctor."



The new President of the National Society of the Beaux-Arts, chosen to

succeed the late Leon Gérôme, is well-known in this country. M. Carolus Duran comes of a middle-class family of Lille, none of whom ever showed any tendency towards art. He was never a student of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts nor indeed of any of the ateliers in vogue at the time he came to Paris. He studied from nature and from the works of the great masters in Paris and in Rome. His greatest success has been achieved as a portrait painter although he has shown



CAROLUS DURAN IN HIS STUDIO

an instinct for landscape painting which is rare among figure painters. One of his landscapes is in the Luxembourg and long since his rank as an artist was recognized as Commander of the Legion of Honor. M. Duran is sixty-five years of age but is a remarkable example of activity, being an expert with the foils as well as a practised horseman.

A number of portraits have been painted in America by M. Duran who has visited this country several times, and as his birthday is on the 4th of July, he asserts that he celebrates it in common with that of the United States.



We publish here an interesting list of "the best fifty" books, in the opinion of the libraries of the State, published during the year just closed. It is issued by the New York State Library as a suggestion for the village librarian, and half a dozen "extras" have been added for good measure. The numeral opposite each title indicates the number of libraries naming it.

Fox—Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come . . .	77
Wiggin—Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm . . .	73
Keller—Story of My Life, by Helen Keller.	62
Ward—Lady Rose's Daughter	60
London—Call of the Wild	54
Rice—Lovey Mary	52
Norris—The Pit	44
Morley—Life of Gladstone	41
Smith—Colonel Carter's Christmas	40
Baker—Boy's Second Book of Inventions .	39
Page—Gordon Keith	39
Seton—Two Little Savages	39
Ely—A Woman's Hardy Garden	38
Crawford—Heart of Rome	37
Kipling—Five Nations	37
Deland—Dr. Lavendar's People	35
Gordon—Reminiscences of the Civil War .	35
Lang—Crimson Fairy Book	35
Brooks—Social Unrest	34
Earle—Two Centuries of Costume in Amer- ica, 1620-1820	34
Williamson—The Lightning Conductor . .	32
Hoar—Autobiography of Seventy Years . .	31
Van Vorst—The Woman Who Toils	31
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tion	30
Beveridge—The Russian Advance	30
Pyle—Story of King Arthur and His Knights.	30
Allen—Mettle of the Pasture	29
Kelley—Three Hundred Things a Bright Girl Can Do	27
Barbour—Weatherby's Inning	26
Chapman—Color Key to North American Birds	26
Lee—Dictionary of National Biography . .	26
White—The Forest	25
Trent—History of American Literature, 1607-1865	24
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Parker and Bryan—Old Quebec	23
Sturgis—How to Judge Architecture . . .	23
Webster—When Patty Went to College .	23
Bell—Wee Macgregor	22
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People of the Whirlpool	22
Abbot—Henry Ward Beecher	21
Bostock—Training of Wild Animals	21
Brochner—Danish Life in Town and Coun- try	21
Bryce—Studies in Contemporary Biography .	21
Carpenter—John Greenleaf Whittier . . .	21
Lothrop—Five Little Peppers at School .	21
Tarkington—Cherry	21
Brownell—Heart of Japan	20
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Clement—Handbook of Modern Japan . .	20
Crothers—Gentle Reader	20
Hammer—Radium and Other Radio-Active Substances	20
Long—A Little Brother to the Bear	20
Van Dyke—Meaning of Pictures	20

This list is culled from the larger list which the New York State Library selects annually from the year's books. This year those chosen for recommendation number less than ten per cent. of the total output, 784 titles having been selected from the 7,865 books published. The libraries throughout the State were then asked to choose 50 each from this, and the "best fifty" printed above is the result.



"Bibliography in every country was, from the introduction, almost entirely a booktrade matter," Mr. Growell writes in his "Three Centuries of Eng-



TONY ROBERT FLEURY, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE "SOCIETE DES ARTISTES FRANCAIS" CHOSEN IN PLACE OF BOUGUEREAU

lish Booktrade Bibliography, published by the Dibdin Club. This being so the value of his book is at once apparent and the measure of its value is determined by the thoroughness of his treatment of the subject and the ability with which he puts into form the data to inform the reader concerning it. To the book-trade, to the librarian and the bibliographer his book is invaluable for reference. The general reader, too, will find much interesting information about the booktrade and the origin and history of bibliography in it.

It will probably surprise the reader to learn that upward of seventy species of orchid are to be found wild in the North Atlantic region of the United States and Canada. Fifty-six, Grace Greylock Niles reports as growing in New England, some forty in the Hoosac Valley, and fifteen or sixteen in Vermont. In the preface to her book on "Bog-Trotting for Orchids" which by the way, is very beautifully illustrated in color, she says: "People are accustomed to think of the orchid as a tropical flower which grows in our country only in cultivation, and under highly artificial conditions. It is, however, true that many of the most attractive species of this beautiful group are

endemic to most parts of the United States."

The best of the late John N. Crawford's essays in miniature under the title of "Chats on Writers and Books" are now published in two large octavo volumes with a brief introduction by Horatio W. Seymour. Mr. Crawford studied for the bar and was first a lawyer. Later, when he gave up the law and became a newspaper writer and critic, as Mr. Seymour writes, "he never lost the propensity of the conscientious lawyer to weigh evidence carefully and to express convictions in language just and judicial. His estimates and appreciations of authors and books have considerable more of interest and value than can be attributed to the works of many newspaper critics and they therefore in a way deserve the distinction of separate publication in book form.

As a companion volume to the facsimile First Folio Shakespeare, which the Oxford University Press published last year, they now announce a similar reproduction of the First Folio of Chaucer, the original edition of which antedates the appearance of the first Shakespeare folio by almost a century,



FRANCES POWELL,
AUTHOR OF "THE BY-WAYS OF BRAITHE"



BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD, AUTHOR OF "THE PASTIME OF ETERNITY"

and is a much rarer book indeed. The present facsimile is made from the copy of the original work in the British Museum Library which is complete and in excellent condition, and the prospective purchaser is thereby assured a volume that reproduces in every particular the appearance of a fine copy of this ancient and famous book at its best.



Australia has discovered America. The following, from a recent number

of the *Australian Bookseller*, is interesting reading:—

"We have not far to seek for the causes of the rapid growth of the fictional side of American literature in the past few years. They are first, an absolutely fresh environment; second, the liberal collegiate system in vogue in the United States, by which the ambitious youth, though practically penniless, is afforded the best educational facilities for training his intellect in any direction that his inclination may point. His susceptibility

to impressions is thus sharpened, and as he has afterwards to hustle for a living he sees things which, if he has any literary instinct, he is, by his superior education, enabled to describe in a facile and attractive style. Third, journalism, which is the finest of schools for an ambitious young fellow with a fair education. The two first things insisted on by newspaper men in America are clearness and simplicity of language. There is a story told of the elder James Gordon Bennett that he discharged a reporter on the spot for alluding to plain fire as 'the destroying element.'

"In view of the increasing importance of American fiction, what attitude is the Australian bookseller to take with regard to it? Up till now he has been willing to wait for the imprimatur of the English publisher, who is supposed to watch every good thing that comes out in America, and arrange for a reprint in England. But the London publisher is by no means infallible. He is apt to be carried away by the glamour of a name, and frequently rushes a new book simply because it is by a writer who has already written a successful story. There are dozens of good American novels that have not been republished in England, and which would, and have in many instances, found a ready sale in this market. The chief drawback with new American fiction has been the price. Hitherto, it has been impossible to sell new American books for less than 6s, which is practically a prohibitive price to the great reading public.

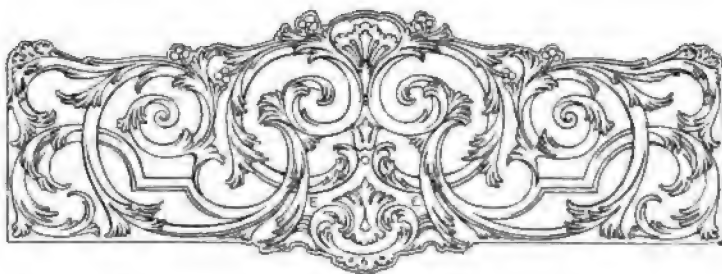
"Until ten years ago the literature of America was largely ephemeral in its character. Magazine writing seemed to be the most attractive sphere for the man of letters, with the result that, in the realm of fiction, America became famous for the development of the best type of short story. Within the past ten

years, however, American writers of fiction have come to the front with a rush, so that to-day English publishers find that they have to reckon with the American novel writer as a potent factor in their bids for the patronage of the fiction-loving public.



"To the Australian reader such men as F. Hopkinson Smith, Thomas Nelson Page, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Booth Tarkington, Winston Churchill, Frank Norris, Stewart Edward White, and Richard Harding Davis, are only men of yesterday, yet they have written some of the brightest and most readable fiction that has been published for many a day. 'The Blazed Trail' is an epic of the Michigan woods. 'The Turquoise Cup' is a gem. Hopkinson Smith's stories of the lovable Colonel Carter have a charm that is all their own. Frank Norris, who died recently (the pity of it), has rarely been excelled in descriptive power and dramatic force. To anyone who has lived in Chicago and is familiar with the scenes he depicts, 'The Pit,' is a wonderful presentment of the mad rush and whirl of that great city. Frank Spearman's 'Daughter of a Magnate' is a vivid story of American railroad life, virile and absorbing.

"It is useless to attempt to ignore the American writer. The bookseller, like every other tradesman, must keep up with the procession, or fall hopelessly behind. Undoubtedly, discretion is required in the selection of American fiction, when not republished in England. Few booksellers possess the rare gift of picking up a new novel, and after an hour's reading, being able to tell whether or not it will prove a seller. Failing this, the publisher's name on the title page is a fair guide to the character of the book."



LA FIGLIA DI JORIO

A PASTORAL TRAGEDY BY GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

BY A. BEAUVOIR (LE PASSANT)

UNTIL Duse, whose withdrawal from the cast, whether forced or intentional, at the eleventh hour, has further advertised throughout Italy this long-expected play—until Duse introduced d'Annunzio to America and Europe as a dramatic author, the world of letters saw in him the hope of Southern lyrics, while preachers denounced him as the Don Juan of decadent novelists. I like to quote a personal recollection of his first experience on the Paris stage, seven years ago. We had all been rather startled by a preliminary warning that "in his efforts to create he must be free of conventions," and, as the curtain rose over his "Spring Morning's Dream," good old "Uncle" Sarcey, the undisputed Prince of French dramatic critics, with that common sense, the rarest of all, which always fetched his readers, muttered to me: "I hope this brilliant story teller has disguised his genius and is about to dawn upon us as a great play writer; but, if he does, what a delightful humbug he must be. Italians can sing and dance and set souls on fire with one word, and yet they seem incapable, so far, of exchanging lyrics for plastic realities, even in their own theatres." Although Duse's voice

turned it into a melody, the dream proved drowsy. When the curtain fell Sarcey put on his fat, good-natured smile. "We came, it seems, to look at symbols," he said, "not to watch a play. As the costumes were thoughts, the author should have interpreted between words and sentiments. What a prophet I might have made outside of my own country."

Next morning we all urged Signor d'Annunzio to return to his former laurels; but a poet is bound to squander his talents as he pleases, and, however skillful he may be at vivisectioning Southern hearts in prose or at firing them with lyric inspiration, he will assume the buskin. Already his dramatic works exceed in quantity his novels and cantos, and he goes on asserting his originality at the expense of the best side of his intellect. What was bred in the bone came out in the flesh. His style was entrancing; it reflected visions and soared on heights; but old-fashioned theatre-goers who relish a comfortable stall where they see what they hear, and vice versa, felt completely off the track and clamored for the text. In its genial scenic elucidations, they discovered the plot and then, indifference be-



GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

From a photograph on the hunting field taken immediately after the initial performance at Milan of his successful play *La Figlia di Jorio*

fore the footlights turned to enthusiasm at home: the book could discourse most eloquent music. The fact is d'Annunzio was and remains too individual; that part of the universe which does not happen to concern him is a mere accident, and he has lately taken to describing himself, with Byronic conceit, as "the Initiator," or one of the forces of nature. By writing for the stage he condescended to mix with the crowd, and yet he would not sacrifice what was due to those from whom he demanded applause.

Three years ago, having half realized that events should actually unfold themselves before the audience otherwise than by recitation, he turned over a new leaf with "Francesca da Rimini." "I have endeavored," he wrote in the preface, "to enhance the effect of my work with considerable action." For the first time he submitted to technical laws, adhered to the rule of unity and held to the tangible and visible. But the choice was too ambitious. Better than Stephen Phillips in London, Marion Crawford with Schwob in Paris, all of whom took up the same subject simultaneously, he understood the local color of the plot, gave it the fascination of native speech, and with amours, intrigues, street riots, wars, roses and blood, evoked a page of mediæval Italy for eyes and ears. Intellectuals remembered *Inferno*. For the audacious joy of paraphrasing the great scene of the book and the kiss, he spoilt the suggestiveness of two Dantesque shadows, presenting them, with crude reality, in the less uncommon situation of an illegitimate couple, watched by the wife of the one, the husband of the other, the children of both and the house maids of "tutti quanti." The Italian press, at first reticent, dared to turn sarcastic and the poet spoke of dedicating a second edition to "certain howling dogs." On thinking it over, however,

he must have benefited by criticism, and now, at last, in his "*Figlia di Jorio*," he has made ample concessions to the acknowledged customs of the stage.

II

"This canto of my own ancient blood I dedicate to the land of Abruzzi, to my dead father, my exiled brother, my lonely sister, my aged mother, to our kinsmen of the rugged Apennine, the wild forest, the roaring sea."

From the international standpoint of art which looks for human more than local character in a masterpiece, there runs a deep critical meaning through an "envoi" redolent of d'Annunziesque personality. Only the unmixed descendants of the Samnites, bitter opponents of the Roman sway, brigands but yesterday, to-day the least polished people of Italy, whose soul, clinging to native prejudices and pride, ignores the inward influences of civilization, whose customs, passions and aspirations savor of barbarous origin, and whose chief occupation is the rearing and tending of sheep; only that rough and sweet home of d'Annunzio could accept as symbolic of intact native traditions a most atrocious pastoral tragedy. "Rub the Abruzzese, you find the wild boar," said Nelson. Is the poet a tame specimen? Already in his "*Death's Triumph*" there were pages showing how his dear soul kept in touch with primitive racial traits, and the in-born intuition is now fully illustrated with an altogether dissimilar composition. It is no longer the exquisite scholar in quest of precious moulds of form, a dreamer of quaint beauties, and conjuror of similitudes. He steps boldly forward with an austerity of form, a simplicity of conduct, a sobriety sustained from beginning to end. In art the "*Figlia*" might be likened to some ancient high relief carved on the rock

with masterly breadth. No obstruction through the massing of quantities prevents the eye from taking the whole at a glance.

The three acts are laid in some nondescript locality of Abruzzo, at an indefinite epoch, either at the dawn or through the gloaming of mediæval barbarism, one thousand years ago or yesternight. It is Aligi's wedding day. In an opening scene, his three sisters prepare the bride's chest, while picturesque local gossips furnish forth the marriage tables. Only the father is wanting. Suddenly a girl rushes in, her face thickly veiled, demanding protection from three young drunkards who pursue her and call her names. Mysterious terror seizes the company; but Ornella, the youngest sister, has sufficient energy to shut the door against those foul-mouthed intruders, who keep on calling out to Mila—"What? Is this Mila, the daughter of Jorio, a temptress, a bit of a sorceress, the black sheep of the neighborhood? How dares she to come in?" Aligi uncovers her face, stares at her and is about to strike her.—A Pause. Fatality is on the wing—the old formula of d'Annunzio, that irresponsible love which links his work, over and above Christian doctrine, with the conceptions of antiquity: Greek love on the modern stage, not under the traits of a heaven-sent destiny, but rising out of our up-to-date basest selves. Aligi's prophetic soul has seen it; something cries out to him that this lovely wretch must come into his life. Anger gives way; he plants a cross on the threshold. The vicious shepherds withdraw.

Enter Lazaro, the old father, who is really to blame for all this excitement. It is he who was after Mila when a younger rival struck him. He has a bad cut on his head and is ashamed of it. Again Aligi sees through it and points to the cross. Lazaro kneels down; Mila

throws her mantle over her face, and off she goes. What a damper on a wedding! The bride is puzzled, the mother worried, the old man sulky; but the neighbors throw rice; the meats are baked; the cake is cut; let us forget all about it. The curtain falls on rustic merry making; Aligi is not merry, though.

Of course, immediately after the nuptial benediction, alas! not before, Aligi forsakes his girl bride and his home to join Mila in her grotto. Their love is to be as desperate and pure as death. A pilgrimage is on its way to Rome—a typical pilgrimage, chanting ardent lyrics and prompting Mila to regret the harm she did not mean to do. Tannhauser is in the air. Why should not Aligi join the procession and go to the Holy City, have a useless marriage dissolved and bring home another wife? Hope encourages a love scene and a first kiss—a sort of savage da Rimini kiss, without book. Both fall on their knees, praying for heavenly light, and the little lamp before the shrine goes out. What an ill omen! Enters Ornella, who, in the poet's conception, is a Greek instrument of fate, and works out the destiny of her family. At last she has found them; do they realize what they have done and the domestic disgrace?—Father laid up, mother heart-broken; the bride pining away, and she herself the laughing stock of the neighborhood for having first sided with Mila? Aligi must come back. Yes, he will! Mila is ready to give him up as an expiation. But here comes old Lazaro himself; there is nothing wrong with his health; he carries a rope, as if to chase a wild beast. What game is he after? He turns out Ornella and bids Mila to follow him. Father and son face each other with silent horror, and then:—"Father, what do you want her for?" asks the young lover. "I claim the black sheep first, and then I shall deal with her thief of a shepherd," answers the old

one. Sudden humiliation touches the son: "I beg you to let her alone, and I shall come along." His deprecation infuriates Lazaro and he strikes Aligi, who groans like a slave: "God be judge, I shall not touch you." The old man tries to lasso him with the rope; Aligi snatches it from his hands, when two ruffians get hold of him, drag him out and bind him to a tree near the grotto. Lazaro bars the way to Mila. A pause. The audience hears the beating of two hearts, and a harvesting song in the distance. Lazaro makes a loathsome love declaration; Mila composes herself, giving the audience an eternity within some seconds. But Ornella has been watching; she disentangles Aligi, who seizes an axe and strikes his father dead. "I helped him to do it," shouts Ornella.

And now the punishment of parricide. Weeping women, funeral rites round Lazaro's corpse in front of his house. Aligi is dragged by the villagers; the mourners hiss him, and what names do they not call him? He kneels before his old mother; invokes blessings on her, on his sisters—their name "was lavender to him." There stands his girl widow. God help her, poor soul! He turns to the dead; his mother holds him back; she presses his head against the breast that suckled him twenty-one years ago, and hands him a cup of wine mixed with deadly nightshade. "Drink! This will send you off your head before your right hand is cut and you are tied in a bag with a mastiff and a wildcat. Drink, my baby!" Funeral drums are beating. The bride breaks down. Aligi looks round and drinks. A dirge and prayers—words of sublime simplicity. Here the author orders as by-play disasters in the reddest sunset of Italy with trains of fire and dews of blood on the last scene.

Mila rushes in. "I killed his father. Aligi is innocent. I must be martyr!"

"You lie!" shouts back Aligi, who sees through her sublime folly. She persists. "Of course you do not know, you could not remember. How could you? I bewitched you from the first, I la Figlia di Jorio." The crowd believes her. "Death to her! Let us rid the country of this most pernicious herb, this villain, smiling, damned villain, and spare the infatuated shepherd." Aligi has no strength to react; the drink possesses him; it makes him drowsy, torpid, unconscious. "Mila to the stake! Her ashes to the winds!" shrieks the crowd, piling up wood, setting fire to it. Mila lets herself be tied. The crowd curses her. She is ready for the purifying flames, and Orella, who knows all, keeps on calling her "sister in heaven" and promising Paradise. Aligi is roused; what is it all about? Is it his wedding day? "Yes, Mila to the stake," he shouts with the rabble; for he is raving mad. Curtain.

III.

With language never hyperbolic, always contained, now softly, now roughly, d'Annunzio asserts the fascination of Mother Earth over a longing for the supernatural. This blending of mysticism and paganism stamps a most powerful originality upon his work. To diversify the phonetic utterances of fiery characters, hendecasyllables and novenaries are made to alternate with senaries and double quinarities. Italian prosody provides a rainbow of meters and the author is a master of rhythm. In dramatic texture he has almost reached perfection, but he remains himself, of the earth, earthy. Spiritual excitement here and there is put on; it does not conceal the thorn of his roses, the worm of his fruits, the snake in the grass.

When Mila first appeared on the scene and Aligi raised their mutual destiny's veil, I have pointed out why the anguish

d'Annunzio heaps upon us differs from the emotion of Greek tragedy. There are chapters in love's old story which readers allow, and spectators forbid. Away from the publicity of the theatre, in the silence of the library, literature throws many a plank between the volcanic exuberance of a complicated Italian and the sober temperament of the first healthy comer. Through the poison of his native filters it is curious to trace a streak of antichristian perversity honeyed and scented, the better to beguile. But when brutal sensuality shouts in public, the show becomes distasteful.

We are all familiar with a hackneyed saying of Terence—"A man am I; nothing human is foreign to my nature." D'Annunzio's *dramatis personæ* may

appeal to his kinsmen of Apennine and Adriatic, but far from being born eternal and international, like *Œdipus*, *Hamlet* and *Faust*, they only interest us because, through their masks, we recognize this new Initiator—the Abruzzese. He remains the real protagonist, who will not disappear behind his works and looks at himself through the action. His poetry is charming, alluring, captivating, and yet before his perturbed spirit and the stigmas of dissipation we rebel.

The dramatic career of Signor d'Annunzio and his latest dedication remind me of Victor Hugo's definition—"In lyrics be yourself; on the stage be everybody else." Has the Father of the Daughter of Jorio ever pondered on this dogma, or is his genius too selfish for it?

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THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE LAMP, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

824.—In our library we have a call for a poem which we cannot find, and we should be very grateful if you or any reader could help us. The one wishing the poem can give us neither the title nor the author, but the last line of each stanza is "Up from the crowd," and the purport of the entire poem is, that however great the emergency, there is always some one who is equal to it, and he is from the people, or, "Up from the crowd." It is said that the poem was published in one of the popular magazines late in the winter or early spring of 1903. Neither Poole's nor the Cumulative index is of use to us without author or title.

V. T.

825.—Can you tell me the name of the old English poet that wrote of his mistress:

"We sit and talk and kiss away the hours
As chastely as the morning dew kiss flowers;
I touch her, like my beads, with devout care,
And come unto my courtship as my prayer."

K.

826.—(1) When was Colley Cibber's "Rival Queens" (1729) first acted?

(2) What Dr. Hill was it that wrote "The Story of Elizabeth Canning Considered" (1753), a reply to Fielding's tract on the same subject?

(3) Who edited Sterne's "Letters from Yorick" (1775)?

(4) What authority is there for "her's" in Miss Austen's "Emma"?

(5) In what poem of Moore's do these lines occur:

"When twilight weeps around,
And soft the curfew's sound
Dies through the dell?"

(6) Which of the three brothers Mayhew wrote "The Image of his Father" (1848)?

A. T. S.

(1) The only record tells us that it was acted at Drury Lane early in the eighteenth century.

(2) It was probably Robert Hill (1699-1777).

(3) His daughter Lydia.

(4) None whatever.

(5) In "Twilight Dews."

(6) The only information obtainable is, that it was not written by Edward, but either by Augustus or by Henry—or by those two together, for they wrote and published in partnership.

827.—Will you please tell me which one of George Eliot's novels (not short stories) was published first?

I. K.

"Adam Bede" (1859).

828.—Will you kindly tell me the value of Mrs. Jameson's "Sisters of Charity," published in London by Longman, Brown, Green and Longmans, 1855?

M. C. B.

Probably none beyond the published price. It was only a lecture.

829.—Can you, or any reader, help me to find a short poem about a lovers' quarrel, with the refrain, "Too late! Too late!"

L. K.

Probably you have in mind this one, entitled "Prescience," by Kate Vannah:

Two angry lovers, loving still each other—
Her cheeks aflame, white e'en as death, his face—
One keen-edged word has clashed against another
'Till softly one departs: the time of grace
Is past. Down on her knees she sobs: "Dear God,
too late!"

White sails are set—soft summer winds are sighing,
Light laughter clashes with the low farewell.
A sea of lifted faces. He is trying
Never to see one face he loves so well:
Into her eyes her hungering soul has leaped—too late.

All days, all nights thereafter deepen sadness.

Tired her fevered brain, forever thinking
Upon two ruined lives. One night comes madness:
That hour a strong man sobs while he is sinking
Into a deep-sea grave: "Dear God! am I too late?"

830.—The following is an extract from a letter received this morning from a correspondent:

"Also in Kipling's poem, The Truce of the Bear, what country (or people) is meant by 'Matun,' the old blind beggar?"

If possible, will you kindly supply the information asked for, and oblige
C. D.

831.—(1) What is the meaning of Oliver Goldsmith, M. B.?

(2) Why is the play, "The Secret of Polichinelle," so called?
R. B. T.

(1) Bachelor of Medicine. He studied to be a physician.

(2) The play is translated from the French, and *Polichinelle* is French for Punchinello. This is the doll that is discovered in the last scene.

832.—(1) Are the works of Chateaubriand and the poems of Alfred de Musset procurable in English?

(2) Has Maeterlinck written any other poetical dramas like "Monna Vanna"? Is his "Interieur" to be had in English?

(3) In which numbers of the "Athenæum," "Fortnightly Review" of 1894, and the "Nation" respectively did the essays on Walter Pater, by William Sharpe, Lionel Johnson, and Mr. Woodberry appear?
J. F.

(1) Yes.

(3) Consult the files of those periodicals in any public library.

ANSWERS.

817.—The lines are in "The Pilgrim Fathers," written by the Rev. John Pierpont, and may be found in "The National Reader," compiled by him.
E. P. F.

Also in his collected poems.

819.—(2) I have a copy of the poems of Leigh Hunt in two volumes, blue and gold edition of Ticknor and Fields (1857). The title-page is as follows: "The poetical works of Leigh Hunt, now first entirely collected, revised by himself, and edited with an introduction by S. Adams Lee."
M. A. F.

822.—The first two verses asked for are from an untitled poem of 32 lines by Shelley, beginning:

"When the lamp is shattered
the light in the dust lies dead."

S. H.

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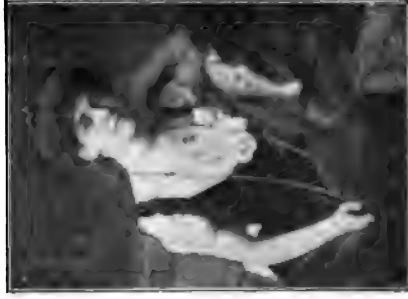
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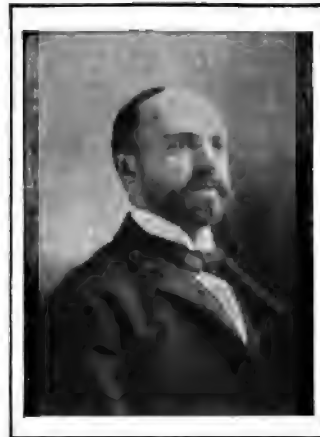
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destitution as a hack writer—this is an epitome of Charlotte Charke's life, of which all but the last portion is pictured with a frankness fairly brutal, in her book. But among her manifold adventures, it is possible only here and there to select a picturesque bit that seems to illuminate the character of the woman and the age of which she was the product.

Her tales of her naughty childhood are quaintly charming. We see her first at the age of four, crawling out of bed early on a summer's morning at Twickenham, padding down stairs to attire herself in her brother's waistcoat, her father's belted sword and beaver hat, and a great tie-wig with knots

that thumped her little heels, so strutting up and down a dry ditch by the roadside—this to hide her incongruous feet—and greeting all passers-by in the name of Colley himself.

A year later, behold her on the young foal of an ass, preceded by a lad fiddling, and surrounded by a rout of village children whose combined garters had made an impromptu bridle, so riding under her father's windows at Richmond, and calling forth from him an amazed "Gad demmel! An ass upon an ass!"

During two years residence with a

cousin who was a country doctor, she gathered some crumbs of medical Latin, and upon her return home set up a dispensary. Most lively is her account of how she dosed all the willing villagers; how she ran up a bill for drugs with an apothecary's widow; how Colley paid it, but stopped all future credit, and

how she was thereby driven to herbs. She quotes her cure of a rheumatic old woman as consisting of syrup of snails and brown sugar, and ointment of snails, green herbs and mutton fat. "Clapping conceited labels upon the phial and gallipot," she sent also a "joyous bottle of hartshorn and salvolatile" purloined from her mother, "to add a grace to the prescription."

Weary of this profession, "Dr. Charlotte," without loss of life, presently retired; and, having a supreme contempt for girls who spent "melancholy hours" embroidering, but were unable to curry a horse or ride a race, appointed herself groom and gardener to the family. She pictures herself walking about at her breakfast of "broiled rasher of bacon upon a luncheon of bread," with a pruning knife pointing discourse upon plants and seeds; and again, resting on her spade to observe shrewdly to her mother with a significant wink and nod:



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CHARLOTTE CHARKE

"Come, come, madam, let me tell you that a pound saved is a pound got." Alas for Charlotte, that her business instinct was purely dramatic!

As groom, she played the part "with now and then a shrug of the shoulders and scratch of the head, with a hasty demand for small beer and a 'God bless you, make haste; I have not a single horse dressed or watered, and here 'tis almost eight o'clock, the poor cattle will think I've forgot 'em.'"

By the time she was fourteen she was proficient in shooting, and diligently peppered the chimneys of a neighbor who thought the sport "unbecoming a

gentlewoman." Once she had a glorious time defending the frightened family, in her father's absence, against a robber; and only when she had fired off as much ammunition as she pleased from a heavy blunderbuss, a muscatoon and two braces of pistols, besides her own little carbine did it appear that the supposed villain, a discharged servant, was not in the neighborhood at all.

After this she grew so "absolutely dull"—even the excitement of running over a village child, as no bones were broken and she was able to compound with the parents for a shilling and a shoulder of mutton, was but slight—

that she listened to the "soft speeches" of one Richard Charke, violinist and composer; and chiefly because she was puffed up with prospective pride at being called "Mrs.," married him at St. Martin's Church, in February, 1729-30.

Her narrative of her theatrical career is perhaps the least entertaining part of her book. Not content with her father's announcement of her first part as "By a young gentlewoman who had never appeared on any stage before," she hired a hackney coach to tell all her friends. "Like a strange gawky," she could not at first conceive of stage fright, and walked her shoes out going about to see her name on the bills; but later, upon promotion to a principal part, she composed her own epitaph: "Died One of Capital Characters." As Stock Reader to Drury Lane, she was understudy to everybody, and while "but a Babby to the business," played such parts as Andromache and Queen Elizabeth, although she seems to have succeeded best in masculine characters. For seven years then, notwithstanding quarrels with managers and various flittings, she was fairly prosperous, even attaining four guineas a week; and walked about with her purse in her hand, she says, lest she forget the necessity she was then under of squandering what might have made many a decayed family truly happy. Even Mr. Charke came within the scope of her universal benevolence, for long after he had deserted her for another woman, she continued to receive him "with the same good Nature and Civility" as "an old decay'd Acquaintance come to ask a favor" and supplied him with money.

But the gay, good time ended, partly through her own wilfulness and prodigality, partly through the financial difficulties of her brother Theophilus, and partly through her unexplained estrangement from her father.

There follows a sad record of struggles to earn a living. She tells of a "dive into trade" when she turned oil-woman and grocer in Long Acre, and at first all her friends flocked to see her "mercantile face." No doubt she acted the part well; but after she had been complimented by a rascally link-boy out of every brass weight in the shop, and had had a few misadventures in calculation, she grew weary of this business. After that, she took up a puppet-show, "the most elegant that was ever exhibited," which became so expensive that she sold out for twenty guineas what had cost her nearly five hundred pounds.

Her life becomes more and more sordid. She tried "higgling" sausages, but was "broke through the inhuman appetite of a hungry dog." She was reduced to "proggings" her clothes, to begging (Garrick and Mrs. Woffington were among her benefactors), to dining at the table of a philanthropic neighbor; and there were times when she was distressfully ill, almost at point to die. A good-natured uncle set her up in a public-house; but she was speedily stripped of all that she possessed by the thieves and vagabonds of Drury Lane.

Early in her career, she took to wearing men's clothes, perhaps from sheer love of masquerade and adventure, more probably to escape the bailiffs and to have increased opportunities of earning a subsistence. She pictures herself slinking out by owl-light, whenever she could be spared from her sick child, to earn a few shillings by supplying at a low grade theatre. On one occasion she relates how the part wanted was that of Captain Plume in "The Recruiting Officer;" how she had to feign reluctance and bargain with the woman all the while the audience was clapping for the play to begin; how she hid her face and disguised her voice through fear of skulking bailiffs; how to avoid



CHARLOTTE CHARKE AS "SCRUB"

jealousy she agreed to accept five shillings publicly and sixteen more in private; and how to get her guinea safely home, she had to hire a poor wretch for a shilling to change clothes with her.

Her attire brought her into strange situations. In the character of "Sir Charles" she was at length arrested

for a small debt of seven pounds, when she could not raise as many pence; but through the efforts of Mrs. Betty Careless and other coffee-house keepers of Covent Garden, and with the connivance of a Falstaff-like bailiff, she was released. As "Mr. Brown," she obtained the place of valet to a certain nobleman, and having her own

table and bottle of wine, and a guinea every Wednesday, lorded it over his household until certain coxcombs teased him into the belief that her position was unbecoming. As "Mr. Brown" again, she won the affection of two ladies: a great heiress who, while she was acting with one "Jockey Adams," practically proposed to her and was bitterly grieved to learn that she was Colley Cibber's daughter; and a certain Widow Dorr, proprietress of the *King's Head* at Marylebone, where she was then acting as waiter, who mistook her for a charming young widower.

Extraordinary as are the incidents she relates, she confesses that still stranger tales were afloat about her. Some said that she hawked rabbits slung on poles about the streets; others that she sold fish and once slapped a flounder in her own father's face. One man gave it out that in the guise of a highwayman, she had waylaid Cibber in Epping Forest, robbed him of sixty guineas and spared his life only upon his promise to restore her to his family, whereupon she "thanked him and rode off." However much the estrangement between father and daughter was due to mischievous exaggeration of her eccentricities, her own confession that she attempted to kill the slanderer with "a thick oaken plank," shows her to have been capable of passionate and desperate deeds.

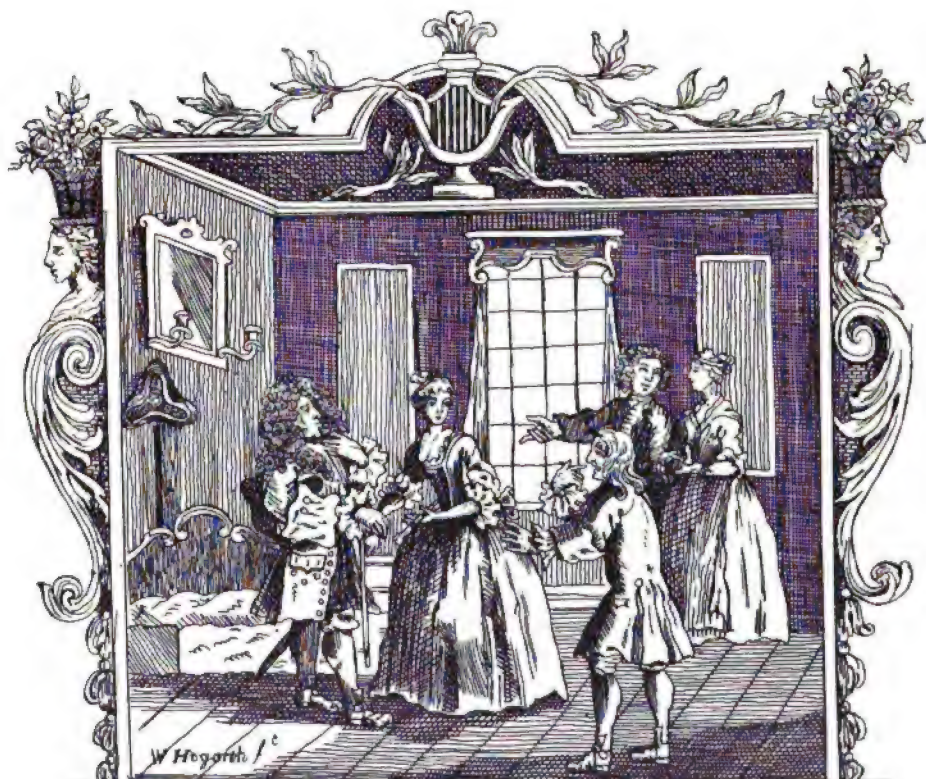
With the exception of the year 1744-5, in which she returned to acting and stage management, and but for persistent ill-luck and family hostility, might even then have prospered, her fortunes grew constantly worse.

For nine years she "vagabondized" throughout England, suffering the "general plagues of disappointment and ill-usage" incident to the life of a strolling player. She tells vividly of squabbles among the actors, of empty chairs, of jeering country audiences, of hounding

by local magistrates from village to village, of imprisonment, illness, debt, roguery practised upon them, of starvation and the edge of despair.

At once dramatic, piteous and not without touches of unconscious humor is the story of her imprisonment at Minchin Hampton, unfortunately too long for quotation. She tells frankly how in her distress she offered to cut the throats of her companions and herself, adding: "They were sorry to see me, they said, so very much disconcerted but could by no means comply with my request." They barely escaped lying among the felons, "whose chains," she says, "were rattling all night long, and made the most hideous noise I ever heard, there being upwards of two hundred men and boys under the different sentences of death and transportation. Their rags and misery gave me so shocking an idea, I begged the man in pity to hang us all three, rather than put us among such a dreadful crew." They obtained, however, the favor of being confined with two shoemakers in the women's condemned cell, where Charlotte was induced to act the prison scene from "The Beggar's Opera," to while away the time. At length, worn out with misery, she, still in her boots and greatcoat, coiled herself between two great hides belonging to the shoemakers, to keep out the chill of the flint floor and slept, only to dream over the horrors of her situation. In the morning, as they were charged with no crime but that of play-acting, they were released after twenty-four hours of confinement.

Several times she attempted to break away from the profession, twice setting up as "Brown, Pastry-Cook from London," trying her hand at market-gardening, at writing and correcting proofs for a Bristol paper, at prompting in a Bath theatre; but she always returned to the boards until, upon the discovery



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THEOPHILUS CIBBER

that she could write a novel, she yielded to her home-sickness for London, and arrived there Christmas, 1754, with a single penny in her pocket, but with a heart buoyant with hope for her manuscript.

Well, she was bound to fail. She had written three little farces, acted in the hey-day of her fame, of which the only one that attained the dignity of print is but a miserable piece of spite-work against a manager with whom she had quarreled. Her "History of Mr. Henry Dumont and Miss Charlotte Evelyn," is lifeless because instead of building out of her own experiences, she conforms to the didactic, sentimental models of the day. Her two later tales are worthy only of Grub Street at the extreme point of destitution. The *Autobiography* remains her one book; and that is even to-

day warm with something of the passionate life that she put into it.

One of her publishers has left a pen picture of her last days in her "wretched thatched hovel," among the scavengers' sweepings of the city. He describes her forlorn servant, her clean dresser furnished with coarse, broken pottery, her fire "merely sufficient to put us in mind of starving," her chattering monkey, her melancholy tabby-cat, her magpie, her pitiful writing materials. Of herself he says only: "At her feet, on the flounce of her dingy petticoat, reclined a dog, almost a skeleton. He raised his shagged head, and eagerly staring with his bleared eyes, saluted us with a snarl. 'Have done, Fidele! these are friends!' The tone of her voice had something in it humbled and disconsolate, a mingled effort of

authority and pleasure. Poor soul! few were her visitors of that description. . . ."

It is the old and miserable tale of the misfit soul, of a man's daring spirit without his strength, of an artistic temperament forced to cope with the hard conditions of the world. We may condemn the woman for grave faults, we may pity her because she paid so heavily; but certainly her Book reveals that she had two abiding sources of comfort: imperishable hope, that led her to believe she should be reconciled with her father, should establish her "Oratorical Academy," should have a "benefit night" at the Haymarket, should yet mend her broken fortunes with her pen; and an abiding sense of

humor, by virtue of which she was able to preface her *Autobiography* with an amusing mock-flattering dedication, "The Author to Herself" which sums up her whimsical character and expresses the hope that she would be a better friend to herself in the future than she had been in the past. In the same spirit she wrote on her title-page:

"This tragic story, or this comic jest,
May make you laugh or cry, as you like
best."

Surely all books that mirror human nature, even a little distorted, are worth writing and worth reading; and whatever its inaccuracies, exaggerations, and faults of style, to this class belongs the one book of "Madcap Charlotte."



PART OF THE MEWS AND ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH
As it appeared when Charlotte was married there

ABOUT ARTHUR SYMONS AND HIS NEW BOOK

BY JAMES HUNEKER

THE new volume of criticism by Arthur Symons is baldly named "Plays, Acting, and Music," and is a personal record of the critic's adventures in the three arts—Mr. Symons has little sympathy for those who do not consider acting one of the fine arts. The first impression of the book may be confusing; its very richness of experience and catholicity in taste will puzzle those who are not aware of this critic's generous culture, his wide travel, his versatility of sympathy, for it is a sympathy constructed of many mood-octaves that can present Nietzsche and Chopin, Bernhardt and de Pachmann, Yvette Guilbert and Duse, Maeterlinck and Sir Henry Irving, Mozart and "Parsifal," the quaint music-making of Arnold Dolmetsch and a consideration of the *Capus* comedies. These and many more topics germane to his triple title are to be found in these studies, all colored by the imagination of the poet, and written in his inevitable, exquisite manner.

Arthur Symons has two distinct publics. In America he is called a critic; as a poet he is less well-known. The early study of Browning, which called forth the printed praise of the late Walter Pater, bids fair to become a text-book for Browning students, a rather curious sequence in the case of such a fluid, undogmatic thinker as Symonds. We have voyaged with him through his "Cities," the mystery of which he lays bare in phrases that are not encountered in any language, with the possible exception of Pierre Loti's; like Loti Symons has the magic trick of pictorial evocation in prose. The soul of old Seville is adum-

brated on his pages or with sentences that seem cloven by a shining scimitar. Constantinople shines or Buda-Pest glitters in the blinding sunlight. And we have followed him in his divigations on the mystics; the spirits of unhappy Gerard de Nerval, and Villiers del' Isle-Adam, the grave pleading of Maeterlinck, the sober madness of Mallarmé, the vagabondage of genius, exemplified by Verlaine and Rimbaud—to mention but a few—are summoned before our vision by this young English master. Perhaps not even in France has been exposed so lucid an account of Stephen Mallarmé, his work, his aims, his significance. I have read them all—Verlaine, Muhlfeld, de Wyzewa Maclair, Remy de Gourmont, Retté, Delaroche, Paul Adam, Albert Mockel Gesquet, and in English, Edmund Gosse; but for the first time the meanings of the extraordinary symbolist emerged from the dense haze in which they lurked like timid living creatures. To have written nothing else would have stamped Mr. Symons as a critic of abnormal acuity and powers of projection that are veritably clairvoyant.

The union of the singing faculty and the critical is unusual, though not without precedent. Coleridge was a great critic, and true-blue Goethe's admirers will tell you that his criticism parallels his creative work. Arthur Symons, the poet, who voices the most subtly modulated and fleeting moods in his Chopin-like verse—he belongs to that choir of singers who chant their woes in the key minor; who love the grey-in-grey of the soul's night; who are poignantly sincere in their lyric utterances—this Arthur Symons is paradoxically, a critic of exemplary acumen, *flâneur* enough to enjoy the "sayings" of Yvette Guil-

bert at the Ambassadeurs, under the branching electric lights, amateur of the fine shades in the miming of Saddo Yacco, of Sarah, of Réjane, and music lover to such a passionate degree that he has written of de Pachmann's Chopin-playing in terms that must make the professional critic envious; and then with his very nerves naked has composed a sonnet to "The Chopin-Player" which catches up in its evanescent hue and rhythmic vibration the very heart of the Polish musician's coiling sonorities. It is a poem so sensitively conceived and ordered that it has no mate in our language but the one written by Rossetti, "The Monochord," in the "House of Life," which indeed matches it in tonal quality and in its atmosphere of dream-like allusiveness and the remote sense of music overheard long ago.

Once I had the good fortune of meeting this young English poet and, I registered my opinion that he was one of the few poets I had seen whose personal appearance had been in the same key as his art. Walt Whitman is the other—for when I saw Swinburne, he had lost the Paderewski-like glamor of his youth. Maurice Maeterlinck had called my attention to the spiritual correspondence of Symons the poet and Symons the man. While this is true of him when he is in repose, in speech and gait and gesture he is brisk, alert, even disputatious, if you wish for an argument. You can see that he is a born fighter. His sentences are delicately poised and always launched with precision. The way he broke lances with Mr. J. Churton Collins proved his fearlessness and he saddened Meredith admirers, including the redoubtable romancer himself, by calmly demonstrating that his novels were not novels, anything else you please, but not novels of real life. In bearing Mr. Symons is compact with energy. He evidently loathes the "aesthete" type; he wears

his hair closely cut to his finely modelled head, and his dress is the unobtrusive dress of the English gentleman. But the poet is present; he peeps out of the cups of large, luminous eyes, with modulating hazel glances. His features are of the Greek cameo type, the nose straight, strong, decisive; the mouth is sensuously cut and betrays love of life. The forehead is as it should be in a man of thought, broad, full to a remarkable degree in the allotted lodgement of the organs of causality; the entire mobile mask revealing impetuous imagination in a high degree. His coloring is a tempered old-gold, not so auburn as was Swinburne's, not so fiery as is Paderewski's. Temperament and intellectuality are stamped upon this characteristic head, a head that you could not mistake for any other but an Englishman's—though one in whom the Kelt rules the strain of his blood.

He read, rather he chanted, in rhythmic and expressive tones, for me, several acts of his new tragedy, "Tristan and Isolde," which Duse has elected to play next year. Resisting the rhetorical appeal inherent in the very nature of the theme—witness Swinburne, Arnold and others—Symons has fashioned a swiftly moving play in which the two *Isoldes* are retained, in which the tension of the dramatic idea is never loosened by an overplus of lyrics or mere episodic artifices, while the characterization is solid, the situations, in a theatric sense, vivid, and the action suitable for the theatre. This cannot be said of dramatic poems, as a rule. "Tristan and Isolde"—the legend of which this poet calls "the greatest in the world" has been translated into German, and may see a performance in that tongue before it does in English.

Mr. Symons has just returned to London after an eight months' sojourn in Italy, where he gathered material—in-

ter alia for a book on Giorgione. He is now putting the finishing touches to a book of "Studies in Prose and Verse," essays on modern writers from Balzac to Stephen Phillips. As a matter of record it might be well to note that his "Symbolist Movements in Literature" is the first of a series in which the author is gradually working his way towards the concrete expression of a theory, or system of aesthetics, of all the arts. "Plays, Acting, and Music," deals mainly with the stage, and, secondarily with music; it is to be followed by a volume called "Studies in the Seven Arts," and later a book of imaginary portraits is to follow under the title of "Spiritual Adventures." Thus it may be seen that Mr. Symons's range is more than Paterian.

I need hardly add that he was a friend, a personal disciple of Walter Pater. Yet if the points of contact are many, for me Arthur Symons is a man of wider sympathies than his master, wider in range and also more vital in his expression of these sympathies. He, too, has the gift of musical speech, that languorous slow musical prose which winds about a subject like the many-colored lengths of some tropical python. His is prose to be degustated for its after-effects just as we balance on the palate a few drops of precious old wine. And the effect is as enchanting. Seldom has a poet of high class lyric gifts written prose which is real prose, cool in rhythm logical, in line architecturally sound, and without a suspicion of bastard poetic-prose—the exact reverse of Swinburne and his exotic, flaring pages. With all his love of rhythm, color and assonance, there is a continence in the Symons prose that proclaims him a true artistic son of Pater, and not a pseudo-Paterian—this happy phrase is Mr. Ferris Greenslet's—one who has intellectually girded up his loins and elects to follow with the utmost rigor

if needs be, that definition of the critic written by Pater himself:

The function of the aesthetic critic is to distinguish, analyze, and separate from its adjuncts the virtue by which a picture, a landscape, a fair personality in life or in a book produces the special impression of beauty or pleasure, to indicate what the source of the impression is and under what conditions it is experienced.

In "Plays, Acting, and Music," you may dive often and always fetch to the surface some pearl. This does not mean that one must agree with all his *dicta*; this critic would resent such facile acquiescence. His aim is to stimulate inquiry by a calmly delivered paradox, by a statement thrown down as a gauntlet; or better still, taking you by the hand and gently leading you with him—the sense of his personal presence is on every leaf of the volume—and showing you, beyond peradventure of a retort, that "the man who writes music is no more truly an artist than the man who plays the music, the poet who composes rhythms in words no more truly an artist than the dancer who composes rhythms with the body, and the one is no more to be preferred to the other, than the painter is to be preferred to the sculptor, or the musician to the poet."

There is a Newman-like modulation of mood in some of these criticisms, a Newman who has read Renan and become noble Pagan. The same ductile silver-fire of persuasive prose, the same ineffable atmosphere of high breeding and high thinking—Marius returned to life writing criticism in modern London! Mr. Symons does not place technique above the other ingredients of art. He has studied both Ysaye the violinist, and de Pachmann the Chopinist too carefully; he has listened to Georgette Leblanc, that extraordinary, gifted wife of Maurice Maeterlinck, act her songs and sing her dramas; he has heard Florence Farr speak verse to the



ARTHUR SYMONS

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliott and Fry, London

accompaniment of the psaltery, and Yeats croon his own mystic lines; he admires Sarah Bernhardt, Duse and Réjane—so unusual a thing that it deserves to be engraved on warning bronze; he tells us of Molière and Coquelin; he defines the limitations of Jane Hading; and he has wonderful opinions of Tschaikowsky's B minor symphony.

The criticism of "Pelleas and Mélisande," as might be expected, is rarely fine; and Mr. Symons is not afraid to be forthright when describing a Henry Arthur Jones play. Indeed all of his dramatic criticism is sane and singularly free from the "poetic" cant, that sort we hear of so much from the mouths of young persons who would abolish quite, stage conventions and, incidentally, close all the theatres. Our critic knows that to the theatrical Caesar just so much must be rendered or else practical drama is impossible. I think he is too severe on George Bernard Shaw; but perhaps he did not see him at his best—or worst! "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is frank, and it is also, notwithstanding its theme, refreshing after some of the French and German problem plays. I am charmed by the way

Symons praises Capus. In New York this witty, entertaining, wholly delightful stage writer has been sniffed at because of the more than liberal pinch of Gallic salt in his work. Also has he been traduced in translation.

Mozart in the Mirabell Gardens at Salzburg, the new "Bayreuth" at Munich, an apology for puppets, musical criticism, suggestions to theatrical managers—the range is discursive, the treatment illuminating. I have come to verbal blows before this with Mr. Symons on the subject of Richard Strauss, so I looked, I confess, with some eagerness for his strong and wrong study of the Munich composer which appeared about a year ago in the *Monthly Review*. Possibly he is keeping it for his new volume. I also wondered why in his discriminating study of that very remarkable woman, Yvette Guilbert, he did not include his characteristic sonnet on Yvette at the Café des Ambassadeurs. But there is richness enough in "Plays, Acting, and Music," It can never be a negligible book, and while it may be fluttered through at a sitting, it will be returned to more than once by the lover of artistic, novel and right appreciation.



NEW GERMAN PLAYS, "REALISTIC" AND "ROMANTIC"

BY LIONEL STRACHEY

IN the great process of evolution supposed to be at work through the whole domain of creation, the mind of man is not reckoned exempt from change, despite the contrary assertion that "human nature always remains the same." Viewing, however, the fact that history, which may continue for millions of years, has thus far spanned eight thousand at most, it might be premature to set up a positive doctrine as to man's mental mutability. So we will not argue here whether Edison's fundamental cast of thought differs from Abraham's. Indeed, the question arisen for our immediate consideration is a much smaller one. But it is a question forming a phase of the larger—the aforesaid reputed (or disputed) change in the ideas and feelings of the mortal (or immortal) beast called man.

We are taking as a theme for our little passing preachment only one form of mental expression, solely bearing on the present times and merely proceeding from a fraction of this paltry world's people. Our said theme is provided by the German contemporary drama.

It chanced that within the space of the three hundred and sixty-four days last gone by, Germany's four most eminent playwrights have each put out a new work earning more or less approbation in that land of books and beer. Germany, being a country, too, where systematic philosophers abound, is noted for separation, classification, specification, particularization. If your wife desires a pair of kid gloves mended and cleaned, she sends it to a *Damen-glacéhandschuhaufbesserungsundreinigungsanstalt*, which means a "ladies'-kid-hand-shoe-up-improvement-and-cleansing-institution." Nor is this

conscientious cataloguing confined to the treatment of dirty old gloves. Everything must be comprehensively labelled. In the case of material objects it is easy enough, for in that community of intellectual liberty everyone is free to invent words numbering as many syllables as please him—or displease others. But in the high empyrean realms of abstract conceptions, where you soar dreamily among nebulous phantasms exquisitely vague, to designate, denote, define, is a more difficult matter. You must then grant precision a holiday, and be satisfied to feel a proper awe while contemplating the whitherward whereforeness of a "development-progress," a "culture-current," a "thought-direction," a "time-tendency."

Should you happen to visit a theatre, you must ascertain, in order to enjoy the piece, what category of "development" or "direction" it belongs to. No matter how fine a work of art the play may be, unless you are able to give it some classifying name which has nothing whatever to do with the merits of that play, then must your enjoyment be imperfect. If, for instance, you saw Sudermann's "Der Sturmgesele Sokrates," or Halbe's "Der Strom," or Haptmann's "Rose Bernd," there would fall on you the necessity of knowing these prose dramas to represent "the young-German realistic drama-development," but if, on the other hand, you witnessed Fulda's "Novella d'Andrea," it would be incumbent upon you to appreciate that this versified play "the old-German romantic drama-school with-into-reckoned be might."

"The Lamp" for March, 1904, con-

tains an excellent discursive article on "Der Sturmgeselle Sokrates," which deserves attention from all who cannot read German, but who wish clear information upon Sudermann's latest comedy. It suits our present purpose to collect certain fragments of this article into a unified paragraph.

"The author gives us a political satire directed against the Quixotic extravagances of a few survivors of the revolution of 1848. The scene is laid in the extreme East of Prussia, where a handful of veterans of the great revolution year continue to hold sessions. These sessions are conducted amid all the worm-eaten paraphernalia of arch-conspiracy. Bismarck has erected a new German Empire, but the moss-grown disciples of freedom shut their eyes to the present and drink their beer under the black-red-golden banner of the Revolution. Each conspirator bears an assumed name; and as Giordano Bruno, Poniatowski, Cataline, Spinoza and Socrates, they prepare proscription lists against the day of reckoning and prate of barricades and tyrant's blood. 'Socrates' Hartmeyer, a dentist of the old school, is bitterly jealous of his son's professional success. An unexpected visit from their old enemy, the local *Landrat* or government official, reveals the helplessness and poltroonery of the brotherhood, but the son comes to the rescue and purchases security for the conspirators by curing the prince's favorite dog of tooth-ache. It is possible that in some remote corner of East Prussia, Sudermann has seen just such moth-eaten dreamers. But they are not the typical men of 1848."

We add that so rhapsodical an idealist as the elder Hartmeyer—who writes poetry when not extracting teeth—would be hard to find in any part of Prussia, or the world. And we enquire: Are not these conspiring, Quixotic,

extravagant dreamers people quite strange, and difficult to imagine?

Another sort of improbable character is presented in "Rose Bernd," Hauptmann's new play, which we may call, for those liking labels, a "religious drama." The hero, August Keil, bookseller in a Silesian village, is an earnest prayerful, ascetic youth, personifying the Christian ideal of charity. By this we mean, not the spurious, smug, canting, go-to-church-on-Sunday masquerade of the twentieth century, but the love taught in the Four Gospels which sets itself no bounds, which forgives every transgression. Born—as Tess of the D'Urbervilles—with fire in the blood, Rose Bernd, though betrothed to August, yields to the persuasions of a married man. She then succumbs to the more brutal courtship of another, and perhaps, one is given to understand, to the subsequent solicitations of others still. Yet August, aware of her infidelity, pities and pardons, and has no thought of abandoning the unhappy girl, who goes through terrible torments of remorse. And when August's irascible father invokes the law against Rose's second seducer for putting out one of his son's eyes in anger, the saintly sufferer pleads with his father to desist from the prosecution. "It's true I have lost an eye," he declares, "but I don't care to have him punished. 'Vengeance is mine' is what the Lord says." The supreme spirit of mercy is shown too by the woman—a house-tied invalid—who knows her husband to have sinned with Rose. Far from "woman-like taking revenge too deep," the childless wife sheds the soft dew of sympathy upon the erring repentant, promising to harbour old Bernd's guilty daughter and the (as yet unborn) infant.

So much tragedy, such great nobility, are surely foreign to the common run of life, the pathos almost sublime,

the bigness of heart more than beautiful.

Max Halbe, a native of Western Prussia, has lately produced "*Der Strom*." Halbe is given to the employment of allegory. Thus, the "*Strom*," or stream, in question is the river Vistula, so powerful, so direful, that the inhabitants of the region through which it flows must maintain for their safety a system of protecting earthen dams; the "*Strom*" is also the course of fate bearing down relentless upon human beings in consequence of their actions.

Peter Doorn, upon the death of his father, contrives to defraud his two brothers, Heinrich and Jakob, of their birthright—properties adjacent to the Vistula. Peter's wife, Renate, learning his criminal secret, becomes estranged from him, but for a long space does not betray the knowledge even to Jakob, a boy who at seventeen is madly in love with his elder brother's consort. To the grievous wrong committed against this boy Peter adds contumelious harshness, treating him with shameful tyranny. When the third brother, Heinrich, once a suitor of Renate, comes home after protracted travels, her husband's unworthiness breaks upon her with a still bitterer force, and events that succeed bring about the disclosure of Peter's iniquity. Boiling with a furious passion for revenge, the youngest brother rushes off to wreck the dam which has kept from harm that tract of land so profitable to Peter. The boy is seen at work with his feverish spade, and Peter hastens to the place to prevent a catastrophe. But Jakob will brook no interference. He attacks Peter. And in the fierce bodily struggle which ensues the brothers roll together into the fateful stream.

Three brothers—one of them but seventeen years old—in love with the same woman; one brother criminally suppressing a will made in favor of the

other two; malice and hatred between two brothers, culminating in reciprocal murder; a woman living under her husband's roof and denying him her body because he has destroyed the peace of her soul; a family, a village, a province, in constant fear of disaster threatening by tide and flood—what an exorbitant picture this of moral stress and misery, of wickedness, of anger, of man's and nature's fiercest violence.

By way of resumption: how much of the unusual, the unlikely, the incongruous, the extravagant do these three dramas embody.

Ludwig Fulda's "*Novella d'Andrea*" tells the story of a woman who thought she loved learning, but who lived to learn that she loved—a man. This man of mediæval Bologna, Giovanni da Sangiorgio, has encouraged the fair but stern *Novella d'Andrea* to delve in the documents, to peruse the parchments which serve her father in his vocation of legal lecturer in the university of that Italian city. After some absence Sangiorgio, returning, finds the bookish *Novella* so enraptured with academic lore that she now aspires herself to sit in a doctor's chair and teach. Her young and silly sister Bettina has meanwhile grown to womanhood, and through her outward charm takes Sangiorgio's heart captive. He pleads with *Novella* to smile upon a certain suit of his on which he has misgivings. She, flushed with joyful anticipations, readily consents to do so. With equal, though pretended pleasure she receives Giovanni's avowal that the object of his diffident adoration is Bettina. Under *Novella's* benedictions the lovers unite, and depart to Padua.

Ten years elapse. The dead *Andrea* has since been succeeded by his elder daughter, whose profound learning, dispensed from the solemn cathedra in the university, has made *Novella* famous throughout the land. Again San-

giorgio returns. He is a disenchanted, disappointed man. He confesses to the lady doctor of law that her frivolous sister has not touched the spiritual part of him, that the fine communion of souls on matters high and serious is denied him forever beside a wife whose whole concern is of ribbons and laces, kettles and pans. He hints, too, that another match would have been more to his liking. And now Novella flares out, upbraids Sangiorgio for moulding false illusions of academic fame in the heart of her—a woman, made to love, not lecture. In a tempest of scornful and fiery words she confesses that it was him she had worshipped, not the books, not the studies, not the beckoning laurels of scholastic glory. A severely virtuous woman, she bids the contrite Giovanni face about and go back to his stupid Bettina and her frills and saucers. Then she withdraws to an alcove filled with bulky volumes, takes one to hand, sits down at a table, and begins to read a chapter of law. Upon which, according to Herr Fulda's stage directions, "quite slowly sinks itself the curtain."

Yes, after four acts of Bolognese life in the middle ages, with all the proper spinning wheels, and minstrels, and towers, and princes, and astrologers, and folios, and heralds, and Latin, the curtain falls on a conclusion as "modern," as "natural," as any admirer of Ibsen could wish for. In fact, here is a play pregnant with the poetic atmosphere of vanished Italian times, a play, moreover, written in graceful blank verse, which is conspicuous by an ending irreproachably "realistic!" Of the other three dramas neither takes you more than a quarter of a century back. Sudermann's is redundant with Prussian slang, petty domestic vulgarities,

and latter-day scepticism. Many of the people in "Rose Bernd" speak in the scarce understandable rural jargon of Hauptmann's native Silesia, wear sweaty shirts, indulge grossly their lowest physical wants, and talk as pigs might—if pigs could talk. The characters of "Der Strom" enounce no beautiful thoughts whatever, nor do they embroider their dull commonplaces with any choice and dainty flowers, of classic diction. Their interests are confined, their conversations immeasurably tedious, and long, their quarrels frequent—and many, their daily life is sordid. But with all these insignia of "realism" hanging about "Der Sturmeselle Sokrates," and "Rose Bernd," and "Der Strom," you remark a great pervasion of the imaginative, the fantastic, the exaggerated, the improbable. You perceive, in short, that in many of their essential elements those plays are completely "romantic"!

It seems then, that the contemporary German drama, despite the attempt to fasten precise names upon its differing examples, really eludes such forms of baptism. Evidently, one must not be content to accept a new German play which appears—or, for the matter of that, any new play—under some designation hatched from the preferences or aversions of pontifical critics. Let us take nothing for granted; let us doubt and investigate. Perhaps—as we suspect—the general opinion would relegate all such trifles of literary bric-à-brac to persons with unlimited leisure, or to gentlemen living by the sheer loquacity of their pens. But if we have incited a single soul to examine with cold eye any literary, political, social, religious, or other sanctified dogmatic label, then have we not discoursed on trifles in vain.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH, NOVELIST

BY A. SCHADE VAN WESTRUM

LIGHTHOUSE builder, novelist, painter, all these things Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith is, but he never is all three at once. The impression has gone abroad that his is a facile versatility, that he turns from plans for a lighthouse to a page or two of manuscript by way of diversion, and varies these light and pleasant occupations by painting a picture now and then. And the criticism has been made that if he were not so "infernally clever," and obliged to take more pains with his work, if production were less easy for him, he might do better.

The impression is an erroneous one; whatever Mr. Hopkinson Smith does, he does with all his energy, all his talent. The idea of an exceptionally gifted all-round amateur—"they take me for a kind of three-card Monte man," he complains humorously—is swiftly dissipated by a talk with him. It is possible that he might do better; it is certain that he conscientiously does his best, that he lives with his work and wrestles with it till the last moment before he lets it go out of his own hands into the world.

With Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith the lighthouse builder and painter this interview has but indirect concern; it is the writer of fiction who stands in the foreground, and as a novelist, at least, he bears evidence in his talk to his willingness and ability—his habit—of taking infinite pains.

Of course, the lighthouse builder and the artist have constantly contributed, are constantly adding to the material at the disposal of the novelist. Mr. Smith's stories are biographical and autobiographical, nearly all of them. The painter gave us, for one thing, the *Wanderbuch* entitled "A White Umbrella in Mexico," and sundry short

stories; the lighthouse builder found the material for "Tom Grogan" and "Caleb West." The autobiographical and reminiscent vein of all three sides of his life has produced "Oliver Horne" and "Colonel Carter."

Criticism has also been made by certain reviewers of Mr. Smith's occasionally poetic optimism. But listen to him in his own defence:

"I have lived and worked and bunked with all kinds of people; when one is building lighthouses he comes in contact with human nature—American human nature—in the raw. Well, experience has taught me to look for the good in even the worst of us, and you would be surprised, if you would only cultivate the habit, at the amount of good that dwells not only under a rough exterior, but in the hardest of characters. The good predominates over the bad, trust me, in this workaday world of ours. My experience has taught me to believe it, and I cling to that tenet. I would share it with others, not only because it makes life better and more pleasant, but because it is the truth. I have faith in the ultimate triumph of good over evil, in the fundamental kindness of human nature."

"Do you draw direct from life, Mr. Smith—in your books, I mean?"

"I do not, and I cannot. I use all my material, but I arrange it as seems best to me for the purposes of my story. There was 'Tom' Grogan, for instance. She was sixty years old when I found her and her trucking business in Stapleton, on Staten Island. Her figure was gone, of course, the beauty of her face remained only in faint traces; it was her talk that led me to look into the earlier life story of this brave mother of her brood. I never knew her in the early

days of her career that I have depicted in my story, but I have told the truth so far as I could learn it from her lips and from the people of her neighborhood, who respected and loved her. You see, the Tom Grogan who had won her battle was not nearly so valuable for the purposes of the novelist as was the beautiful, strong, courageous young woman of the people whose fight was all before her."

Here Mr. Smith took from his shelves several volumes of an extra-illustrated and interleaved edition of his works which alone would repay a visit to his study. The illustrations are portraits of the originals of all his stories, to the interleaves are attached receipted bills, letters, and other mementoes of these people, many notes of thanks for autograph copies received, but none of these simple folk seems to have recognized the partial portrait of himself in the printed page.

On the walls hang portraits of Chad and Aunt Chloe, and others of the old-time darkies beloved by the author and remembered with tender affection, side by side with the masters they served and who honored them, beside Mr. Smith's father and mother and earlier ancestors.

"Yes," said he in answer to a question, "Oliver Horne is part of my biography, pure and simple; it is also the picture of the ante-bellum Southern life as I knew it and remember it. There is no 'literary window-dressing' in the picture for the sake of effect; I made due allowance for the distance that lends enchantment to the view. It was a beautiful life, simple and dignified and courteous and open. I am profoundly thankful that I was privileged to see it before its disappearance, that it was impressed upon my memory clearly enough to be told by me."

"And Col. Carter, is he a portrait, too?"

"He is a composite. No Southerner, I am safe to boast, and I boast of it gladly, ever yet has failed to recognize the type; I despair of ever making a Northerner appreciate its truthfulness.

"The Surrender," continued Mr. Smith, "made the Southern gentleman as helpless as the carpet-bagging régime made the Negro useless. The younger whites, the generation of them that was growing up when Col. Carter found himself penniless, learned the greatest of all lessons of life, and learned it quickly—that work is our only salvation. I went to work in a hardware store at sixteen, not because it was absolutely necessary, but because my mother saw that work alone could rehabilitate us all down there in the South, that the social stigma attaching to labor must be removed. Well, we learned the lesson fast enough; it was Southern energy and Northern capital that rebuilt the country. We had no money left."

"Are you willing to talk about the Negro problem, Mr. Smith?"

"Like all Southerners, I do a lot of thinking on the subject, but if you ask me for a solution, I must tell you that I have none. Mind you, I don't believe in slavery; it was right and just that the institution should vanish from this continent. But I deplore the manner and method of its abolition.

"Just before the war the South had a social and economic system that answered all its needs. We were agriculturists; the time of modern industries had not yet come. We had trained to perfection the best body of skilled laborers this continent has ever seen. Not merely field hands, mind you. Every large plantation had its carpenters, wheelwrights, cobblers, blacksmiths, machinists, so far as machinery was needed in those days. They were excellent workmen, these old-time darkies, and, on the whole, they were happy and contented. There was some



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF F. HOPKINSON SMITH

cruelty, I grant you: absolute mastery begets it always, but, after all, the argument that few people are fools enough to injure their own property will suffice to prove my claim that its percentage was small.

"Well, this large body of labor needed constant guidance and supervision. Its responsibilities were made very small for it. Then came emancipation, which to the childlike darky meant a lifelong holiday; he began to indulge the chief vice of the untutored mind, laziness. During the war he had given proof of devotion, a loyalty, an honesty that will never be forgotten. Our women were as safe under his protection as the table silver, which they gave him to bury and hide.

"What have we to-day," Mr. Smith broke out with sudden heat, "Do you have any idea of the amount of crime that is not punished with lynching, that is hidden by the family from the world for the sake of its victim?"

"Well," he continued after a moment, "this is a literary interview, I believe. What I was going to say is that the manner in which the Negro was freed was not only the greatest calamity of the South, but that it has become the most serious of our national problems. He was encouraged to deteriorate, to become useless. He forgot the trades of his fathers; manual labor was no longer for him. From the best he became the worst, the least reliable and least productive of American workers; and he has his well-meaning friends of the North, who knew nothing of him or his weaknesses, to thank for it. The economic reconstruction of the South is still to come. We have always loved the Negro, we still love him, but with wisdom and understanding. He has been taught to hate us. Upon my soul, emancipation was right, but the way in which it was mismanaged by honest fanatics and exploited by unscrupulous whites was the greatest crime

ever committed against the Negro himself, as well as against the white South. The evil of a generation has to be undone, if it can be undone. We know what is confronting us; so does Booker Washington."

"You spoke a moment ago of the adaptation of your originals to the medium of fiction, Mr. Smith. Have you formulated any rules that might be of value to others?"

"My first rule," said Mr. Smith, "is to do only one thing at a time, and to do it with all the energy I am capable of. When I am building a lighthouse, I do not attempt to write a novel as well, and when I am writing a novel, I leave my water-colors severely alone. I am taking notes all the time, of course, but that is another matter. The thing is done either subconsciously, or with the aid of a notebook; in either case it is not allowed to interfere with the task of the moment. The men working with me do not become literary material to me until after the work is finished. If I am observing them all the while, it is for more practical purposes, from force of habit, as we all study each other. If a promising literary subject proves to be an incapable workman, he will soon be looking for another job, I can assure you.

"What do you consider the greatest difficulty in the writing of novels?"

"My greatest difficulty is what I always call, to myself the 'conveyance of information' to the reader. Every novelist has to do that, and I never know how far to go. Must I be explicit to the last detail, or shall I rely upon the coöperation of the reader? Mind you, it is not a question of his intelligence, but of his willingness to do part of the work for himself. Descriptions, too, bother me considerably. For the purpose of my plot it may be necessary to impress upon the reader's memory a certain door, let us say. Very much later on in

the story its service and significance will be made clear. Now, you know Dickens's manner of dwelling upon this link in the plot. He may devote a whole page to it, to the worn steps that lead up to it, to the thousands of feet that have trodden them, to the hopes and fears that they have beaten time to; the wood of the door, the darkened spot around the handle, the result of many groping hands; perhaps a card tacked to the door—all this Dickens will utilize to achieve his purpose, leading one along a hundred bye-paths, drawing upon the past, the present, and the future, yet ever strengthening his one aim—the impression upon your memory of that door. You will be interested in all he tells you about it, but in the end it alone will stick. Very well. Now, along comes Rudyard Kipling and hits you on the brain, so to speak, with four lines that contain not an unnecessary word, from which not a necessary word is missing. And the result is the same; you remember that door; you will not forget it to the end of the story. Which of the two is the better method?

"Again, take the matter of dialogue. Flaubert said that dialogue should be avoided wherever straight narrative could be employed; Charles Reade followed exactly the opposite rule. Straight narrative is seemingly the simpler, and to me at least the easier way, but dialogue gives more color, more life to a story. Furthermore, to what extent can it be used for its own sake, as embellishment? Must we follow the rule of the stage, under which every spoken word must further the action, and develop character; or may we be realistic enough to add to the semblance of life by talk which has but an indirect bearing upon the subject in hand?

"And what are the rights of subsidiary characters? Are they to be drawn in full, or is only that side of them which concerns the chief personages and the

plot to be presented to the reader? It is, after all, a matter of proportions, of 'drawing to scale,' but, unhappily, the scale remains too often a variable quantity from chapter to chapter."

"But you have settled these questions so far as your own work is concerned?"

"I think that I have solved them whenever I am building or painting; occasionally when my MS. goes to the publisher. But when I see it in print, the whole subject jumps up anew and clamors for absolute rules. Then I try again."

"Do you do much revising?"

"Yes. After my story is finished, I begin all over again. First the story, then the characters in their relation to it, and to each other; then each of them by itself—for the sake of consistency. After that is done with, I turn to the mechanics of the book—paragraphs, sentences, and finally words. One of my novels I rewrote completely after its serial publication had been begun. I never am contented with my work; that's why, I think, I never lose my interest in it."

"You have been abroad a great deal, Mr. Smith. Do you share the opinion that European life offers greater opportunities to the novelist than our own?"

"Quite the reverse. To the American novelist, at least, the life of his own country must be by far the more interesting, fruitful, and suggestive. We may be less complex than the European, but we are also much less obvious. There is far less on the surface of our lives than there is elsewhere; we do not wear our hearts, our emotions, on our sleeves, as the saw has it. They must be looked for in the right place, and considerable strenuous digging is necessary to get at them. Stories of American life need not be superficial; when they are, there is simply lack of insight, of intuition. On the other hand, they must not be too analytical, for that would do violence to the simple outward semblance.

"I have also a theory of the duty of a novelist as the historian of the social life of his nation. His labor should be devoted to his own people and his own time; he may serve them, he may also be of service to later generations in the drawing of the pictures of his period. All novelists are historians, our realists far more so than the romanticists."

"The novelist as historian must take great care, then, in the selection of his material?"

"Invariably. He must attempt to draw a true picture."

"What material in our present-day American life would you consider the most representative for treatment in fiction?"

"The men who *do* things. The engineers who are building the new bridge across the East River, for instance. The other day the tunnel under the Hudson was joined, with a deviation of three-eighths of one inch from the plans. Think of these men working under water, in the dark, two hours at a stretch—a third would kill them—with nothing to guide them but their mastery of mathematics. Think of Edison, exhausted by nights of unceasing work, evoking from a piece of zinc the human voice, 'God is great!' Can't you see his assistants, called in, listening: 'Do you hear it, or is it my overstrained nerves?' And the voice again answering to the touch of the needle to the zinc, 'God is great!' Isn't that stupendous, isn't it Homeric?"

"Take our transcontinental railroad builders, the strain and stress of labor, the mental exhaustion, the physical fatigue, and then the solemn moment of the last spike!"

"Work, progress, that's the keynote of our life; let it be the keynote of our fiction. Corners in cotton, the thimble-rigging of stocks, speculations, over-capitalization, all the favorite topics of so many of our current novels are but excrescences upon the true body of our

growth. Kipling went to the heart of the spirit of our age in 'The Day's Work.'"

"But is there material for more than short stories in all this?"

"I do not know, but I purpose to find out."

"Novels of that kind would do away with psychology?"

"I think not. You will find material for a vast amount of profitable psychological research in the brain of an inventor, the mind of an engineer. But, mind you, the psychology will have to be scientific, not intuitive."

"Would not the social side of life, and the emotions be neglected in fiction of that kind?"

"As for the social side, I am perfectly willing to wait until it has evolved. We are in a sad and bewildering state of transition. I have no patience with the new order of things. Why all this Europeanization, why the chaperone in the lead? Cannot we trust our young men as our mothers and sisters trusted them in their day? We are spicing our social life as we are spicing our food, with exotics. And our national manners and morals suffer as much as do our stomachs and our capacity for work. Europe can give us so much that is good, why persist in taking what we really have never needed? Wherever I go I observe this impatience of the rising generation with the good old American ways. Well, perhaps that's part of the day's work, too. It were better to say, part of the day's idleness."

"And about the emotions?"

"Plenty of emotion in the discovery of the principle of Edison's phonograph, or in the first turn of the screw of a 20,000-ton ocean racer."

"I mean more particularly the emotion of love."

"I am not very sure that Americans of both sexes, young and old, understand each other very well. Their training,

their paths in life lead them apart almost from the first, co-education and comradeship to the contrary notwithstanding. The motif of love cannot dominate the modern American novel, any more than it dominates modern American life. It is not the strongest bond our men and women have in common. I am not given to prophecy, but you will find that we are to have a period of novels for women by women, of which men will be able to make neither head nor tail, and of novels for men by men, in which women will not take the slightest interest."

"Who will read the novels for men by men, Mr. Smith?"

"We will leave that question unanswered until they make their appearance."

"Will you tell me in conclusion, Mr. Smith, what is your final test of the availability of material for fiction?"

"That is very easily answered. If I can tell the whole story of my novel in five minutes at a dinner-table, and secure the undivided attention of my listeners, I know that it is good. If I fail to do this, my work will be in vain."

FROM JOHNSON TO TENNYSON

BY MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER

A GAIN, in this fourth and final volume of this ambitious "record," it is only just for the appraiser to emphasize the participle of the title. The illustration is quite up to the high standard set by the previous volumes, partly by the nearness of the period, of which, indeed, the end is hardly yet, and still more by the invention, about midway of it, of photography and by the increasing diffusion of the same, the task of the illustrator has been less than before of collection, more than before of selection, involving rejection. That so many rarities should have been added to the familiar pictures, and that the rarities should be of such interest and value, speaks extremely well for whoever has had the matter of illustration in charge. The full pages of Cowper, of Burns, of Wordsworth, of Coleridge,

of Southey, of the Allan Sir Walter, of the Reynolds Burke, of the Severn Keats, of the Hazlitt Charles Lamb, of the Archer De Quincey, of the Watts Tennyson, of the Talfourd Brownings, of the Maclise Dickens, of the Drake Cardinal Newman, of the Laurence Thackeray, of the Millais Ruskin, of the Watts Arnold, of the auto-Rossetti, of the St. Gaudens Stevenson, not all familiar and none by any means vulgar, and all admirably reproduced, would of themselves make a portfolio worth, to many reading people, quite the price of the volume. And these, though the most conspicuous, form but a small fraction, either in number or value, of the total of illustrations, all pertinent, nearly all well-chosen and well-done, and comprehending the various kinds of elucidation promised in the general preface, and most desired by the judicious reader. Take Thackeray. Here is not only the comparatively unfamiliar full page already mentioned, but a caricature by Leech, a not less amusing

ENGLISH LITERATURE. An Illustrated Record. In four volumes. Volume IV. From the Age of Johnson to the Age of Tennyson. By Edmund Gosse. New York. The Macmillan Company. 1904. 4to, pp. xii, 462.

and characterizing drawing by Millais, the Kensington house (birthplace of "Vanity Fair"—"Esmond" inclusive), and a three-page fac-simile of a letter. Item, a full-page of a drawing in color by Thackeray to illustrate Douglas Jerrold's "Men of Character." And so with every other famous writer in his degree, the degree to which his writings arouse a personal curiosity about him. (By the way, how tremendously Byron would have sate for his photograph, if he had flourished co-incidentally with the later art, and how often Wordsworth, too, would have been persuaded to expose his equine visage to the camera.) The gross result is a total of something like four hundred illustrations of all kinds, including fac-similes of specimens of handwriting and title pages of famous books, and the like; or an average of one to the page; the net result a much clearer illumination upon the subjects, of the kind such things give, than most readers can have had before, in some respects than any reader can have had before. Like its predecessors, more than its predecessors by reason of the nearness of its subject-matter, this volume is a real possession even for the lover of English literature who merely cons its illustrations, reverting to the text only now and again for a date or a bibliographical fact.

The reader may be pardoned for thinking that that is the best use he can make of the text, and that printed matter written up to and around illustrations cannot be seriously enough written to make it worth his while to read it consecutively. That is not entirely true. It would be damning "From Johnson to Tennyson" with praise much too faint to say that it is very much better done than "From Milton to Johnson." It is praising it only justly to say that to read it consecutively is to get the best of it, and that its defects are of detail rather than of conception. In other words

there is a general conception and a real evolution. In poetry, for example, Mr. Gosse establishes, by the accepted methods of triangulation, summits in the sierra of the poetry of his period, the group of the pioneers of romanticism, towards the end of the eighteenth century, though after Collins and Gray, the group of Cowper and Crabbe and Burns, then the group of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and Scott, and Southey, then the group of Shelley, and Keats, and Byron, lastly the group of Tennyson, and the Tennysonian foothills, and then like the mountain goat, he skips from crag to crag. He does skip a good deal, that is the fact, and with his detailed estimate of what he does not skip we often have occasion to quarrel. But he does trace the evolution of English poetry during the nineteenth century in a clear and intelligible fashion, and for that we ought to be obliged to him.

The sins of omission which the reader notes seem to proceed from Mr. Gosse's misconception of his function as commentator. He announces in his preface that the principles of selection followed in the other earlier volumes have been adhered to in this. The chief and indeed only one of these principles that the reader can detect is that cheerfully announced by Emerson:—"What attracts my attention shall have it." Which was all very well for a detached and unsystematic observer like him. But it is not the point of view which a commentator engaged in compiling what the backs of the volumes declare to be "An Illustrated History of English Literature" is entitled to take. In such a work the student should be able to look with confidence for the expression of the consensus of mankind. It is not the place for the promulgation of estimates individual to the point of being disputed, much less to the point of being fantastic. And disputable or fantastic estimates abound in Mr. Gosse's work. It is true

that Cowper and Crabbe belonged to the future—their future—by the homeliness of their diction, which the “Critical Review,” by the way, found on the appearance of Cowper’s first volume “coarse, vulgar, and unpoetical,” and by the homeliness of their subjects. It is possible that Mr. Gosse means something by saying of Blake that “his aim, fitfully and feverishly accomplished, is to fling the roseate and cerulean fancies of his brain on a gossamer texture woven out of the songs of Shakespeare, and the echoes of Fingal’s airy hall,” though what it may be we know not. Burns is “hors de ligne” and Mr. Gosse leaves him so. But it is certain that in expounding the real Romantic revival, just at the close of the eighteenth century, he allows too little to Scott, and too much to the Lake poets. Towards providing a public for that revival, Scott, in verse as well as in prose, did as much as all the others together. Mr. Gosse plausibly fixes the publication of Burger’s “Lenore,” in 1774, “as the starting point of European Romanticism.” But he omits to notice that Scott’s translation of it antedated the “Lyrical Ballads,” while in immediate popularity there was of course no comparison. What Mr. Gosse has to say about the Lakers, however, is what one is entitled to expect in a work of encyclopædical pretensions and proportions, and is none the worse, nay, is all the better, for not being strikingly “original.” And of the next group he says “whot a owt to ‘a said,” with the addition of doing more justice than one is accustomed to find done in such surveys to Leigh Hunt and his indirect contributions to the “school” to which his direct contributions were so overshadowed. Mr. Gosse is, indeed, a safer guide, to recur to our image, among the high Alps than among the foothills. When he comes to the writers of *vers de société*, and does quite justice to Praed and Peacock, why should he

omit any mention of their predecessors, still so far more popular than they, the authors of the “Rejected Addresses,” and of their successor and at least equal in graceful and ingenious versification, the author of “Verses and Fly Leaves.” There is no rule, beyond Mr. Gosse’s “principle,” which will admit Praed and Peacock, and exclude the Smiths and Calverley.

And again, how fantastic it is to ascribe any considerable influence upon the “prosody of the poets of 1870,” upon Swinburne and Morris and the Rossettis, of Fitzgerald’s version of Omar Khayyam, or any influence at all, until long after that, upon English taste. At least a decade later, Englishmen who had their curiosity excited about the Rubaiyyat were sending to their American friends for copies of the only attainable edition, published in Boston.

One goes along with Mr. Gosse, all the same, much more confidently when he is talking about poetry than when he is talking about prose. The omissions here are less explicable, the verdicts upon the admitted much more fantastic. How complete a “record” is that of the Victorian age which omits all mention even of the names of Walter Bagehot and Alexander William Kinglake? It is true that Bagehot’s American vogue is a thing of the nineties, and due mainly to Mr. Forrest Morgan’s admirable collected edition. But it is less true of him than of Fitzgerald that he was discovered in America, and a British critic is really “charged with knowledge” of him. And, as for Kinglake, the author of the most delightful book of travel in the English language, and of that fascinating and provoking failure, the “History of the Invasion of the Crimea” is equally entitled to recognition by the country in behalf of which he made such intellectual and artistic sacrifices. The omission of a section on American Literature is more defensible than ex-

plicable in a work which appeals so largely to American readers and buyers. It is quite open, of course, to any English publisher or writer to maintain that English literature is literature "made in England," or at least in the British Islands, although the publishers of the new Chambers have concluded that it was not to their interest to take that restricted view, and have adjoined an American appendix. But it is curious for an American reviewer to come upon so many omissions, in literature that is after the straitest sect English, which an American compiler could scarcely have made.

As with the poets, Mr. Gosse fares better with the major than with the minor prose writers, and better in his general conception of the evolution, say of the British novel, than in the detail. Here again he goes from group to group. Madame D'Arblay, it is true, lived to a great age. But that does not at all explain how Fanny Burney should find herself, as she does here, in the same galley with Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth. One wonders what makes Mr. Gosse say that Wilkie Collins was "the most direct and also the most successful disciple of Dickens in romance," when the differences are so marked that even when the two collaborated, as in "No Thoroughfare," neither wrote so much as a paragraph which a discerning reader could mistake for the work of the other. One wonders what makes Mr. Gosse say that "Griffith Gaunt" stands "unquestionably" at the summit of Charles Reade's work, when the odds rather are that the first admirer of Reade he meets will "question" that attribution. One wonders what makes him say, twice over, that Carlyle "deliberately" "created and adopted an eccentric language of his own," as if that also were "unquestionable," instead of being highly questionable. One wonders what makes him say that in

1840 Macaulay "had shown himself neither ballad-writer nor historian," meaning not, as the reader unused to Mr. Gosse's grammatical eccentricities might suppose, that he had shown himself to be neither, but only that he had not shown himself to be either, when, not to mention the "Armada" of 1832, Macaulay had in 1824 published the "Ivry" which his own "every school-boy" knows or used to know as well and to declaim as often as any of the "Lays," and which has all their qualities and all their defects? One wonders what makes him say, in order to disparage the purely literary qualities of Herbert Spencer, that in point of stylelessness, he resembles "Locke and Butler," who "are almost excluded from the history of style by the repulsive barrenness of their diction? We need not go as far as Lewes in praise of the "colloquial raciness" of Locke's style, nor as M. Cousin, who as a Frenchman may be ruled out, and who found that Locke wrote "the best style of his time," but only as far as Blair's praise of "pure and perspicuous" to find that Locke had "the proper words in proper places" which made Swift's "true definition of a style." As for the good bishop, he added to purity and perspicuity, on occasion, the personal feeling which gave his plain words charm, and makes us wonder whether Cardinal Newman himself will be read longer, when neither is read for his matter.

But wonders like these will never cease when one is reading Mr. Gosse. One can honestly congratulate him upon having traced the main streams of tendency in the English literature of the nineteenth century. And one ought to praise him, for having, in a work of which the plan almost involved so much anecdote, and almost compelled gossip having kept so clear of scandal, in spite of such invitations as Byron's case and Shelley's case, and Bulwer's case. He

treads *per suppositos ignes*, if not with the leap of the Alpine goat, with the skipping progression of a hen on a hot griddle. At least he does not put his foot in the deceitful ashes, as "Mark Twain" has so plausibly maintained that Professor Dowden did in the Shelley case. And upon the whole, though

this "Illustrated Record" might have been done so much better, as to the text, it is done so well, even as to the text, and taking all the four volumes together, as to be very well worth owning, of consulting often for the pictured and sometimes for the printed page, and that no buyer of it is likely to regret his bargain.

THE CENSORSHIP ON DRAMATIC LITERATURE

BY J. M. BULLOCH

LONDON, MAY, 1904.

THE English-speaking peoples are proud perhaps of nothing so much as their liberty: and in respect of the liberty of their press and opinions, they thank God they are not like other men, reiterating the point with special emphasis at a time like the present when Russia, the master craftsman in the art of suppression, is so very much in evidence. By a curious coincidence, however, this country and America find themselves for once in agreement on a question of censorship, for Boston's attack on Boccaccio and Rabelais has occurred at a time when the censorship which exists for the regulations of the acted drama is being pilloried in this country more than usual.

The adversaries of the anachronism have had their case strengthened by several subsidiary issues. To mention but a few of these, we have had the *reductio ad absurdum* of the censorship demonstrated by the publication in book form of *Monna Vanna* which the censor suppressed on the public stage. A less obvious help may be expected to come from the movement in favor of more serious drama started by Mr. John Hare and supported by Mr. Courtney, and some of our most influential writers in

the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*. I shall mention other inducements to criticise our censorship further on.

The appearance of the State as the suppressor might give color to a suggestion of similarity between the conditions of the Boston prosecution, and our own dramatic censorship. As a matter of fact, the principle involved is widely different, and might be summed up in the anagram which the words "State" and "Taste" form. We, too, have our Boston remedy in the shape of a criminal prosecution under what is known as "Lord Campbell's Act," named after the distinguished Chancellor who wrote the history of his predecessors in office, and also of the Lord Chief Justices of England. His Act is constantly being resorted to for the suppression of pornographic literature, though, by an illogical anomaly which Boston has avoided, it usually does not operate retrospectively against a "classic." Thus it is that we find a whole tribe of second-hand booksellers dealing in expensive old books which they euphemistically describe as "*faecetiae*."

The dramatic censorship, on the other hand, is a State intervention pure and simple, and remains a curious relic of Star Chamberism. The censorship goes

back to the time of the Reformation, and its enforcement by the Long Parliament was made immortal by Milton's *Areopagitica*. The dramatic censorship, however, is quite modern, and we owe it to Henry Fielding. It is characteristic that its introduction was due not to his free and easy views of morality, but purely to his political criticism. In 1737 he wrote a play called *The History of the Registers of 1736*, which contained a sharp attack on Sir Robert Walpole as "*Quidam*." Already there had been a movement in favor of a political censorship over the drama. A Bill was therefore introduced and became law ("10 George II., Cap. 19") in June, 1737, despite the protests made by Lord Chesterfield in a famous speech. That was the beginning of the dramatic censorship.

Its present legal form dates back to an Act of 1843, by which it was ordained that no plays may be acted for hire without being submitted to the Lord Chamberlain, a high officer of the King's Household, who is really represented by an official called the "Examiner of Plays." Since the accession of King Edward, who has always been a great theatre-goer, the Lord Chamberlain seems to have been more exigent than he was under the reign of Queen Victoria; but on what basis it is very difficult to discover. An anachronism like the censorship is always defeating itself by its anomalies, and these have been so arbitrary recently that even the manufacturers of commercial drama have risen in arms.

The censorship is in no sense a guardian of art even of a sort like the Royal Academy. It does not defend decency, for plays are passed and produced in which an audience actually hisses some parts on the ground of their nastiness—as happened in the case of Madame Sherry only the other week. There seems again to be no definite point of

view as regards the political tendencies of a play. The suppression on account of its political tendencies of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Happy Land* many years ago has become classic. More recently we have found a popular comedian, Mr. Arthur Roberts, stopped from singing a song on Lord Randolph Churchill as Regular Randy Dandy O—although the same artist could have sung it with impunity in a music hall. At the present time *The Orchid* is crowding the Gaiety, although the chief character in it is, as the name implies, based on Mr. Chamberlain, and made up to look exactly like that gentleman. Only last year the manager of Drury Lane, the "National Theatre," was called upon to expunge, or to soften, the treatment of "ragging" scene in *The Flood Tide*, although the script of the play had actually passed the Examiner.

Although nobody seriously disputes the law, there is a widespread cynical belief as to its uselessness on the positive side and its ineffectiveness as a last resort. The law can always be evaded, and curiously enough those who wish to avoid it are the most intelligent part of the community: they invariably protest against the principle, on every occasion when they gain their immediate point. If the Examiner declines to license a play, all that has to be done in practice, if not in theory, is to play the piece in a hall privately, that is to say, no money must be taken at the doors. As a rule, a society is formed for the purpose of producing the work. Probably the Examiner argues that he thereby secures the exclusion of the hoi polloi, and confines the objectionable item to those whom it cannot harm. Of course, he holds himself up to ridicule as when he suppressed *The Cenci*, which had become a classic before he was born, and which was produced under the limitations I have described. More recently, he declined to license

Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna*. The usual course was adopted. *Monna Vanna* was produced under extremely uncomfortable circumstances in an out-of-the-way hall; and *Monna Vanna* has been published in book form. The utter ineffectiveness of the censorship is shown by the fact that his domination extends only to plays, for you can publish in book form any play whatever that he objects to. Indeed the anomalies of the situation are as grotesque as the ingredients of a comic opera.

Let me cite a case which has removed the discussion of the censorship from the high places of literary people down to the commonsense ground of persons interested in "commercial" drama. Mr. Arthur Shirley, a manufacturer of melodrama, recently wrote a play called *The White Slaves of London* dealing with a problem "to the solution of which some of the most noble-minded women in the land have devoted the greater part of their lives." The Lord Chamberlain declined to grant a license on the ground that "there are no slaves in London." As a matter of fact Mr. R. H. Sherard (a great-grandson of Wordsworth) has published a book called *The White Slaves of Britain*, which has had a big circulation, and all the newspapers have just reported at more or less length the conference which a "vigilance" committee headed by Lord Aberdeen, has recently laid before a Minister of State.

Why, then, it may be asked, is the censorship allowed to live seeing that so many prominent people are against its whole principle? The reason is that not only plays, but theatres themselves, are licensed by the Lord Chamberlain so far as London is concerned, as you may note from the extract which must be printed on every theatre bill, as follows:—

(1) The name of the actual and responsible Manager of the theatre must be printed on every

play bill. (2) The Public can leave the Theatre at the end of the performance by all exit and entrance doors, which must open outwards. (3) Where there is a fire-proof screen to the proscenium opening, it must be lowered at least once during every performance to ensure its being in proper working order. (4) Smoking is not permitted in the Auditorium. (5) All gangways, passages and staircases must be kept free from chairs or any other obstructions, whether permanent or temporary.

Although it is the Lord Chamberlain who thus presents a mandate to the theatres as all the world may see, he in his turn waits for a mandate from the London County Council, the powerful parliament of the great metropolis for the Lord Chamberlain will license no theatre which has not been passed by the Council as being safe for the public from the point of view of structure. This devolution of his prerogative, due to the fact that he has no funds for the elaborate duty involved in the examination of structures, is really the greatest blow that the censor has received; and it will not be surprising if the censorship of the drama is driven from the field by the prosaic dragon of bricks and mortar. The reason is obvious. So long as the Lord Chamberlain was supreme, the London managers were quite quiescent, for his position at court ensured the patronage of the Royal family, and there is much in Royalty and in theatricality that have a kinship. But the managers are beginning to kick under the exigency of the double authority, and the County Council, completely justified by such a disaster as that of Chicago, is in its turn becoming still more exigent.

The theatre managers are also experiencing pressure from a third source, namely, the music halls, where the inducement to smoke and the purveyance of tit-bits satisfies a tired public more even than such an olla podrida as a musical comedy. The jealousy of the theatres is shown by some recent prosecutions undertaken against music halls which produced playlets ingeniously

called "sketches" among their "turns." The theatre managers see in this an invasion of their rights, and it is all the more bitter to them in view of the fact that the Lord Chamberlain has no jurisdiction whatever in a London music hall. Some years ago, the County Council itself issued a sort of unofficial censorship on certain songs sung in music halls—with most excellent result, despite the outcry raised at the time. As a matter of fact the Council gave a distinct turn to public opinion, and it is in public opinion that the real censorship of the drama as of literature, should reside.

Last of all, the popularity of the musical comedy is being looked upon by some critics as (indirectly) a real menace to the censorship. Mr. John Hare recently wrote a notable letter to the *Times*, in which he complained that "from Temple Bar to Charing Cross there is not one single theatre that is not devoted to keeping alight the 'sacred lamp,' " of musical comedy. Whereupon the popular actor's pronouncement has been immediately taken up by a popular dramatist (Mr. Cecil Raleigh's) conclusions that under the Censor, arbitrary and archaic, authors cannot develop serious drama; that the instant they deal seriously with a subject they are told they excite class hatred and discontent. Until the Lord Chamberlain prohibits *Hamlet*, adds Mr. Raleigh, on the ground that it is a condonation of regicide and an incitement to disloyalty, I presume we shall not realize how utterly ridiculous it is to permit absolute freedom to all branches of literature in a free land, while we compel the drama

alone to dance in shackles. Mr. John Hare thinks he sees a cure in the establishment of a school of acting, and the establishment of an endowed theatre in London, and in every important city. Two other prominent managers have recently taken up the same idea—an idea I may say which has hitherto been battledored and shuttlecocked chiefly among theorists. Mr. W. L. Courtney has opened the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* and he is supported by a crowd of prominent people who, while hesitating to decide in favor of a dramatic school or a subsidized theatre, or both, "voices the general discontent with the present condition of things." We have been accustomed for years to vague discussions of this kind, but I do not think that the disputants have been recruited from such a non-"faddy" class as they are at present, and the discussion is bound to bring the whole question of the censorship to the front.

I look for the most help, as I have said, from the prosaic problem of bricks and mortar. The managers will ultimately rise, as they ought to rise, against the anomaly of two official masters, and the anachronism of the older one, for the theory of municipalism which the London County Council represents answers to a widespread modern impulse, while the censorship is absolutely archaic. No doubt a defence can be engineered, but that can also be done with any existing institution whatever. In point of fact as much can be said in favor of the censor as of the Star Chamber, or of the ruthless obliteration of the Russian post office. And these have had their defenders.



SPECIMEN OF THE ACROPOLIS WALL OF SARDIS

SARDIS

BY RUFUS B. RICHARDSON

For Ten Years Director of the American Archaeological School at Athens,
and Author of "Vacation Days in Greece"

"**R**ICH as Croesus." How tritely proverbial is the phrase; but what a vista on the border land between history and fable it opens up! There is no doubt that a powerful kingdom called Lydia, having Sardis for its capital, occupied with varying borders the greater part of Asia Minor for nearly two centuries, and that its last king was Croesus from whom Cyrus, the great Persian, wrested this kingdom. The fall of Croesus was so great and so sudden, that it made a deep impression upon the neighboring Greeks, to whom the wealth and woes of Croesus became the theme of song and story. In this case fable has nearly covered up and smothered history.

A year ago, while I was waiting two days at Smyrna for companions to join me in exploring the regions round about it, I could not refrain from forestalling

them by getting a glimpse of Sardis all by myself. There was a train starting from Smyrna early in the morning that would take me past Sardis to Philadelphia, and back again to Smyrna the same day. Or I could refuse Philadelphia and spend three or four hours at Sardis, which was a little less than a hundred miles from the coast. Sardis had always seemed to me so far away that to be actually approaching it brought on a sort of tickling sensation at the roots of my hair. It had always appeared easy enough to reach Smyrna, Ephesus and Miletus, but old Sardis! This seemed almost a part of fable land.

The train seemed almost a profanation, but I forgave it. We followed the river Hermus, passed Magnesia, at present a city of 80,000 inhabitants, and near it the field of the great battle in which the two Scipios, the conqueror of

Hannibal, and his brother Lucius, broke the power of Antiochus the Great and established the Roman dominion in these fair fields of Asia Minor. But in such surroundings this seemed modern history. A little further along we passed a gigantic figure cut out of the flank of Mt. Sipylos high above the plain. It is probably an image of the great Asiatic goddess Cybele. The people of the region, however, call it "Niobe," and Magnesia boasts a Hotel Niobe, of which, however, the less said the better. A little later we crossed the rivulet Pactolus, and far back on the right appeared on the sky line Mt. Tmolus, from which the Pactolus brought down the golden sand that

made the wealth of Sardis. And here on a foot-hill of Tmolus, higher than Acro-Corinth, and so almost deserving the name of a mountain, was the acropolis of Sardis itself.

Sardis, to be sure, unlike Smyrna and Philadelphia, no longer exists except in the ruined wall of its acropolis and in heaps of ruins of late times at its foot. There is a collection of about a dozen wretched huts, not visible from the train, which to-day bears the name Sart.

After a halt of ten minutes at the Station Sart, enough to get a general impression of the lay of the land, I went on to Philadelphia, and on the return trip got another brief view of Sardis. If anything had prevented my ever returning to that region every detail of the landscape as it appeared from the train and station would nevertheless have been stamped upon the tablets of memory.

But about two weeks later, I had time to examine the ruins in detail. The view from the acropolis is magnificent. To the South one simply looks up against the flank of Mt. Tmolus; to the east over Philadelphia one looks through a conspicuous opening into the interior plateau. Some think that this opening is referred to in the phrase of Revelation, "Behold I have set before thee an open door." The Hermus flows off to the west through the great plain; to the north directly in front across the river is the Lake of Gyges, around the margin of which was the royal burial ground of Sardis. The tombs are large mounds so numerous that they bear the Turkish name, Bin Tepe, "the thousand hills." Probably many grandees were buried along with the kings' families. Would that the scientific excavator had got hold of these mounds before the plunderers who looked for gold simply as gold!

The wall of Sardis, acropolis tells a



FROM THE OLD TEMPLE AT EPHEBUS



ACROPOLIS OF SARDIS

story. It is largely made up of architectural fragments. The many shapes and sizes of columns in it indicate that there once stood on the acropolis a large number of buildings. These pieces could hardly have been lugged up there from the lower town. The wall is comparatively late, since many of the architectural pieces in it are of Roman buildings. Tamerlane, that demon of death and destruction, who destroyed and killed all over this region for mere pastime, probably forced his way through this wall. Time, mightier than Tamerlane, is now throwing down what is left. This imposing acropolis is a hill of gravel, and this has been gradually washed away from under the wall until about three-quarters of it have already fallen. Considerable stretches of what remains are hanging out over dizzy precipices, and are only prevented from falling by the cohesiveness of the adjacent parts.

One cannot easily make the ascent of the acropolis from the front side. The ordinary route takes one around up the back side past the ruins of a temple

of Cybele. Two large Ionic columns which stand amidst piles of other fallen architecture show by the fact that they are not fluted that the temple was never completed. Its style shows that it was built in comparatively late times, perhaps in the times after Alexander's campaigns when Sardis seems to have enjoyed a period of independence. But it succeeded an older temple burnt by the Athenians in 498 B. C. Hard by the ruins flows the far-famed Pactolus; but with all our searching we could not find a single flake of gold in it. There are people who think that the great wealth of Sardis came rather from its commanding position on a great trade-route running from the coast up into the interior than to any brook that brought down gold. Perhaps they are right. At any rate after the more southern valley of the Maeander became the preferred route of trade Sardis declined in importance.

The situation of Sardis is suggestive. If the Greek colonies, which formed a mere fringe along the coast, kept their

civic existence only by the more or less tolerant and sometimes almost friendly attitude of the Lydian kings, those kings themselves were in a still more precarious position with greater powers behind them pressing towards the sea. The crisis was, however, long delayed. The Greeks found time to display their wonderful civilization which far outshone that of the mother country. They occasionally felt the heavy hand of Sardis. But the last king Croesus was a real Philhellene. He loaded Greek shrines, especially Delphi, with his gifts. None of these precious objects of art, some of which are described by Greek writers, have come down to us. But there survives one eloquent witness to his generosity toward the Greeks, his nearest neighbors.

There is in the British Museum a lower drum of a column of the old temple of Artemis at Ephesus, the temple burned by Herostratus on the night in which Alexander was born. The drum is somewhat fragmentary, it is true; but it has a fairly well preserved archaic male figure and part of a female figure, and below the figures an old inscription which may be read with tolerable certainty, "King Croesus brought the offering." Eloquent witness of a long-vanished ruler as well as of his kindly feeling toward the Greeks! unless we are to suppose that Croesus himself dedicated the temple in his own name as ruler of the land to the goddess Artemis. The Artemis worshipped at Ephesus was certainly more Asiatic than Greek if we may judge from the form of her statue inside the temple, which seems to represent by its numerous breasts the exuberant fertility of mother earth.

It is a curious circumstance that only in this older temple and in the larger one that took its place in Alexandrian times, and passed as one of the "Seven Wonders of the World," does the sculp-

turing of the lowest drum of a column appear in Greek architecture.

Poor Croesus was rather shabbily rewarded for his costly gifts to Delphi. Being told by the oracle that if he went to war he would overthrow a great kingdom, he went out to meet Cyrus and the Persians with confidence, and was utterly defeated. When he afterwards reproachfully asked the oracle how it could so deceive a friend, the answer was that he ought to have asked *what* kingdom he was going to overthrow. By such subterfuge did the oracle in this, as in other cases, try to keep its credit, and it seems to have succeeded rather well. But Croesus *himself* would hardly have gone to Delphi again.

It may be taken as history that after a defeat on the confines of his territory Croesus fell back, and that, soon after, a decisive battle was fought under the walls of Sardis, just about where the railroad station now stands. The beaten Lydians retired to the acropolis where they were besieged for some time. The citadel was finally taken by some hardy Persian mountaineers scaling the wall at its only weak point. Since this feat was repeated at the same spot by some soldiers of Antiochus the Great there has been thought to be special significance in the words of the Spirit to the church at Sardis in the Revelation, "Be watchful."

But fables grew up around the relations of Croesus to Cyrus. The story ran that Croesus was, as it were, "converted," and became all at once a philosopher and sage of the first water, a trusted adviser and friend of his conqueror. One may hope that there was some truth in this, and that Cyrus at least did not carry the captive king around the country in a cage as Tamerlane did the captive Sultan Bajazet.

Sardis, when it ceased to be the abode of a line of kings, did not at once lose its importance. It became the head of a



TEMPLE OF CYBELE

Persian Satrapy which included western Asia Minor, and was the base of military operations which swept the fringe of Greek cities into the Persian net. After they had endured this yoke for a whole generation they made an attempt to throw it off. With the aid of Athens and Eretria they boldly attacked Sardis and burned it, but were unable to take the acropolis. This enterprise failing, the revolted Greeks of Asia were

left to themselves and by their inability to pull together fell into a worse bondage than before. Destruction, death and slavery followed. A thick darkness into which hardly a ray of light penetrated settled down upon them. Sardis was the grand mustering place of Xerxes's immense army. The cloud extended westward and there seemed no hope, no help for the Greek race. But "old Platæa's day" cleared the sky again.

Even the Greek cities of Asia got back some of their old-time freedom and prosperity, until all was again ruined by Greek meeting Greek in a war of extermination. Sardis was in this period a centre of influence and intrigue. After the Peloponnesian War, Cyrus the Younger here assembled the Greek mercenaries for his famous "Anabasis," which failed to put him on the throne simply because he rashly sacrificed his life in his hatred of his brother, the king. The Ten Thousand Greeks marched through Persia at will, trying to get somebody who would let them make him king. Alexander took the lesson, and he also after some preliminary fighting set out for the heart of Persia from Sardis.

Thus prominent was Sardis in fable and in history. That it still had prominence in the Christian era is indicated by the statement of Tacitus that in a contest among the cities of Asia Minor, as to which of them should have the honor of taking charge of a temple erected to the deified emperor Tiberius, narrowed down to Smyrna and Sardis, but was finally awarded to the former. It was the site of one of the Seven Churches of Asia which was not very well regarded by the writer of the Revelation. There is still pointed out there the remains of a church which, with what authority I know not, is called the church of St. John.

A HISTORY OF THE THEATER

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

IT is not often that an actor turns author, except as a playwright or as an autobiographer. Shakspeare and Molière were actors before they were authors; Colley Cibber and Mr. Joseph Jefferson have told their own adventures for the pleasure of every reader and to the profit of all who wish to spy out the secrets of the histrionic art. For history, other than that of his own life, the actor rarely cares; and it is a misfortune that the most of the books narrating the annals of the theater have been written by men lacking an intimate acquaintance with the stage itself. Nothing more clearly revealed Dr. Furness's special fitness for the task he has lovingly pur-

sued than his desire to record in the various volumes of his Variorum Edition of Shakspeare the readings and the stage-business of the more richly endowed actors—and of the late Edwin Booth, in particular, a most conscientious student of the traditions of the stage.

Now we have at last a history of the theatre written by an actor who is also a scholar; and the third volume of this work contains the dissertation by which the author won the grade of Doctor of Philosophy. Mr. Archer's preface informs us that the author is an actor and a stage-manager, who has been for twenty years a member of the fine company at the Royal Theater in Copenhagen. The son of an actor, he received a university education, specializing in romance philology which he studied in Paris. For a while he was a teacher and a journalist; then the hereditary

A HISTORY OF THEATRICAL ART IN ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES. By Karl Mantzius. With an Introduction by William Archer. Authorized translation by Louise von Cassel. Three volumes. Illustrated. 8vo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904. \$10.50 net.

instinct carried him to the stage; but he did not surrender his zest for learning. And this monumental work is the result of his earlier training as a scholar and of his later experience in the theater itself. It is a study of the history of the stage, written from the inside,—a study almost impossible to any one who was not both an actor and a scholar.

It is not a history of the drama or of dramatic literature; it is exactly what it has been entitled, "a history of theatrical art." That is to say, it is the account of the various ways in which plays have been acted. It sets forth the circumstances of the performance,—which have always exerted a potent influence upon the form of the drama. It discusses the organization of the theater, the actors themselves, the scenic devices, the use of "properties" and of mechanical effects, the art of the stage-manager, the shape and size of the open spaces or of the buildings wherein the performances took place. These things are all of the highest importance in any effort to understand the dramatic literature of any period, for these external circumstances condition the dramatic literature; they give it its external form. And yet these explanations, essential as they are to a proper understanding, are strangely neglected in most of the treatises which profess to deal with the drama. Prof. A. W. Ward's useful "History of English Dramatic Literature" is in reality a chronological collection of critical biographies of the English dramatic poets; and it is not in fact a history of the English drama, tracing the successive epochs of its evolution and showing us at every epoch how the plays were performed by the actors of the day, in the theaters of the time, before the audiences of the period. And a reader of Mr. Churton Collins's more recent "Studies in Shakspeare" would hardly learn from any of the

essays in that volume that Shakspeare's plays were written to be acted in his own day and with little thought they would be read in ours.

Dr. Mantzius begins by a suggestive discussion of the relation of the dramatic to the other arts. Next he considers briefly the theater of the Chinese and of the Japanese. Then he devotes the rest of his first volume to the theaters of the Greeks and the Romans, tracing the origin of the Greek drama showing the central interest of the chorus, describing an actual performance and setting forth clearly the circumstances under which this performance was possible. Of course, he accepts the more modern opinion that there was no stage in the Athenian theater and that actors and chorus were placed in the orchestra. This opinion is opposed now only by a few of the more conservative and elderly scholars loth to surrender what they were told in their youth; it finds support in the recent experience at the University of California, where it was found necessary to take the actors off the stage and place them in the orchestra in order to carry on the action of the play.

In the second volume the author tells us how the drama was born again in the middle ages and how it was modified by the Renascence. He sketches sympathetically that very interesting development of the drama, the improvised play of the Italians, which is known as the comedy-of-masks and which had an obvious influence upon the earlier humorous pieces of Molière. His own histrionic experience makes his account of this dramatic form somewhat more satisfactory than that which Symonds prefixed to his translation of Gozzi's memoirs. And this same intimate knowledge of the methods of the stage itself gives to his chapters on the ecclesiastical performances of the middle ages a value of his own, even though his treatment is not as thorough or as elaborate as that to

be found in the elaborate treatise on "The Medieval Theater," by Mr. E. K. Chambers.

In the third volume, which is given up to a detailed consideration of "The Shaksperian Period in England," Dr. Mantzius has done for the Elizabethan dramatists the same sort of service that Mr. Haigh performed for the Athenian dramatic poets in his excellent volume on "The Attic Theater" and that the late Eugène Despois accomplished for Corneille, Molière and Racine in his admirable book on "Le Théâtre français sous Louis XIV." He seeks to clear up the history of every one of the playhouses, a dozen in all, which were opened between 1576 and 1642. He has tried to ascertain the dates of the opening and of the closing, the name of the owner, and the names of the successive companies of actors who performed in it;—and the result of his labor upon this part of his subject is of permanent value to all students of the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists. He has considered in detail the general theatrical conditions under Elizabeth,—the hours of performance, the prices of admission, the equipment of the stage, the fees of the authors the organization of the actors. And in, his final chapters he attempts a criticism of the acting of those remote days, the clowning of Tarleton and Kemp, the bombastic exaggeration of many of the tragic performers, and the more natural method advocated by Shakspeare himself. Dr. Mantzius holds that Shakspeare was an admirable teacher of acting, whatever his own merits as a performer;

and this much may be admitted, without controverting the opinion so accutely advanced by Lewes (in his suggestive little book "On Actors and the Art of Acting") that the greatest of playwrights was not himself a great player.

It remains only to add that if these volumes of Dr. Mantzius were less excellent and less authoritative than they are, they would still be welcome, if only for the wealth of illustration scattered lavishly through their pages. Nowhere else can the student of theatrical development find so large a collection of graphic material. There are plans and views of theaters, ancient and modern, Greek, Roman, medieval, Italian and English. There are illuminative pictures of performers in costume. There are authentic sketches of actual performances in the middle ages and under Elizabeth. There are brought together here reproductions of sculptures, of vase-paintings, of miniatures, of illuminations from manuscripts, of title-pages, of architect's restorations and of photographs of ruined theaters as they now appear. Even careful collectors are likely to find in this book not a little illustrative material hitherto unknown to them.

It is greatly to be hoped that Dr. Mantzius may be encouraged to continue his researches and to give us at least an account of the Spanish theater in the glorious days of Lope and of Calderon; and almost equally useful would be a sketch of the German theater as it was in the days before Lessing.

LETTERS AND LIFE

BY JOHN FINLEY

I DOUBT if any one will ask in advance the question which Mr. Spencer himself imagines upon the lips or in the thought of some conjectural person hearing the announcement of his autobiography: "But why a biography at all?" If there were such person, he would in all probability be answered before the 334th page of the second volume. Should he by reason of his lack of sympathy or other hindrance reach that page unconvinced of the necessity of this biography, he will then find Mr. Spencer's own defence: "In these days of active book manufacture, where there are so many men each of whom having compiled and sold one work, forthwith casts about for the subject-matter of another, no one whose name has been much before the public can escape having his life written. If he does not do it himself, some one else will do it for him." This was Cato's (and many another's) justification of suicide—that if one doesn't take one's own life, another will. But whether this be adequate moral warrant for the ending of life, it is for the prolonging of it. The certainty of a biography is the excuse for autobiography, if the truth of a life is best told by the man who lived it; which brings us back to the ultimate test and justification—the merit of the reproduction. Herbert Spencer's autobiography does not have its warrant in the fact, if it be a fact, that he has forestalled a biography, for I think there must be a general hope that he has not. His autobiography is its own excuse for being, selfish as it is, but it were better as a preface to a biography.

One who begins the reading of it with doubt, however, is, I think, not likely to have it immediately dispelled. The recital of the story of the earlier years is

not entertaining, and might have been greatly compressed. There is much of genealogical data, to which the reflections of his old age attach some importance as giving intimations of the inheritance of acquired characteristics. But I think biologists do not generally consider such intimations as credible witness, though for my part, I could wish they were. The capacity for intuition, for example, he holds inheritable, and cites his questioning at thirteen the dictum of Dr. Arnott, the physicist, endorsed by his uncle Thomas, respecting inertia, as illustrating the inheritance of his aptitude for conceiving causes, from his father in whom the "consciousness of causation was dominant." Of his inherited "disregard of authority," he cites this same example from his boyhood, contending that his attitude is traceable to his father, who was a teacher and in the presence of pupils always *the* authority. He goes beyond the mental to the purely physical traits and attributes the small size of his hands to the fact that his father and grandfather did nothing more, day by day, than wield the pen or pencil.

There are in these earlier years some concrete experiences in education, but these too have summary and correlation in later chapters. It is not until he has emerged from his immature, unsettled, semi-nomadic state into what might be called his married intellectual life, and has become the parent of his first book, that the story comes to be of considerable interest. From that time on it has associated with his personal fortunes those of his book-children. Indeed thenceforward he lived in and for these children. I have his own leave to use this figure. At the beginning of the chapter entitled "My First Book" he

says: "The offspring of the mind, like the offspring of the body, are apt to become objects of engrossing interest to which all other objects are subordinate." So true is this that the remainder of this first volume and the second are in their outlines an annotated bibliography of his writings, with frequent interspersions of health bulletins; for within four or five years after the publication of his first book he suffered a nervous break-down and was subject during the rest of his life to "perturbations of health." Indeed before finishing this first book, while yet under thirty, he believed himself doomed to an early death, misinterpreting some symptom, and recalls in his later years his saddened mood as he thought "It will be a pity if I can't finish my book first."

One can but ask, in passing, if Mr. Spencer's Autobiography had ended then, if the fear of that morning in 1849 when he walked in St. James's Park had been realized, would the soul of this book unborn have become transmigrant and appeared in the body of some other book that would have expressed his message? Or was it of the necessity of things that this book and those which followed it should have been born of this house? It is futile, as I have more than once remarked in these papers, to speculate; but one must wonder if Herbert Spencer and his work are only the precipitate of some fortuitous mingling of elements by a blind unknowing chemist who is himself bound by immutable laws, which got made no one knows how or why (as Mr. Spencer would himself hold), or was he a prophet appointed of an omniscient person with a conscious, definite purpose.

But whether of a definite divine willing or under an unknowing immutable law, the book was finished. "Demos-tatics"—that was to have been its name—was published to the world under the title "Social Statics," with a definitive

sub-title or surname, which assured the reader of specific advice concerning the conditions essential to human happiness. The young author and philosopher, but two or three years older than our young men when they come forth from the graduate and professional schools, then searched the papers with impatience and disappointment for reviews. Some of a superficial character appeared, but no analytical account; which leads Mr. Spencer to include in his Autobiography "such a review of the book as might have been written by a competent critic who had read *Social Statics* through, and given one thought to its arguments." This frank review, composed out of the larger knowledge and riper experience of the author's age, closes with the observation, which is clearly an apology for the impatience and eagerness and consequent crudities of youth: "It is a pity that Mr. Spencer did not devote some years more of thought to his work before publishing it. He might have set forth the truths it contains freed from the crude ideas with which they are now mingled, and undisfigured by illegitimate corollaries." But that is Age's refrain always, if there has been progress. The only escape is in silence; youth may then seem, with no condemning proofs of immaturity to front and refresh its memory, the golden age.

But Mr. Spencer is not done with "reviewers." He lets his years of suffering from their pens seize this first opportunity to expose their ignorance and pride and avarice. "The usual purposes of a reviewer are," he says, "first to get his guineas with the least expenditure of labor [in which respect the reviewer is, with his fellow men, subject to the all-pervasive economic law]; second to show what a clever fellow he is, how much more he knows about the matter than the author; third, to write an amusing



Herbert Spencer
When 38

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FROM "AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY" BY HERBERT SPENCER



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HARRIET SPENCER

From "An Autobiography" by Herbert Spencer

article; fourth, to give some account of the book; which last purpose, often practically unattempted, is rarely fulfilled." The Autobiographer becomes merciful, however, when he remembers that if the critic "bestowed on each book as much time and thought as would be requisite for giving a satisfactory delineation and estimate, he could not get bread and cheese at the work."

He makes his own review of his second book, too, *The Principles of Psychology* and with "a little license of imagination" allows the fictitious reviewer to relegate this volume to the "shelf on which are grouped the curiosities of speculation," knowing himself quite well that it was not to lie there. Of some of his later books he sent out no copies to the "critical journals" for re-

view, being persuaded that readers had been deterred from looking at his books by the totally wrong conceptions of them gained from the reviews. I have an impression, from my first reading, that he says the sale of one of the books increased in spite of, if not because of, this lack of reviewing.

In the presence of strictures from such a source, a reviewer must become self-conscious and question his *raison d'être*. I have a fear imposed upon me that what I am here trying to say, may after all not lead a reader into the pages of these volumes. I am out of reach of the author's criticism of my attempt, but that cannot much matter since my own desire is as honest as the author's and not more tinged of venality. If I could be sure that my own silence would increase the circulation of the record he has left to us of his life and work, I should not have found any temptation to write.

After one has crossed the rather monotonous pages of his first twenty-seven years, the journey grows more interesting in incident and comment. There is disappointment that no more is said than is said about some of his companions of the way. Of Leigh Hunt, for example, he says only, quoting from one of his own letters: "I like him much, I am to go to take tea with him shortly. He has read S. S. [Social Statics, I suppose] twice." Of Kingsley, he speaks on the next page at greater length, or with less brevity, but all that he recalls to us is his (Kingsley's) expressed belief that "man as we know him is by no means the highest creature that will be evolved." A little way farther on there is an introduction to Mr. Tyndall, soon afterwards Professor Tyndall, by Mr. Huxley, soon afterwards Professor Huxley. There is no word about the person of this new acquaintance, but there is after all something better, for after turning into another paragraph and recalling

something of Keats's in expression of the current belief that science and poetry are antagonistic, he says, out of Professor Tyndall's hearing, that though he is chiefly distinguished as a scientific inquirer, among those who are classed as poets because they write verses, there are probably few who have an equally great love of beauty." And speaking concerning both Tyndall and Huxley as men of science, he says that while the "dull world" thinks of Science as "nothing but chemical analyses, calculation of distances and times, labelings of species, physiological experiments and the like," these men while seeking scientific knowledge for proximate values, "have an ever increasing consciousness of its ultimate value as a transfiguration of things." They are both to be met several times in the later chapters of the volumes, especially at the meetings of the X club, which was organized in 1864, and included with themselves Hooker, Frankland, Lubbock, Busk and Hirsh. Spencer somewhere says, not without seeming vanity, that he himself was the only one "who was fellow of no society and had presided over nothing." One interesting item concerning his relationship with Mill appears in a note about a dinner with Mill in which Spencer remarks that it is rather curious that the day "on which I first paid a visit to him should be the day on which I had first revised the proof of my article against him." Then follows a rather fuller picture of Mill than he has given of others of his friends, with a capping sentence over the page which characterized him as a man in whom "the love of truth predominates over the love of victory." Somewhere else in the biography, I think it is upon the death of Mill, he expresses the wish that some one would compare him (Mill) as a typical utilitarian with Carlyle as a typical anti-utilitarian, adding that the utili-



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THEOPHILUS SPENCER

From "An Autobiography" by Herbert Spencer

tarian measured both by his domestic relations and his public activities would have much the best of it.

It was earlier in Spencer's life, when he was but thirty, that he first met Carlyle, but the intercourse was brief. "My visits numbered three or at the outside four, always in company with Lewes; and then I ceased to go. I found that I must either listen to his absurd dogmas in silence, which it was not in my nature to do, or get into fierce argument with him, which ended in our glaring at one another." Here is a very good subject for a painter, and I leave their converse in that attitude; but the reader will find, if he turns to pages 440-445, some very terse paragraphs in continuance of the conversation and

in characterization of this "perpetual grumbler."

Scores of others come and go as at a reception where there is little beyond the mention of the names of the guests. There is a dinner to Youmans at which Huxley, Tyndall, Hooker, Bain, Lewes and Masson were asked to meet him, but there is no intimation of the conversation that must have gone round the table, beyond "It went off very well." Again he expects to "meet President Eliot, of Harvard, who is coming to dine at the X," but there is no afterword to tell us how he was pleased with our American emissary of education, the then young president of Harvard. Then there are the Grotes of whom I remember only his quoting of some one's else remark: "I like the Grotes very much, she is so gentlemanly, and he so ladylike."

But the one guest of all these pages in whom readers generally will be most interested is she who first appears as Miss Evans the translator of Strauss's "Life of Christ," the "most admirable woman mentally," as he says to a friend, "I ever met." His portrait of her is quite worth reproducing. "In physique there was perhaps a trace of that masculinity characterizing her intellect; for though of but the ordinary feminine height, she was strongly built. The head, too, was larger than is usual in women. It had, moreover, a peculiarity distinguishing it from most heads, whether masculine or feminine, namely, that its contour was very regular. . . . Striking by its power when in repose her face was remarkably transfigured by a smile. The smile of many are signs of nothing more than amusement, but with her smile there was habitually mingled an expression of sympathy either for the person smiled at or the person smiled with. Her voice was a contralto of rather low pitch. . . . Its tones were always gentle, and like

the smile sympathetic." These are but the physical features of the portrait whose further delineation fills several pages. In a letter to a friend, Spencer says: "I am very frequently at Chapman's and the greatness of her intellect conjoined with her womanly qualities and manner, generally keep me by her side most of the evening."

It is fortunate perhaps that Mr. Spencer never married, for as he himself says, quoting some one's remark about him as I remember, had he married the world might have lost his system of philosophy. That he remained a celibate was not due to his want of appreciation of the values of married life in the development of a man, for in a unique and most interesting table in which at thirty he computes the relative advantages of life in England and New Zealand, while he sets down on the side of England and bachelorhood "greater domestic comforts" at the value of 10, the "larger choice of society" at the same value, the "excitements of literature, science and art" at 20, 6 and 10 respectively, and "intercourse with relatives" at 30; he puts in the New Zealand column "marriage" at a relative valuation of 100. He reflects in his seventies that he is not by nature adapted "to a relation in which perpetual compromise and great forbearance are needful;" but there may lie another reason in the fact that physical beauty was a "*sine qua non*" with him, as, he adds "was once unhappily proved where the intellectual traits and the emotional traits were the highest." There will be instinctive resentment of the implication of this illustrative incident. But it is to be remembered that it was he who first urged Miss Evans to the writing of George Eliot's novels.

Spencer's opinions concerning various forms of art are as candidly and with as little equivocation expressed as his opinion of feminine beauty. The chapter



*Herbert Spencer
when 78*

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FROM "AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY" BY HERBERT SPENCER

which describes a tour in Italy, is full of his unconventional criticisms.

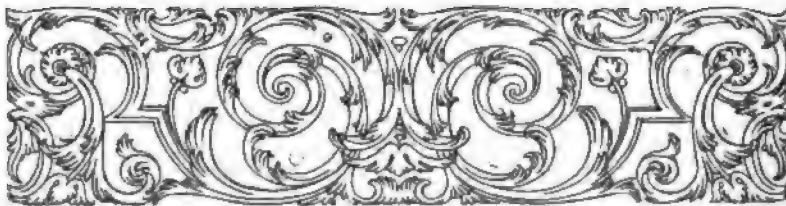
What has interested me most is his occasional intimation of what knowledge is most worth while. "Had Greece and Rome" he says, "never existed, human life would have been in their essentials exactly what they now are: survival or death, health or disease, prosperity or adversity, happiness or misery, would have been just in the same ways determined by the adjustment or non-adjustment of action to requirements. And yet knowledge subserving the adjustment which so profoundly concerns men from hour to hour is contemptuously neglected; while the best preparation for complete living is supposed to be familiarity with the moods and thoughts, successes and disasters, follies, vices, and atrocities of two peoples whose intelligence was certainly not above ours, whose moral standard was unquestionably lower and whose acquaintance with the nature of things internal and external was relatively small."

If this is an "aberrancy" and Herbert Spencer has helped humanity to outlive it, he has deserved very much of us. But for some minds at least are we not sure that the myth of Pro-

metheus, for example, is of more value than the knowledge which the Oxford graduate lacked. *Vide* p. 302, Vol. II.

The Chapter on "A Visit to America" is particularly enjoyable. "Lake St. George" [*sic*] was "the most picturesque thing" he saw in the United States. In New York, he says: "we went to one or two theatres and admired the acting, which we had not done at Washington or Philadelphia" (leaving the reader in some doubt as to what they had not done). The dinner at Delmonico's is of most interest. It was there (Mr. Evarts presiding) that he characterized American life by its over-devotion to work and enlarged upon the thesis that "life is not for learning nor is life for working, but learning and working are for life."

The burden of many of the pages is that of the Book of Ecclesiastes; there is the making of many books, and there is much "weariness of the flesh." But the author's complaint is chiefly that he could work so little, while the "architectonic instinct" was impelling him to finish the great structure he had begun. His last word is, however, of contentment: "I have every reason to be satisfied with that which fate has awarded me!"





STANLEY AND JOSEPH BELL, THE ARTIST, PREPARING SKETCHES
From Scribner's Magazine, August, 1890

THE RAMBLER

THE late Henry M. Stanley's method of writing was most interestingly described in *Scribner's Magazine* for August, 1890, by Edward Marsden, who was summoned to Cairo, on the great explorer's return from his memorable expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, to assist him in the preparation of the celebrated book which recounted his experiences and discoveries. Mr. Stanley had wisely decided to complete his literary work at Cairo before even visiting his home and settled himself in a suite of rooms in the Hotel Villa Victoria. Even here he was besieged by countless visitors, but found refuge in his bedroom, where he wrote from early morning till late at night.

"He very rarely went out," says Mr. Marsden, "even for a stroll round the garden. His whole heart and soul were centered on his work. He had set himself a certain task, and he had determined to complete it to the exclusion of every other object in life. He said of himself, 'I have so many pages to write. I know that if I do not complete this work by a certain time, when other and imperative duties are imposed upon me, I shall never complete it at all. When my work is accomplished, then I will talk with you, laugh with you, and play with you, or ride with you to your heart's content; but let me alone now, for Heaven's sake.'"

"Nothing worried him more than a tap at the door while he was writing; he sometimes glared even upon me like a tiger ready to spring, although I was of necessity a frequent and privileged intruder, and always with a view to forwarding the work in hand. He was a perfect terror to his courier and black boy. When his courier knocked tremblingly at his door, he would cry out, 'Am I a prisoner in my own house?' 'I've brought you this telegram, sir.' 'Well, I detest telegrams; why do you persist in bringing them?'"

"Sali, the black boy who travelled with him throughout his long and perilous expedition, is a youth of some resource. Until this terrible book had got into his maser's brain he had been accustomed to free access to him at all hours; but now things were different; every time he approached the den, the least thing he expected was that the inkstand would be thrown at his head. He no longer ventured therein. One day he originated a new way of saving his head; he had a telegram to deliver, so he ingeniously fixed it on the end of a long bamboo, and getting the door just ajar, he poked it into the room and bolted."

Mr. Marsden declares that he himself never worked harder or more incessantly than during this period, having determined not to leave Cairo without a very large proportion of the manuscript and all of the sketches and maps in his portmanteau. "First, there were Stanley's photographs to be developed by a local photographer, in order that we might see how they would come out. It is needless to say that these negatives, taken with infinite care, by Stanley himself, of scenes all through the journey, were regarded by him and by me with the utmost jealousy. I therefore took upon myself to watch the whole process from beginning to end, and I never lost sight of these precious negatives till I carried them back to the hotel. Alas! I am sorry

to say that many of the pictures had almost disappeared from the glass, and at best could only serve to suggest valuable hints to our artist—these had been over-exposed or not sufficiently exposed in the blazing sun of the tropics; others I was delighted to find came out quite clearly, and represented scenes of the greatest value, artistically and geographically, as well as conveying accurate types of new races in the interior."

It was decided, in order to provide against all contingencies, to make a second copy of the manuscript to send by post, and it seems strange, in these days of typewriters, to read of the laborious copying, by Mr. Marsden's own hand, of the considerable amount already written by Mr. Stanley in non-copying ink, and the working off of the rest on a common office copying-press. And this was only 1889.

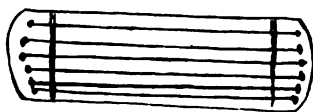
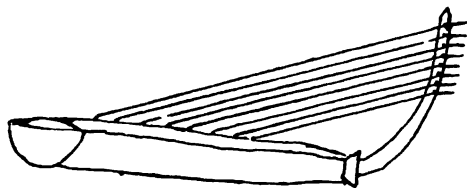
"Mr. Stanley's memory of names, persons and events," writes Mr. Marsden, "is quite marvellous, but in the compilation of his book he by no means trusted to his memory. His constant habit was to carry a small note-book 6x3 inches in his side-pocket: in this he pencilled notes constantly and at every resting-place. Of these note-books he has shown me six of about one hundred pages each, closely packed with pencil memoranda. These notes, at times of longer leisure, were expanded into six larger volumes of about two hundred pages each of very minute and clear writing in ink. In addition to these field note-books and diaries, there are two large quarto volumes filled from cover to cover with calculations of astronomical observations, etc."

The illustrations from the imperfect photographs and Mr. Stanley's sketches were worked out laboriously and painstakingly. "Mr. Joseph Bell was an admirable sketcher, fertile in suggestion, and quick at taking hints and notes, but somehow he always managed to

The Ballegga of Badgwa had decreed leaving their village with an abundant supply of grain. Kavalli gave orders that it should be distributed. This furnished to our people 5 days rations.

Messengers from Kyga-Whondo appeared soon after our arrival reporting that he was dying to see me. It must be remembered that on 16th Dec he declined our friendship. Next news to disturb us in our bivouac, followed us on the 17th and killed three of our sick men who were lagging behind the column, but now hearing that Magamboni, Gavira, Kavalli, are hand & glove with us, he of course hastens to make reparation. He is however safe from Vengemose since he is in some measure friendly with Emin Pasha. But before I could answer these messengers Korumbi chief of the Ballegga mountaineers came in with a cow, two pots of animal husbandry of sweet potatoes, and a couple of pots of beer. It was with Korumbi's people we had such a stubborn fight down the plateau the 18th Dec 1890. He now proposed allegiance, surrender of his country wholly into my hands. With this bold chieftain we made friends quickly enough, and after a lengthy interview parted. An answer was given to Kyga-Whondo that I could receive nothing from him until I had seen Emin Pasha, who if he reported him to be a friend of his, would likewise be accepted of us.

The goods looted in Badgwa village consist of prepared hides, skins, pots, jars, bowls, musical instruments, spears, & four ravens. Among these I noticed a well made guitar of shape of this shape



and also a dulcimer of six strings of this pattern

irritate Stanley by what may be called his excessive verbosity, and the mischievous delight he always took in endeavoring to land Stanley on the horns of some dilemma. For example, he got him to describe the method of getting a donkey across a deep river. Stanley explained to him how the porter led the donkey into the stream, holding the bridle and keeping the donkey's head (which was alone visible) out of the water with one hand, and swimming vigorously with the other hand. 'Yes,' said Bell; 'did the porter carry a rifle?' 'Of course,' said Stanley. 'Yes,' says Bell, 'and in which hand did he carry

the rifle, seeing that one hand is engaged in guiding and helping the donkey, and the other in swimming for dear life?' This was a sort of fun which Stanley did not appreciate. On the whole they were very good friends, but Stanley could not endure the torture for more than two hours a day, and he always rose from the encounter with a sign of relief and a wish that it was all over.

"As regards the illustrations in his book, Mr. Stanley does not pretend to be an artist, but during his whole journey, and even under the most perilous conditions, he never failed to make rough notes and sketches, or photograph



STANLEY WRITING HIS BOOK
From Scribner's Magazine, August, 1890

of the most interesting scenes and events, and in this way he accumulated abundant material. Of course, they were not in all cases such as an artist could make a perfect picture from without the aid of Stanley's accurate memory and vivid power of description."



That plagiarism is a matter of no importance whatever is warmly contended by Edward Wright in the *Contemporary Review*. The men who first conceive an idea, a situation, a melody, a color scheme, or an effect in sculpture are always, he says, insignificant. "The men who best conceive these things are great. By discovering the material of art one acquires no right over it. The claim to a title in it rests on incomparableness of form alone, and, after all is it not an act of infinite grace for a genius to make perfect the labor of inferior men? * * *

"A poet is not essentially an inventor, a 'maker' as the more learned Elizabethans used to pretend after the unpoetic Aristotle. He is a singer. So long as he sings with sincerity and clearness, with charm or grandeur, it matters nothing to his fame where he finds the subject-matter of this song. The importance of this subject-matter may no doubt add to the worth of his music, but that is merely the measure of his discriminative power as a critic. When Shakespeare had elaborated one of the finest instruments of expression, he had the right to try and recast, as his own, not only the work of smaller men, but any part of the existing literature of the world. And when Milton had, in turn, converted Marlowe's blank verse into a grander meter, he also acquired the right to mould the Faust of the great dramatist and the Lucifer of Vondel into the more awful shape of Satan in 'Paradise Lost,' and to take what material he

would from Italian, Latin and Greek poetry.

"And Homer was not the first plagiarist, for there were poets before Homer."



The handsomely illustrated work in which Miss Esther Singleton describes the distinctive styles of the "French and English Furniture" of various periods, is an exhaustive treatise arranged with admirable simplicity which both seasoned collectors and beginners alike will appreciate. She devotes a chapter to each period and by varying length she succeeds in giving in them a comprehensive and detailed view of the different periods and styles. It is a book one will not hesitate to recommend to friends who collect old furniture, rather than old books.



Here is Russell Sturgis's preface to his minutely revised and largely written edition of Dr. Lübke's "Outlines of the History of Art," just issued by Dodd, Mead & Co.:—

"Dr. Lübke's *Grundriss der Kunstgeschichte* was first published in 1860. The eleventh edition was published in 1891, and was only a revised edition; but it was still the old book, containing many of the characteristics of the original issue. Since 1891, much has been added to the scholar's knowledge of archaeology and to the critic's perception of artistic truth; but since 1860 the whole point of view has changed. The history of art which is possible to-day was unthinkable in 1860; many assumptions have been proved untrue; many known facts have different explanations, now, from those once thought sufficient. The amount of added fact is incredibly great and important.

"It has seemed, therefore, to the American publishers of Lübke's book,



A TAPESTRY BY THE MISSES YFATS

that an entirely new edition of it should be made and that there was but one way of doing this, namely, to incorporate the new matter with the original text. This has been done with the single desire to make the book what Dr. Lübke would probably have made it had he been writing in 1902 and in America. Thus the opinions of the Author as to the relative importance of this and that school and master, might not be different now, and under present conditions: and for this reason such opinions (as when bringing the Bolognese School of painters into prominence and treating with much less proportionate respect the work of Corregio) have been left unchanged. On the other hand, when there is insistence upon the difference

between Greek and Indian art, as based upon a supposed influence of the religious belief and social organization which underlie it, in either case, it has been necessary to modify the terms used; because we know more now of the Oriental habit of mind and because it is no longer possible for the scholar to call the Greek more truly religious—the Indian a mere slave to degrading superstition. In this way, then, expressions of opinion have been modified in one case and left unchanged in another; the attempt having been always not to substitute the present writer's views for those of the German author, but to modify the thought of the original as would seem inevitable in view of the discoveries and critical studies of the last forty years.

"The basis of this English edition is the translation made under the supervision of Edward L. Burlingame and the editorship of Clarence Cook in 1877, from the seventh edition of Dr. Lübke's work, and the text of that translation has been retained where no change has seemed desirable."



Of the recent books about Japan, none impresses us as being more truthful in its descriptions of the people and their habits than George H. Rittner's "Impressions of Japan." He is more dignified and more conservative than Mr. Brownell in his estimate of the Japanese and his book, with little of the humor that makes "The Heart of Japan" so entertaining is, nevertheless, more convincing and quite as interesting.

His book is generously and beautifully illustrated from photographs. In "Japan Today," Mr. James A. B. Scherer, who for several years taught Japanese students in Japan, and who lived and talked with them in their own language during his residence there, records his experiences and impressions. His book is most valuable for its very adequate and comprehensive treatment of the educational movement there and its results. For the romance and the poetry of the Land of the Rising Sun, one may turn to Lafcadio Hearn's "Kwaiden." Here is a book full of the beauty and the mystery of "old" Japan that the imaginative reader will find both satisfactory and suggestive.



Two new field-books for nature lovers which ought to have a ready welcome at this season, are Mr. McFarland's "Getting Acquainted with the Trees," and Mr. Mathews's "Wild Birds and their Music," which is very effectively illustrated in color. These two books describe faithfully and in ways that give zest to one's interest in the various species of native American trees and birds. Mr. Mathews's method of identifying the birds by their songs, specially, is a new and happy idea which may very possibly enable many a person, with an ear for music, to distinguish certain birds that they have been unable to identify by other means.



Still the Yeats family! Now we learn that the two sisters, Elizabeth and Lily



A TAPESTRY BY THE MISSES YEATS
Saint Darerca, Saint Patrick's Sister

Yeats are artists with the needle. Two of their designs—old Celtic subjects, of course—are here shown; they are embroidered banners used at Loughrea Cathedral. Mrs. Jack Yeats assists in both the designing and making. In fact, "Dun Emer" produces artistic work of many sorts, chiefly embroidery, printing and book binding. Miss Elizabeth Yeats, by the way, was a pupil of William Morris, and has engaged many peasant girls from the Dublin hills in profitable work.

As a curiosity we reproduce a couple of pages of one of Jack B. Yeats's "Plays for the Miniature Stage," which are successfully published in London. They are "The Scourge of the Gulph" with

Captain Carricknagat, Pirate, as principal character, "James Flaunty or the Terror of the Western Seas." "The Treasure of the Garden," or "Willie McGowan the Man Hunter of the Gulf." It was with this play that Mr. Yeats thrilled the audience of New York's "Supper Club" during his recent visit to this city. The stage upon which the blood-curdling romance was performed measured three feet six wide by two feet high. It is Mr. Yeats's intention to produce a series of the miniature Stage for America, and while he was here he spent much time in out-of-the way spots in New York in search of material.



From a letter written by G. P. R. James from Florence in 1834, we quote this curious fragment:—

your eyes to the stern windows,
James Flaunty. Do you see his
body swinging there?

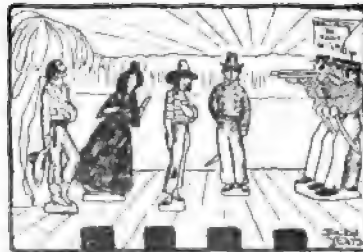
FLAUNTY. I do, captain.

GIG. Have you anything to say,
James Flaunty?

FLAUNTY. Very little, Captain Gig.
During my life I have spoken by
deeds in preference to words. All
I would say now is—what one
Brave might say to another
Brave—I would ask a last request
that I may be executed in a more
honourable manner. I request
that I may be shot by your men
on the shore of the creek when
the sun is just sinking behind the
palms.

GIG. Your wish is granted.

"My opinion of Italy I should scarcely dare tell to any ordinary acquaintance and will even here be as brief as may be. I hate Italy, and if any one wants to get rid of enthusiasms let him come here. Mine were perhaps too bright, my expectations of Italy were, I doubt not, too high raised; but the enthusiasms have soon sunk; the expectations were not long in being disappointed. I thought to find scenes, to the beauties of which associations would come as bright accessories, objects around whose beauties the memories of three thousand years would wreath a garland of grand and splendid thoughts. But on the contrary, I have but passed through a barren and impoverished land, for the great part devoid of everything like picturesque beauties, full of the most degraded objects in nature—degraded men, reeking and stinking with dirt; and foul and



SCENE FIVE.

*Flaunty standing R. against tree.
Officer on left. Enter Nance.*

NANCE. Oh, Jim, Jim, is this the
end of it?

FLAUNTY. Ah, sweet Nance, 'tis
even so. They cannot tame the
eaglet, let it once feel the long
sweep of its pinions, and they
cannot tame James Flaunty but
in death. Farewell, sweet Nance.

OFFICER FLORRY. Ready! — pre-
sent!

The clank of muskets heard with-



REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE
From a photograph, taken in May, 1904

hateful with vice and iniquity. Scarce a sight or an object does one meet with to wake enthusiasm for a moment ; and one has to pull hard on the golden chain of association before one can drag the

bucket up from the deep, deep well. Of course, there were sweet particular spots as exceptions to the general censure, and high-minded men and women to redeem the rest ; but to stand where Romans

have stood and see what we now see, is indeed—with reverence I say it—like seeing “the abomination of desolation sitting in the holy place.” Do not tell my heresy, I beseech you; but in the months I have now been in the land that was once called the land of freedom, and was once again called the land of poetry and song, I have but four times felt my-



VASILI VERESTCHAGIN

self in Italy. Once was in the Amphitheatre at Verona, once was when seeing the silver gray cattle swimming in the dear Mimio, amidst reeds that might well have furnished forth a pipe for Pan. Once was under the two absurd leaning towers, and then the scene certainly was very like Shakespeare; and once was standing on the Ponte Santa Trinita here in Florence and seeing the sun set at one end of the Arno and the moon

rise amongst the cypresses on the other, and their rays mingle overhead with a hue impossible to describe.”



Jokai, Verestchagin, von Lenbach—three great names of three great nations silenced within the month—literature

and art and patriotism. Jokai was the popular idol of Hungary. No nation has shown a greater appreciation of a man of letters. Honors and wealth showered upon him; his nation celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as an author ten years ago. For sixty years he has had recognition. His first novel brought in financial returns half as much as Dickens's “Pickwick Papers,” and Jokai lived to enjoy the sweets of fame given to few on this earth. Verestchagin was a painter, and patriot, both. Lenbach, portraitist, political painter, was possibly greatest of the Germans in his art. He has given us Moltke, Bismarck, Francis Joseph, Emperors William I. and William II., Heyse, Lachner, Wagner and Liszt.



“In his own field,” writes Frederic Harrison, in the *Cornhill*, of Sir Stephen Leslie, “he was a consummate guide and a most accomplished critic. With all his sympathy for Carlyle and his school, Stephen did much to correct that violent prejudice of the Sartorian master towards the eighteenth century and its notable work. With all its shortcoming and its want of poetry, fervor, and spiritual insight, it was the century of



MAURUS JOKAI

common sense, of toleration, of social and industrial development. All this, on every side of it, and in all its fruits, Stephen showed us in an immense series of special studies. He did for the eighteenth century almost as much as Carlyle did for Cromwell and for Goethe. It is the age of specialism, and Stephen was essentially a specialist. He was the apostle of the eighteenth century, saturated with its intellectual clarity and its contempt of fanaticism and enthusiasm, and sharing in its limitations and its prosaic ideals. In his own field, Stephen was all that we need as an interpreter, judge, and stimulus. He never pretended to be an all-round critic, or a guide to general literature, much less to the his-

tory of thought as a whole. His strength lay in his concentration of his own field—his strength, and to some extent also, his weakness. He very rarely strayed outside the area of the eighteenth century, and the first half of the nineteenth century. And he almost never strayed off the field of English literature and English thought. We have learned nothing from him of French, German, Italian, or Spanish literature—much less of Greek and Roman poetry. We do not recall any estimate of Dante, Ariosto, Boccaccio, Rabelais, Corneille, Molière, Voltaire, Cervantes, Calderon, Goethe, or Lessing—nor of Homer, Æschylus, Lucretius or Virgil. We do not find that he ever studied the Middle Ages, the



HENDRYK HUDSON ON THE DECK OF THE "HALF MOON"

From a painting, copyright, 1904, by George Wharton Edwards

development of the Catholic Church, or the modern spiritual and religious renaissance. Had he done this he would have given us another series of masterly studies; but we might have lost the Leslie Stephen whom we knew (whom the reading world will long continue to know and honor)—as the standard authority upon one of the most fruitful epochs of English letters."

The decorative panel by George Wharton Edwards which we reproduce here shows an episode in Hendryk Hudson's search for The Northwest Passage, in September, 1609. The explorer stands on the deck of the "Half Moon." This painting with a companion subject: Peter Stuyvesant, by Mr. Edwards, is to be hung in the Army Mess Building, at West Point.

JAPANESE FINE ART PUBLICATIONS

BY JOSEPH K. GOODRICH

Professor in the Government College, Kyoto, Japan

KYOTO, JAPAN, April 11, 1904.

THIS is the season that the Japanese dearly love, more than any of the others. It is the time when the plum-blossoms tell of the departure of winter and the cherry-flowers bring promise of the mild weather of spring. This year is one of several in the history of modern Japan, when the admiration for the cherry-flowers has been exceptionally pronounced. The Japanese say that the cherry is the typical flower of their country; that it stands for the courage of the individual and for the faith of the nation—not the plum-blossom, which is supposed to be hardier since it makes its appearance when the snows of winter still linger, because that is believed to be of Chinese origin, while the cherry-tree is a true native of Japan. The chrysanthemum has been taken as the crest of the Emperor, and for that reason the sixteen-petal flower is held to be almost sacred, so much so that no one must even have a piece of lacquer or a bit of pottery, or indeed anything bearing that particular variety of the chrysanthemum as decoration, but the cherry may not be appropriated by any individual. One of their poets has sung: "If someone should ask you concerning the heart of a true Japanese, point to the wild cherry-blossoms shining in the morning sun!" and they have a proverb: "The cherry is the leader among flowers; the warrior among men!" So this year, when so many of the Japanese have gone to be soldiers in very fact, there is more than the usual admiration for the cherry-flowers. Yet you would hardly think that this country is engaged in a bitter struggle that promises to be a long one, and the result of which no man can foretell, although every Japanese, with be-

coming pride, asserts most confidently that there cannot be any doubt of their ultimate victory. If one did not read a newspaper, and how little satisfaction the daily papers give one just now! one would scarcely realize that there is war so near this people. There are not wanting other things to make us almost forget that Japan and Russia are fiercely in the grips for supremacy in Far Eastern Asia; and one of those signs is the success that is attending the efforts of the Shimbi Shoin, a Fine Art Publishing Company, which is bringing out some of the most sumptuous art books that I have ever seen. What there is of pure Japanese Art is really now a thing unknown, for while the arts of Korea and of China have been fused in the crucible of Japan until they have lost all marked characteristics of their origin, it is none the less true that Japanese Art owes its very beginning to the influence of those exotics. What is more natural than to look for the best of that transmuted art in the cradle of the religion that was brought from the continent of Asia, Buddhism, and which has always given so much encouragement to artists for the wherewithal to beautify its temples and to add to the impressiveness of its ritual? If we were to ignore Nara and Kyoto and the Buddhist temples of this ancient home of the Japanese people, in our art studies of this country, there would be little left to fix our attention. The treasures of the old temples in *Go-Kinai*, the five "home" provinces around Kyoto and the home of the earliest Japanese, are known to contain pictures, wood-carvings, works in metal, clay, etc., that take us back to the very beginning of Art in this land, probably to the 7th or 8th century of the Christian

era, and it is to those temples that every student must turn if he would learn even a little of all there is to know. But those collections were not, and indeed are not readily accessible; they are never exhibited as a whole; now and then the things are brought out for an airing, to be dusted and to keep them from being destroyed by insects or by mould, and on the monthly festival a few, or, on the annual festival, more of the treasures of each particular temple, but never all of them, are displayed for the gratification of the regular supporters and of the casual visitors. Still these partial exhibitions were never satisfactory to the native student of Art, because each one was too brief; while for the foreigner there was the added dissatisfaction of the great crowds that made a careful study impossible. At last some of the leading prelates of the principal repositories of these treasures yielded to the importunities of a few artistically inclined men of business, and organized a company to reproduce in colored wood-cuts or in collotypes some of the best of their belongings. Thus was formed the Nippon Shimbi Kyokwai, the Japan Fine Art Society, to which was given the exclusive right to photograph all the best of the beautiful things belonging to those old Buddhist temples, and soon the Imperial Household and the families of the nobles and of wealthy commoners, followed the good examples, and now the Shimbi Shoin, the successor of the other association, has the privilege of reproducing practically everything of artistic value that there is in this land. At first, under the editorship of Mr. Shiichi Tajima, it was decided to reproduce one thousand of the best of the treasures, in twenty volumes of about fifty plates each in a set called *Shimbi Taikwan*, or as it was rendered, very unsatisfactorily, in English, "Selected Relics of Japanese Art." It ought to be something like "Reproductions of the Best of Japan's

Ancient Art Treasures," but the first title has become crystallized and cannot readily be changed. Ten volumes have already appeared, and two or three new ones are to be issued each year until the set is complete. The volumes are somewhat heterogeneous in their contents, for one may have some pictures brought from China alongside of others that were of really native production, and interspersed with these will be collotypes of wood-carvings, or earthen figures, or temple ornaments in metal; and on one page may be a bit from a temple in the west of Japan, while the next carries us far away to the east; all this apparent confusion has been necessitated by reason of the difficulty of getting just the right opportunity to proceed in something like order. Each plate of the series is accompanied by a descriptive text in Japanese and a full translation in English, the latter under the supervision of a competent English editor, giving the title of the picture or the name of the article reproduced, its dimensions, its owner, something of the history of the thing itself, and a short biographical sketch of the artist when he is known. The volumes are 19 inches by 13 ½ inches, and the paper, press-work, and binding are most attractive and perfectly harmonious, and this means a good deal when applied to an artistic production in Japan.

Besides this general collection, the Company, under the more personal direction of Mr. Tajima, has lately undertaken the publication of special sets restricted to the works of an individual artist, or to the masterpieces of a single school. Its first successful venture was Volume I. of a set of five, entitled "Masterpieces Selected from the Korin School." Korin Ogata, who lived in the latter part of the seventeenth and in the earlier years of the eighteenth centuries, was probably the most brilliant of all Japan's wonderful artists.

He was most catholic in his tastes, for after saying that his greatest fame is perhaps as a colorist, we cannot say he had any specialty. His pictures in India-ink or in colors, most of them now mounted as *kakemono* (the hanging scroll picture that is so well known in all parts of the world), or as screens, and the little bits that he did on papers intended to be made into folding or round fans, are now simply priceless, although there are few wealthy globe-trotters who do not take away with them from Japan a genuine (?) Korin, duly authenticated by written certificates furnished by their guides and the curio-dealers! But if they are happy in what we know is a swindle, who would rob them of their gratification? Besides these pictures, Korin did a great deal of decorating in gold, silver, lead, tin, copper, etc., on lacquer, and some of his most beautiful work was done on pieces of pottery made by his famous brother, Kenzan; being himself a wealthy man, his use of the precious metals in his decorative work was especially noticeable. Then, too, Korin furnished to his friends who were weavers, designs for their fabrics, and even decorated with his own hand some gowns to be worn by the wives and daughters of those friends. The set of five volumes in this series reproduce works by Korin and by his fellow artists, or by some of those who immediately followed him in his School; the pictures are done in collotypes or in colored wood-cuts. The latter give the exact colors of the originals, even going so far as to employ the same pigments, and as Korin was lavish in the use of gold and silver, both as leaf and prepared in liquid form, the reproductions of those gold or silver backgrounds impart a brilliancy to these pictures which is most effective. These volumes are 17 inches by 12 inches. Each plate has its accompanying descriptive text, in English only, and Volume I. has, as intro-

ductory matter, an Essay on Japanese Art by Baron Riuichi Kuki, who was once Minister at Washington, and who has since been Director-General of Imperial Museums; a general sketch of the artists of the Korin School and their work; a clever dissertation on the composition and use of pigments, and a short biographical sketch of Korin himself; these last two are written by Mr. Tajima, and all are in English. In letterpress, binding, and all mechanical details, this set is decidedly more sumptuous than are the volumes of Shimbi Taikwan, and the volumes are, therefore, more expensive, costing 30 yen a single volume (\$15.00 gold) or 125 yen for the set, against 16 yen and 250 yen respectively for Shimbi Taikwan; but nearly all of the wood-cuts in the Korin set are reproduced in colors with the gold and silver exactly as in the originals.

The Company is now just about to publish one other set, of two volumes, entitled: "Masterpieces by Montonobu." These are collotype reproductions, mainly of India-ink landscapes, although there will be some colored wood-cuts, reproduced from *kakemono*, screens, sliding wall-panels (*fusuma*) decorated by the founder of the famous Kano School of artists. Motonobu Kano was doubtless the most eminent landscape painter in Japan's long list of artists. These volumes will be about the same size as those of the Korin set, but lacking somewhat in the brilliancy of their color schemes, and in the lavish use of gold and silver, they are to be of the same price as the Shimbi Taikwan volumes; yet let it be understood that while these pictures are of a different character from Korin's, they are certainly of equal merit in their particular sphere of Art, and there are not wanting Japanese Art connoisseurs who give the title "Japan's Greatest Artist" to Motonobu, although the majority accord it to Korin. It is proper to note here that Hokusai and

his fellow artists of the popular School, whose prints are such a fad with the tourists that skip through Japan every year, are simply not recognized by the true native art-lover as having any place in the history of Japan's Fine Arts, and that such acts as the assiduity of a recent visitor, a "Professor" of Fine Arts in one of our colleges, in collecting these prints went a long way towards lowering the respect which the Japanese had for American pretensions as connoisseurs.

It is the intention of the Company to publish similar sets of reproductions of gems selected from the different Schools

of Japanese artists, or from the productions of certain other illustrious individuals, and the fact that the work suffers no interruption at this particular time, speaks for the truly artistic temperament of the Japanese people. For the venture is even now satisfactorily successful, and as the volumes become known in other lands and art-lovers in America and Europe realize what an opportunity they give for a clear understanding of Japan's Art, the business is sure to be very profitable. It can hardly be that such an estimable deed as Mr. Tajima's will go unrewarded.

CURRENT FICTION

BY ELEANOR HOYT

WHEN new books by Maurice Hewlett, Jack London, Edith Wharton and John Oliver Hobbes lie upon the reviewer's table, he need not settle down to his task with small hope of entertainment and with only a dreary consciousness to spur him on. He may like, or dislike, praise or condemn; but he is fairly sure to find interesting reading.

THE QUEEN'S QUAIR

Maurice Hewlett and Mary Queen of Scots should offer rare entertainment. Even the baldest advance announcement of "The Queen's Quair" was enough to arouse a pleasant anticipatory thrill, and a reading of Mr. Hewlett's Prologue reawakens the thrill.

"A book about Queen Mary—if it be honest—has no business to be a genteel exercise in the romantic—if the truth is to be told, let it be there," writes the author.

One is tempted to quote much from that none too lucid but most suggestive prologue. The whole mystery of Queen Mary lay in her heart. "To know her is to hold the key to her heart," urges the man who has daringly attempted to make new an oft-told tale. "Suppose her hand had been at this pen; suppose mine had turned that key—there might have resulted 'The Queen's Quair' (the Queen's little book). Well, suppose one or the other until the book is done—and then judge me."

So to the judging.

The author has succeeded in shunning the "genteel romantic." One admits that from the start. Genteel romance is not Maurice Hewlett's metier.

He has argued well his theory that "in time no heart was broken save Mary's own," that "pity, not terror is the nut of the tragedy."

He has pictured a Stuart, "great in thought, frail in deed, adventurous, hardy, chivalrous, short of hold, doomed

to fail at the touch," a light-hearted girl and passionate woman, avid of love, quick to sympathy, as quick to anger, big of heart, frail of judgment, spending herself prodigally for love's sake in despite of all the world, seeking ever the great mate love she never found, breasting recklessly all obstacles in the path of her quest, going down at last in the maelstrom of desire for the man who gave her nothing, but who, with all his brute selfishness and coarseness, was yet, in strength of will and force of deed, nearer manliness than any of the lovers who had wooed her.

The picture is pitilessly realistic. The unequipped queen at Dunbar, mad with desire denied, is no lovable figure. All the weakness, the folly, the lightness of the woman are laid bare, in chapter after chapter, yet never is one allowed to lose sight of the pity of it, the suffering of it, the cruelty of it. A shuttlecock in the hands of the factions, an impulsive French-bred girl pitted against a dour and hostile nation and taking up deceit as a weapon, an over-prodigious heart taking love where it could, spending itself recklessly where it must, yet never all wanton. There is Maurice Hewlett's *Mary Stuart*.

The rest of the characters are cleverly drawn yet they do not, in the main, stand out clear-cut, tangible. The author has not been gentle with them. Swinburne's Chastelard finds no echo in the Chastelard who is but a poor creature save in his death. For Rizzio, for Darnley one is allowed no throb of sympathy. Romantic illusions are brutally dealt with for the sake of a realistic picture, and yet—and yet—in some odd way, the characters seem shadows all, and the realism is not so impressive as the sacrifices made to it would warrant.

The work has been well done but the difficulties were too great. The canvas is of necessity too crowded and the story has been too often told. For genera-

tions past the cleverest minds of the writing world have been guessing at the *Mary Stuart* problem, and among them the known details and the possible hypotheses have been worn threadbare.

All that was left for a novelist of today was to paint striking portraits of well-known features. Mr. Hewlett has done that, but chapters whose events are in the main, foregone conclusions must needs drag at times. All the originality the force of the picture has been dependent upon the brush work, and the brush work justifies the undertaking; yet many a reader will lay the book aside with a sigh of disappointment and a conviction that a literary cameo like "*Ippolita of the Hills*" is a far finer, if more slender thing than "*The Queen's Quair*." (Macmillan Co.)

THE FAITH OF MEN

Jack London, like Maurice Hewlett and Edith Wharton, has his own group of enthusiastic admirers and a rapidly growing place in the esteem of the general reading public.

Ever since his "*The Son of the Wolf*" appeared, he has been recognized as an interesting fact and a still more interesting possibility in American fiction. "*The Call of the Wild*" brought him popularity with the many, to add to the admiration of the few. The new stories, issued under the title of "*The Faith of Men*," are once more an appeal to the few.

The absolute lack of the finer human sympathy in Mr. London's work stands between it and the general favor. He has strength, power, the romantic sense, a grim humor, a vivid style. He holds his reader by sheer brutal force with sometimes, vast suggestiveness behind the thing said; but of certain phases of life, of certain mysteries of the heart and soul, he apparently knows nothing.

He has understood the cruelty of the

Northland, but never the poetry of it, he has understood the physical strength and courage, the dumb loyalty of a woman like Jeess Uck, but the real mystery of the eternal feminine is a sealed book to him, he has known the rage and the might of the sea, but not the witchery of it.

Some of the new stories like "The One Thousand Dozen," in which a commonplace man grapples with Destiny, have a power that offsets their grimness; but for the hideous brutality of a story like "Batard" there is neither artistic nor moral excuse, and as a whole this last collection of stories is not likely to add to Mr. London's reputation. (Macmillan.)

THE VINEYARD

One expects cleverness of John Oliver Hobbes and the expectation is invariably fulfilled—though in greater and less degree.

"The Vineyard" deals with the man and woman question—which should, as a rule, be written the man and women question—in an English country setting. It is clever. After reading it, one wonders whether it was worth while to put so much cleverness to so little use.

Federan, a sensuous, good-natured, weak-principled, handsome egotist, Jennie Sussex, pretty, clean-souled, simple, none too deep, Rachel Tredegar, peevish and morbid hypochondriac, spoiled by wealth and culture and ennui, but capable of loving, after her fashion—these are the chief figures in the book. Incidentally there are other men who love Jennie, but they are purely incidental, though Jennie marries one of them, after Federan has played her false, and is probably happy with him.

Federan himself marries Rachel, who loves him enough to buy him and to flatter his vanity into something approaching love for her.

The book does not end. It merely

stops, leaving the reader well content to part company with its folk, and profoundly indifferent to their future careers; yet there has been entertainment in the time passed with them, and back of them one has recognized a keen, analytical intelligence. (Appletons.)

THE ISSUE

The novel of introspection has its admirers and in this age they are many. But there is still a goodly remnant who cherish an affection for the story of stirring action. Such readers will find what they crave in "The Issue," by George Morgan. Here is action, action and evermore action. The tale begins with the Nat Turner insurrection in Virginia in 1831, fills the interregnum between this and the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion with kidnapping, runaway slaves, underground railway traffic, political complications and such small deer, and then plunges into the battles of the Civil War with a vigour that carries the reader off his feet. There are some thrilling descriptions of the contests in which the big men of both armies take a prominent part. One holds one's breath at the stories of Antietam and Gettysburg and readers with a nice taste in horrors may sup their fill in the accounts of the fields after the fighting.

If one ventures criticism it will deal with the author's generosity. He has crowded his canvas with too many figures, and, as in some of the battles he describes, the hosts engaged are so numerous that the result is confusion. Still, there is no blurring of the main characters of the story and the book has enough power in it to insure it a warm welcome in these days when literary anemia is a common complaint. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

A GINGHAM ROSE

"A Gingham Rose," by Alice Woods

Ullman, is one more unimportant novel about a girl who comes to New York to attempt to earn her living in literature. She goes through all the usual and some decidedly unusual experiences in the course of her career and doesn't make a particular success in anything, except in finally marrying the only man she has ever loved. After meeting the man on paper, one is in considerable doubt as to whether even this achievement could be properly called success. (Bobbs Merrill Company.)

A LITTLE TRAGEDY OF TIEN TSIN

Concerning Chinese local color, Chinese pigeon English, Chinese mental and moral characteristics we have heard much of late, but so complicated is the evidence that one may accept whatever facts appeals to him most forcibly.

Personally, one reviewer is willing to swallow Frances Aymar Matthews' Chinese data without murmur, merely out of gratitude for the uncommon interest in "A Little Tragedy at Tien Tsin." It is a story with tragedy lurking at its close as the title suggests, but there is much charm and pathos, by the way, and the tragedy is fairly met and logically handled when it comes.

The other stories in the volume to which this story of China gives a name are of varying degrees of excellence, several inconsequential, one or two like "The Little Blue Cat from Malta," distinctly poor, others—particularly the other Chinese stories of the group—admirable, both in feeling and in technique. (Robert Grier Cooke.)

STONY LONESOME

The small boy has invaded literature and met a cordial welcome, but it is the human boy who has succeeded, the grubby, rascally, wholesome boy with

torn trousers, and elastic conscience and ready fists and mighty imagination. The angel child, save as material for humor, has had his literary day.

Arthur J. Russell has made a collection of very real boys for his "Stony Lonesome." Their conversation isn't Grandisonian in elegance but it is such boy dialect as may be heard in the school yard of any small town, and the adventures of Shorty Hitchcock, Slim Jones and Spot Maloney bear the stamp of truth. The thread of the story amounts to little, but the episodes will call a chuckle from any man who was raised outside of a city and remembers his own boyhood. (Rand, McNally and Co.)

FOUR ROADS TO PARADISE

In these days of spectacular advertising of the mediocre it is a delight to come unexpectedly across a book like Maud Wilder Goodwin's "Four Roads to Paradise," which should make its way without pushing, if excellence counts for anything in literature. Here is a book which would hold the interest without its epigrams and clever conversation and is bristling with telling phrases that would redeem even a dull book.

"Four men entered Paradise: one beheld and died, one lost his senses, one destroyed the young plants, one only entered in peace."

This, from the Talmud, is the text of Mrs. Goodwin's book and she takes her readers a section of the road with each of the four men. A novel with four heroes in a good deal like a circus with three rings. While one is watching the performance in the first, one misses some thrilling act in the second or third; but Mrs. Goodwin has executed a *tour de force* in keeping the attention of the spectators of her drama pretty evenly divided between the four men. Three of them are in love with Anne

Blythe, who is so human a woman in her love of the good things of this life, in her frank enjoyment of her money, that one cannot but sympathize with her in her conception of duty as "something that means making oneself unhappy in order to make some one else happy," and in her comment, "There's no philosophy in it, for really, if only one can be happy, it might as well be I as the other one."

The four roads lead the travellers from the Middle West to New York, across the ocean, about the Continent, and finally converge at Fiesole, in the charm of an Italian villa in an Italian Spring. Mrs. Goodwin uses her local color lavishly and skilfully.

Perhaps the most lovable character in the book is the man who is not counted among the four Paradise seekers. The delightful prelate is a favorite figure in the novel of to-day, and Bishop Alston can hold his own with the best of them. His gentle "first-aid-to-the-injured manner," his easy epigram, his sense of humor and his very human weaknesses give him a place he will hold in the memory after the Travelers to Paradise have faded into the limbo of forgotten heroes. (The Century Co.)

"I"

The personal pronoun novel "I" adds nothing to the literature of self-revelation.

On the title page it declares itself to be a book in which a woman tells the truth about herself, but the reader who follows the heroine in her aquatic career from ugly duckling to siren and witnesses her final lapse into morality with its discouraging sequel of marriage to a prig will be convinced that the subtitle is a delusion and a snare.

Possibly a woman wrote the story. Probably a man wrote it. Anyone who had read Marie Bashkirtseff, Mary McLane et al., had reveled in French literature of the "Demi-Vierges" type and had studied with enthusiasm the woman's pages of the Sunday newspaper might have written it.

Even without Marie and Marcel Prévost, the literary feat might have been accomplished, but the Sunday supplement tales of beauty culture must have been essential.

The history of the methods by which the ugly duckling developed into the siren who wrecked men's hearts is the part of the book that is really edifying—but what a lost chance was here for exploiting the perfections of Madame Rose Blanche's skin food, of the One Perfect Hair Restorer, or of the Only Safe Bloom of Youth!

The Hair Restorer in particular would have been a most logical feature of the tale, for the siren recklessly shampoos her hair every morning and this same daily shampoo inclines one to believe that the author must be a man. No woman with a heart in her body would condemn even a heroine to such a fate or would harbor poetic illusions concerning the beauty of "dank tresses" or would be blissfully oblivious of the moist messiness awaiting that "Pompeian pink pillow" and that "apple green silk negligee" under the touch of the aforesaid "dank tresses."

The heroine of the book will fail to awaken in other women the interest she feels in herself, the husband is a poor creature, the hero, as has been remarked elsewhere, is a prig—but the villain is so like St. Elmo brought up to date that the heart of the woman reader may rejoice in him. (D. Appleton & Co.)

THE LITERARY QUERIST

EDITED BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

[TO CONTRIBUTORS.—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE LAMP, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

833.—In what issue of Emerson's poems is to be found the piece sometimes called "The First Snowstorm"? It refers to a child, and begins

"I stood and watched by the window,
The noiseless work of the sky."

C. D.

The poem you have in mind is not Emerson's, it is Lowell's "The First Snowfall," and those lines are not at the beginning. It may be found in any edition of Lowell's poems, and in some of the anthologies.

834.—(1) Who wrote "The Monster: or, The World turn'd Topsy Turvy. A Satyr," London, 1705? It begins:

"Search all the bright Creation, you won't find
So great, so rude a Monster as Mankind."

(2) What is the significance of "B. D." after Thomas Traherne's name in his Poetical Works?

(3) Where in Holmes's works is his reference to an expert in mathematics as an automaton? I think it is in one of the Breakfast-table series.

A. R. T.

(2) Bachelor of Divinity.

835.—(1) Of what Englishman was it said that "he recited verbatim one of Voltaire's great poems from having heard it read once by Frederick of Prussia"?

(2) Who is the author of the following lines, and what is the part omitted?

"Love is a barren sea, bitter and deep—

We gave love many dreams and days to keep,
Saying, 'If thou wilt, thrust in thy sickle and reap':
All is reaped now; no grass is left to mow."

J. T.

436.—You never heard, possibly, of the Fraternity Club, a small organization of men and women of letters which ceased to exist about 1878. Essays of much interest were read at its meetings; and the manuscript volumes, made up of those papers or the greater number of them, are still, I think, in existence. One mem-

orable paper read to the Club was by Bayard Taylor, not long before he went as Minister to Germany, one feature of which has remained in my memory. He read—without intimating, before he read it, what it was—a rendering into German of Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore"—"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note," etc. I did not understand German; but the rhythm, the meter, the whole movement, so exactly simulated those of the original English, that I at once concluded what it must be, and what Mr. Taylor, at the end of his reading, announced that it was. Possibly some of your readers may know where this German rendering can be found, and who was the author of it?

G. R. B.

437.—Can you tell me the pronunciation of "De Grapion" and "Grandissime." I have been unable to find them given in any dictionary.

S. K. J.

They are French. Grah'-pe-awn and Gron'-de-seem are perhaps as nearly as they can be represented with our alphabet.

438.—On page 136, second volume, of Stevenson's "Letters" (1899), Herman Melville is referred to as a "howling cheese." I have never heard the phrase elsewhere. I am consumed with curiosity as to its meaning. Would you help me out? I suppose it is quite original with Stevenson, is it not?

G. A. H.

Perhaps some reader that owns a Slang Dictionary can tell us.

439.—Lord Stowell, after remarking that the judgment of Lord Mansfield in the Somerset Case, declaring that "slaves cannot breathe in England," overturned a long-settled practice in England, and that the ancient system "fell without any apparent opposition on the part of the public," said: "The suddenness of this conversion almost puts one in mind of what is mentioned by an eminent author, on a very different occasion, in the Roman History: '*Ad primum nuntium cladis Pompeianae populus Romanus repente factus est alius*:' the people of

Rome suddenly became quite another people.' Who was the eminent author, and what was the different occasion?
C. C. M.

(3) Joseph Rodman Drake and Fitz-Greene Halleck wrote under this signature in their early days.

ANSWERS.

840.—(1) Where can I find a treatise or essay on macaronic poems, or a collection of them?

(.) Who was the famous philosopher who used to say he was ignorant of three things (naming them)—as if he understood everything else?

(3) Who were Croaker & Co.?

(1) James Appleton Morgan published a volume of them years ago, but we do not know that it is still in print. There is a good chapter on the subject, with many illustrations, in William S. Walsh's "Literary Curiosities."

(2) It is related of the elder Scaliger that he said he was ignorant of the cause of the intervals in fever, of the reason why an idea once forgotten may be recalled, and of the cause of ocean tides. Perhaps this is what you refer to; but there may have been others.

824.—The lines beginning—

"The abbot closed his book," etc.,

are from "The Red Fisherman," by Winthrop Mackworth Praed. R.

826.—It was not Robert Hill, the learned tailor, who wrote the pamphlet on Elizabeth Canning in reply to Fielding, but Dr. John Hill (1716-1775) who assumed the title "Sir" on receiving the Order of the Polar Star from the King of Sweden. F. S. D.

830.—The allusions in Kipling's "Truce of the Bear" appear to me to be somewhat blind and uncertain. I suppose "Matun" must be Afghanistan, which lies between the possessions of Russia and England in Asia. But I may be in error. J.

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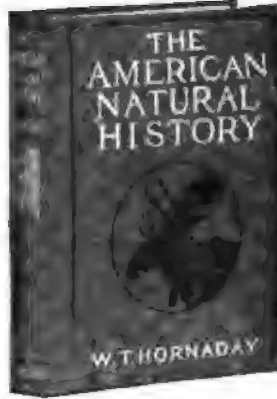
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The LAMP

***A REVIEW AND RECORD
OF CURRENT LITERATURE***



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THE LAMP

A REVIEW AND RECORD OF CURRENT LITERATURE

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No. 6

A FRIEND OF KEATS

By H. C. SHELLEY

KEATS was singularly fortunate in his friends. "The days of the years of his life," writes Mr. Sidney Colvin in the closing words of his sympathetic study, "were few and evil, but above his grave the double aureole of poetry and friendship shines immortally." Much of that good fortune he owed to his own character. All who knew Keats personally unite in offering glowing testimony to his lovable nature. One testified "a sweeter tempered man I never knew"; another, in the retrospect of twenty years, spoke of him as one "whose genius I did not, and do not, more fully admire than I entirely loved the man"; while a third, writing when the poet's final illness was hastening to its fatal close, said, "He must get himself again, if but for me—I cannot afford to lose him." Such a man deserved the best of friends, and in the case of Keats deserts were, for once, rewarded as they should be.

Perhaps the fortune of the poet in this matter was not wholly without blemish. It is allowable, for example, to doubt whether the friendship of Leigh Hunt was entirely beneficial to Keats. On its social side, it was, no doubt, a valuable asset, but the literary influence of Hunt must be charged with retarding the ripening of the younger poet's powers,

and that Keats was generally regarded as a "follower" of the *Examiner's* editor undoubtedly prejudiced his chances of receiving fair play in the literary criticism of the time. Had Keats never made the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt he would never have been chosen to stand in the pillory for the delectation of the readers of *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly*.

Of more limited value still was the friendship of the painter Haydon. Keats was usually so sane in his judgments of men, had generally such an unerring eye for their defects and weaknesses, that it is amazing his head should have been turned by Haydon's notice and speedy offer of friendship. He took the painter at once at his own estimate, and readers of Haydon's *Autobiography* do not need to be informed how colossal that estimate was. No wonder, then, that Keats was beside himself with joy when the mighty painter promised to make "a finished chalk sketch" of his head to serve as a frontispiece for *Endymion*, coupling the promise with the characteristic assertion that he had "never done the thing for any human being," and that as he intended signing it, the drawing "must have considerable effect." It was also characteristic that the promise was not kept. Still, pos-

terity owes some debt to the friendship of Haydon, for it was he who executed the life-mask of Keats which his sister declared to be the best likeness ever made of her brother.

Notwithstanding these limitations, it still holds good that Keats was singularly fortunate in his friends, and if he had been asked which of those friends he valued the most, his reply would undoubtedly have been in favor of John Hamilton Reynolds. Such a verdict must be concurred in by every student of the poet, and it should be placed to the credit of Leigh Hunt that the introduction was effected through him. This friendship naturally gave Keats admission to the family circle of the Reynolds in their home in Little Britain, and that he valued the privilege is manifest from more than one passage in his letters. It was a privilege he shared in common with Charles Lamb and Thomas Hood, and many other literary aspirants of the early nineteenth century. That fact alone might be sufficient to stamp the Reynolds as a remarkable family. But other proofs are available.

Only a bare fact or so is known of the father. He was head writing-master at Christ's Hospital, and had, according to the testimony of his grandsons, a rooted objection to having his personal appearance delineated in any way. Hence, although two of his grandsons were skilled artists, and his son-in-law Thomas Hood made many efforts to persuade him to give some painter a sitting, a rough pen sketch is practically the only likeness that exists. It depicts him as a quaintly-garbed, jolly old gentleman, ready for such practical jokes as we know he was willing to share in when visiting Hood. Perhaps this view of his character is scarcely confirmed by the presentment of him which figures in a sketch Hood made of the wedding of his sister-in-law Mariane Reynolds,

but one hardly looks for likenesses in caricatures of that kind.

Charlotte Reynolds, the mother, had aspirations of a literary kind, though we get no hint of that fact from the letters of Keats. He was dead, however, before Mrs. Reynolds courted fame with her one and only book, the title of which ran: "Mrs. Leslie and Her Grandchildren: A Tale. By Mrs. Hamerton." There is a copy of this modest little volume in the British Museum, but there is no evidence to show whether it secured much or little favor with the public. Here, however, is an unpublished criticism of the book from the pen of Charles Lamb, contained in a brief note to Hood: "Your parcel was gratifying. We have been all pleased with 'Mrs. Leslie.' I speak of it most sincerely. There is much manly sense with a feminine expression, which is my definition of ladies' writing."

There were three daughters in the Reynolds family, of whom one, Jane, as hinted above, became the wife of Thomas Hood. The eldest, Mariane, married a Mr. Green, and had for her two sons the gifted artists Charles and Townley Green. It was to celebrate her wedding that Hood drew the watercolor sketch alluded to above, in which the bridegroom is depicted as a Jack-in-the Green, and the bride is seen to change into a greenish hue as she clasps her husband's hand. In the foreground of this sketch, the third sister, Charlotte, occupies a prominent position, with a hooked arm outstretched in a vain endeavor—such was Hood's joke—to emulate her sister in catching a husband.

With the father and mother and the three sisters Keats enjoyed much friendly intercourse, though towards the close of his life, for reasons which it is not necessary to recapitulate, the sisters lost some of his regard. But in his friendship for their brother, John Hamilton Reynolds, there was no rift from begin-



JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS
From an unpublished miniature by Joseph Severn

ning to end. Of all his literary associates he was the most congenial spirit, and Lord Houghton rightly insists upon the "invaluable worth of his friendship." On this point the testimony of Mr. Sidney Colvin may also be cited, for he is

at one with all biographers of Keats in affirming Reynolds to have been one of the poet's wisest friends, and points out that he "by judicious advice more than once saved him from a mistake."

Although nearly a year younger than

Keats, Reynolds preceded him in the publication of a volume of verse by three years, and had, indeed, placed no fewer than four books to his credit ere Keats issued his first volume. Reynolds was only eighteen when, in 1814, he published his first work, "Safie, an Eastern Tale." As the poem was frankly imitative of Byron, and inscribed to him, it was natural that Reynolds should forward an early copy to that poet. Although he was accustomed to attentions of that kind, Byron took the earliest opportunity of acknowledging the book and its inscription, and his letter, now published for the first time, is interesting not only for its opinion of Reynolds, but also for its personal note. The letter bears the date Feb. 20th, 1814, and is in these terms:

"Sir:—My absence from London till within these last few days, and business since have hitherto prevented my acknowledgment of the volume I have lately received and the inscription it contains, for both of which I beg leave to return you my thanks and best wishes for the success of your book and its author. The poem itself as the work of a young man is highly creditable to your talents, and promises better for future efforts than any which I can now recollect. Whether you intend to pursue your poetical career, I do not know, and can have no right to enquire, but in whatever channel your abilities are directed, I think it will be your own fault if they do not eventually lead to distinction. Happiness must, of course, depend upon conduct, and even fame itself would be but a poor compensation for self-reproach. You will excuse me for talking to a man perhaps not many years my junior with these grave airs of seniority, but though I cannot claim much advantage in that respect, it was my lot to be thrown very early upon the world, to mix a good deal in it in more climates than one, and to purchase ex-

perience which would, probably have been of greater service to anyone than myself. But my business with you is in your capacity of author, and to that I will confine myself.

"The first thing a young writer must expect and yet can least of all suffer is *Criticism*. I did not bear it. A few years and many changes have since passed over my head, and my reflections on that subject are attended with regret. I find on dispassionate comparison my own revenge was more than the provocation warranted; it is true I was young, that might be an excuse to those I attacked, but to *me* it is none. The best reply to all objections is to write better, and if your enemies will not then do you justice the world will. On the other hand you should not be discouraged; to be opposed is not to be vanquished, though a timid mind is apt to mistake every scratch for a mortal wound. There is a saying of Dr. Johnson's which it is as well to remember that 'no man was ever written down except by himself.'

"I sincerely hope that you will meet with as few obstacles as yourself can desire, but if you should you will find that they are to be stepped over; to kick them down is the first resolve of a young and fiery spirit, a pleasant thing enough at the time, but not so afterwards. On this point I speak of a man's own reflections; what others think or say is a secondary consideration, at least it has been so with me, but will not answer as a general maxim. He who would make his way in the world must let the world believe that it made it for him, and accommodate himself to the minutest of its regulations. I beg leave once more to thank you for your pleasing present, and have the honor to be your obliged and very obedient servant, BYRON."

Although Keats and Reynolds were not blind to the weaknesses of Wordsworth, they had—which is much more to their credit considering the general

critical attitude of their day towards the Lake poet—a keen appreciation of the undying qualities of his best work. In one of his earliest sonnets Keats gave worthy and unstinted homage to the poet

“Who on Helvellyn’s summit, wide awake,
Catches his freshness from Archangel’s wing;”

and when Haydon proposed to send a copy of the sonnet to Wordsworth the idea put the young poet “out of breath.” You know, he added, “with what reverence I would send my well-wishes to him.” As this homage was shared by Reynolds, it is not surprising that he should have sent a copy of his fourth book, “*The Naiad; a Tale*,” published in 1816, to Rydal Mount. Wordsworth’s reply, not before published, is as characteristic as the acknowledgment Byron made of the “*Saïe*” volume. In their several ways, these two epistles are not unworthy additions to the Letters to Young Authors which are so plentiful in English literary correspondence, and it is noteworthy that Wordsworth as well as Byron is at pains to prepare Reynolds for the inevitable depressing effect of criticism. Here is Wordsworth’s letter, dated from Rydal Mount, Nov. 28th, 1816:

“My dear Sir:—A few days ago I received a parcel through the hands of Messrs. Longman containing your poem ‘*The Naiad*, etc.’ and a letter, accompanying it, for both which marks of your attention you will accept my cordial thanks. Your poem is composed with elegance and in a style that accords with the subject, but my opinion on this point might have been of more value if I had seen the Scottish ballad on which your work is founded. You do me the honor of asking me to find fault in order that you may profit by my remarks. I remember when I was young in the practice of writing praise was

prodigiously acceptable to me, and censure most distasteful, nay even painful. For the credit of my own nature I would fain persuade myself to this day that the extreme labor and the tardiness with which my compositions were brought forth had no inconsiderable influence for exciting both those sensations. Presuming, however, that you have more philosophy than I was master of at that time, I will not scruple to say that your poem would have told more upon me, if it had been shorter. How unceremoniously not to say ungraciously do I strike home! But I am justified to my own mind from a persuasion that it was better to put the objection in this abrupt way, than to introduce it by an accompanying compliment which, however well merited, would have stood in the way of the effect which I aim at—your reformation. Your fancy is too luxuriant, and riots too much upon its own creations. Can you endure to be told by one whom you are so kind as to say you respect that in his judgment your poem would be better without the first 57 lines (not condemned for their own sakes), and without the last 146, which nevertheless have in themselves much to recommend them. The basis is too narrow for the superstructure, and to me it would have been more striking barely to have hinted at the deserted Fair One and to have left it to the imagination of the reader to dispose of her as he liked. Her fate dwelt upon at such length requires of the reader a sympathy which cannot be furnished without taking the Nymph from the unfathomable abyss of the cerulean waters and beginning afresh upon gross terra firma. I may be wrong but I speak as I felt and the most profitable criticism is the record of sensations, provided the person affected be under no partial influence.

“I am gratified by your favorable opinion of my labors. As a slight return

for your obliging attentions will you, accept of a copy of my 'Thanksgiving

as many copies of each as I requested may be sent forthwith. I am, dear Sir, with great respect, your obliged servant, W. WORDSWORTH."

Although Wordsworth's letter can hardly have been regarded by Reynolds as so encouraging as Byron's, yet, allowing for the difference in the men, he would have been justified in deriving some satisfaction from its contents. At any rate, the fact that he did not post a copy of his next poem to Rydal Mount must not be hastily intepreted as a proof that he was annoyed with Wordsworth for his plain speaking. There was another, and far more understandable, reason why he did not venture to trouble Wordsworth again. That reason opens up an interesting, but little-known, by-path, in English literary history, and explains how it came to pass that there are three poems bearing the title of "Peter Bell."

Reynolds, in common with Keats, and all the literary members of their "set," opposed to the last Wordsworth's pet theory that the humblest incidents of lowly life described in the most homely way were "within the compass of poetic probability"; even more were they offended with Wordsworth for his perverse persistence in employing vulgar or ridiculous names for the titles of his poems, or for the cognomens of the characters in those poems. Wordsworth was perfectly aware of this feeling among his most ardent admirers and advocates, but, with characteristic confidence in his own judgment, he kept calmly on his way, perpetrating title after title, and name after name of such a nature as caused his friends fresh grief, and gave his foes renewed justification for their scoffing. Early in the year 1819 an announcement was made in the papers to the effect that a new poem by Mr. Wordsworth, entitled "Peter Bell," would shortly be published. This was the last straw for Reynolds, whose



SILHOUETTE OF MRS. J. H. REYNOLDS,
NEE BUTLER

Ode' and 'Letter upon Bacon,' which will be put into your hands if you will take the trouble of presenting the under-written order to Messrs. Longman. When you call there, will you be so kind as to mention that I have received complaints from Edinburgh that those two publications have not arrived there as was expected, agreeable to the directions which I had given.

"Pray beg of Messrs. Longman that

bright wit saw in the announcement an opportunity of showing Wordsworth by means of parody how open to ridicule his titles were. As will be seen in the sequel, the idea was almost as rapidly executed as the conception, and consequently the "Peter Bell" of Reynolds was published before the "Peter Bell" of Wordsworth. The situation must have been somewhat perplexing to the book-buyer of 1819, though as the title-page of the spurious "Peter Bell" did not give any author's name, and bore the motto "I do affirm I am the REAL SIMON PURE," the knowing ones may have guessed the fraud.

Not so, however, Coleridge. Isolated in his Highgate retreat, from the literary society of the day, he had to rely largely upon his newspaper for news of the world of books, and although the announcement of Wordsworth's forthcoming poem seems to have escaped him the intimation of Reynolds's "Peter Bell" did not. That intimation caused him many moments of uneasiness, as the ensuing correspondence, hitherto unpublished, will show. Shortly after "Peter Bell" had been issued from the press, on the 16th of April, 1819, to be explicit, the publishers of Reynolds's parody, Messrs. Taylor and Hessey—who were also the generous publishers and faithful friends of Keats—were doubtless considerably astonished to receive the following letter from Coleridge, written on that day from Highgate:

"Dear Sirs:—I hope, nay, I feel confident, that you will interpret this note in its real sense, namely, as a proof of the esteem and respect which I entertain towards you both. Looking in the *Times* this morning, I was startled by an advertisement of 'Peter Bell: a Lyrical Ballad,' with a very significant motto from one of our comedies of Charles II's reign, tho' what it signifies I wish to ascertain. 'Peter Bell' is a poem of Mr. Wordsworth's, and I have



SILHOUETTE OF JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS

not heard that it has been published by him. If it have, and with his name (I have reason to believe that he never publishes anonymously), and this now advertised be a ridicule upon it, I have nothing to say. But if it have not, I have ventured to pledge myself for you that you would not wittingly give the high respectability of your names to an attack upon a *Manuscript* work, which no man could assail but by a base breach of trust. Merciful Heavens! no one could dare read a copy of verses at his own

fireside, if such a practice were endured by honest men! And that the poem itself should have been published by you, unless with Mr. Wordsworth's consent, is morally impossible.

"I just remember the first lines of Mr. W.'s 'Peter Bell':

"There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon;
But through the air I'll never float
Until I get a little boat,
In shape just like the crescent moon.

"And I *have* got a little boat," etc.

"Had it been in my power I should have gone to town, to see what this 'Peter Bell' (the true Simon Pure) is, and to have rectified any mistake I may have made (though I can imagine no other but that the poem may have been published by Mr. Wordsworth and I have not heard of it), without mention of my preceding apprehensions. But as I could not do this, and really felt uneasy, I resolved to throw myself on your good opinion of the sincerity with which I subscribe myself, dear Sirs, yours most respectfully, S. T. COLERIDGE."

Coleridge had no cause to complain of his reply. His letter was probably sent by hand, for the answer Messrs. Taylor and Hessey returned bears the same date as Coleridge's epistle of enquiry, and it deserves to be cited in full, not only because it gives the genesis of Reynolds's parody, but also because it faithfully reflects the real distress which Wordsworth's insistence on his theory caused his most sincere admirers. The explanatory letter was in these terms:—

"Dear Sir:—We enclose the little work which has occasioned you so much perplexity, and we trust that when you have looked it over we shall still retain your good opinion.

"It was written by a sincere admirer of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, by a person who has been his advocate in every place where he found an opportunity of

expressing an opinion on the subject, and we really think that when the original poem is published, he will feel all that intense regard for its beauties which distinguishes the true love of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry. The immediate cause of his writing this burlesque imitation of the 'Idiot Boy' was the announcement of a new poem with so untimely a title as that of 'Peter Bell.' He thought that all Mr. Wordsworth's excellences might be displayed in some work which should be free from those ridiculous associations which vulgar names gives rise to, and as a Friend he felt vexed that unnecessary obstacles were thus again thrown in the way of Mr. Wordsworth's popularity.

"You do not know the author, nor are we at liberty to mention his name. There was no *malise prepense* in the undertaking, we can assure you, for we happen to know that it was written in five hours after he first thought of such a thing, and it was printed in as many more. He never heard a line of the original poem, nor did he know that it was in existence till he saw the name in the advertisement.

"We are placed in a situation which enables us to see the effect of those peculiarities which this writer wishes Mr. Wordsworth to renounce, and we must say that they grieve his friends, gladden his adversaries, and are the chief, if not the only, impediments to the favorable reception of his poems among all classes of readers."

Coleridge's reply to this admirable letter from Messrs. Taylor and Hessey is not dated, but he seems to have sent it as speedily as an attack of influenza would allow him. There are many points of interest in his epistle, not the least being the expression of his opinion on the prose part of Reynolds's squib.

"Dear Sirs:—The Influenza, which is at present going about, has honored me with its particular attention, in the



UNPUBLISHED SKETCH BY THOMAS HOOD
Drawn to celebrate the wedding of Mariane Reynolds

form of fever, weight in my limbs, and this from the day I received your letter and the 'True Simon Pure.' Tho' I write with difficulty, I will not longer delay to assure you that I should not have subjected myself to the possible charge of impertinent interference, had I then been aware that Mr. Wordsworth's poem had been announced publicly, for it is now many years since I have been in correspondence with him by letters. It is, according to my principles, ALL FAIR. The satirist pretends to know nothing of the author but what he has drawn from his printed works, and implies nothing against his person and character. All else is matter of taste. I laughed heartily at *all the prose*, notes included, and am confident should have done so and yet more heartily, had I been myself the barb of the joke. The writer, however, ought (as a man, I mean) to recollect that Mr. Wordsworth for full 16 years had been assailed, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, with every species of wanton detraction and contempt; that my 'Literary Life' was the first critique which acknowledging and explaining his faults (as a *poet*) weighed them fairly against his merits (and is there a poet now alive who will pretend to believe himself equal in genius to Wordsworth?) that during all these years Mr. Wordsworth made no answer, displayed no resentment; and, lastly, that from Cicero, to Luther, Giordano Bruno, Milton, Dryden, Wolfe, John Brown, Hunter, etc., etc., I know but *one* instance (that of Benedict Spinoza) of a man of great genius and original mind who on those very accounts had been abused, misunderstood, decried and (as far as the several ages permitted) persecuted, who has not been worried at last with a semblance of Egotism. The verdict of Justice is ever the same, as to the quantum of credit due to a man comparatively—if the whole or perhaps more than

the whole is given to a man by his contemporaries generally, what wonder if he feels little temptation to claim any in his own name?

"As to the poem of the satirist, it seems to me like many of its predecessors of the same sort. A. we are to suppose writes like a simpleton; and B. writes tenfold more simpletonish—*ergo* B's wilful idiocy is a *witty* satire on A's childishness! At the best this is but mimicry, buffoonery, not satire. When a man can imitate even stupidly the blunders of a Dogberry so as to render them, as Shakespeare does, the vehicles of the most exquisite sense—this is indeed wit! But be the verses what they may, they are all mostly fair, and the preface and notes are very droll and clever. Yours, dear Sirs, with unfeigned respect, S. T. COLERIDGE."

A word or two may be devoted to rounding off the history of the "Peter Bell" poems. Wordsworth, it should be noted, did not regard the parody from the standpoint of Coleridge; his lack of humor prevented that; and so far from laughing heartily over any part of the book, it gave him great offence. Keats wrote a characteristic review of Reynolds's effort, quoting a few of the verses and some of the prose notes, and it was this review which aroused Shelley's interest in the matter, and led to the writing of his "Peter Bell the Third." That title must have puzzled many readers who were ignorant of Reynolds's "Peter Bell," the "ante-natal Peter," as Shelley christened it.

When the letters from Byron, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, given above, are considered in their cumulative judgment of Reynolds's literary gifts, when it is recalled that Byron thought his "Peter Bell" was the work of Moore, when we remember that his collaboration with Thomas Hood in the "Odes and Addresses to Great People" resulted in a volume which Coleridge was

certain had been written by Lamb, and when we are reminded that in a later work, "The Garden of Florence," Reynolds' showed a marked ripening of his literary gifts, we may be tempted to wonder what mischance of fate prevented him from surviving in English literature save as the friend of Keats. To discuss that question would be too lengthy a task. Reynolds was one of the many—perhaps the best—equipped of the many—of those friends of Keats who seemed to have received the call of the Muse. Yet only one was chosen. And Reynolds would not have had it otherwise. "I," wrote Keats to Reynolds, "have been getting more and more close to you, every day, since I knew you"; to Jane Reynolds he wrote that henceforward he should consider her brother John, his brother also; and in the last letter he penned, when the death dews were gathering on his brow in far-off Rome, he turned in tender thought to the friend he loved and told how he could not write to him because it was not possible to send a good account of his health. Reynolds did not fail of equal affection. "I set my heart," he wrote to Keats, "on having you high, as you ought to be. Do you get Fame, and I shall have it in being your affectionate and steady friend." Both these desires have been fulfilled. So long as the pathetic story of John Keats is told in English literature fame will not be wanting for his friend John Hamilton Reynolds.

A DISINTERESTED PUBLISHER

BY MARY TRACY EARLE

CONCEIVE of a publishing house whose yearly issue of volumes is over forty-two millions; conceive of an army of scientists, statisticians, experts of all kinds, employed in making these volumes the most trustworthy yet the most advanced exponents of their widely varying subjects; conceive, too, that these volumes, filled with information gathered at great expense, betray their contents so little in their titles that an uninitiated searcher, brought face to face with them, would pass them by, never suspecting that they contained exactly those exhaustive and authoritative statements of fact that he despaired of ever finding; then conceive that the greater part of this valuable output is given away—often to poorly equipped recipients who let the volumes accumulate out of reach in disorderly storage rooms. Such is the all-comprising, in-

valuable, generous, ill-advised publishing enterprise carried on by the government of these United States.

Our public printing has often been a reproach for the hold it has offered for political "pulls." Our government printing press is still in many ways a laughing stock for its old-fogyism. Much of its machinery is out-of-date. Many of its methods are round-about and unsystematic. Its publications sometimes appear years after they are due. Yet in value and variety they stand unequalled. "From the ravages of the *curculio* to the great railway strike of 1894," wrote Mr. Ainsworth R. Spofford in *The Forum*, "from a history of education in Japan to a catalogue of women inventors to whom patents have been issued since 1789, from a report of the most recent method of hatching fish-eggs to the net result of the Greely Arctic Expedition of 1881,

from a bibliography of meteorology to an account of the navies of the world, from the geographic distribution of American birds to a three volume digest of international law, from a half-page report on a widow's pension to a hundred volume library of the official record of the Union and Confederate armies in the war of the rebellion,—these and hundreds more equally miscellaneous documents exhibit the surprising range of the productions of the Government Press."

Quaint character stories are to be read in many of the reports, fascinating bits of adventure crop out through the matter-of-fact narratives of the commanders of small fleets on obscure missions among lonely islands where our government wishes the other powers to remember that we have an ever-watchful eye. There are even books of legends and fairy stories, although, "to save its face" as a serious-minded purveyor of information, the government issues them as reports of the Bureau of Ethnology.

No subject is better than history to illustrate the importance of the mass of information contained in this vast aggregation of papers, reports, bulletins, and monographs. Only the working historian or the scientific student of history can realize the value of such primary sources of history as the *American Archives*, the *Journals of the Continental Congress*, and the *Secret Journals* of the same body, the various editions of *Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution*, the *Debates on the Adoption of the Constitution*, the *Messages and Papers of the Presidents*, the *Congressional Proceedings and Debates*, the reports of the State Department on *Diplomatic Relations* and on *Commercial Relations*, the reports of the War and Navy Departments, and far too many others to enumerate. In an article in the *Library Journal*, Miss Adelaide R.

Hasse, Chief of the Document Department of the New York Public Library, in speaking of the earlier of these publications, has pointed out "that all that we have of original printed diplomatic, military, and naval history from the beginning of the constitutional government is contained in these early documents; that from the time of the adoption of the federal constitution on through that interesting era of state development, all that we have of original printed history of the commonwealths in relation to the federal government is to be found in these documents."

Unfortunately many of these important primary sources of information were published in small editions and are now out of print as government documents, and very rare. But, as Miss Hasse goes on to state, the new historical school which is growing up in the more prominent American universities is spreading a sense of the significance of such publications. "It realizes that as a basis for its researches it must have copies of these early documents, and it prints for itself copies which should be comparatively accessible to the specialist. I would refer you to the work of Professors Hart of Harvard, MacDonald of Bowdoin, Ames of Pennsylvania, to the work of the Iowa Historical Department," etc.—a list to which one might well add the work of the Wisconsin Historical Society.

Of contributions to the history of recent times the public documents offer a bewildering abundance. There seems to be nothing which one cannot find out from them if one knows how. The story of our relations with the American Indians, begun in the section on "Indian Affairs," in the *American State Papers*, is a long and often painful story, of absorbing interest. Interesting in a very different way are the reports on special industries given in the census reports, where we find not only

statistics bearing upon the development of the country, but full and often finely illustrated articles giving the history and present status of all the important manufactures and agricultural pursuits. Similarly, in the reports of the Land Office and of the Geological Survey certain parts of the history of the United States may be found, and so with the literature of all the offices, bureaus, and departments,—in each some portion of the material, intellectual, or moral progress of the nation is recorded, while the Congressional records are replete with its political history.

Changing the point of view and considering the government publications not merely as records but as contributions to the world's store of exact knowledge, we find that there is scarcely a branch of abstract or applied science which is not constantly enriched by them. The government provides for geological, biological, and botanical surveys by land, while by water the accurate coast and geodetic surveys and the deep-sea dredging expeditions replace the old-time voyages of discovery. Reports of all these undertakings, with plates and maps, enrich the government publications, and are freely distributed. Especially important both for their practical and their purely scientific interest are the publications of the Department of Agriculture, which issues a "Year-book," as well as frequent bulletins; of the Navy Department with its Navy Scientific and Navy Professional Papers, its Naval Almanacs and Pilots, and the Astronomical and Meteorological Observations of the Naval Observatory; of the Lieutenant-General Commanding the Army, which includes the report of the Surgeon-General of the Army, in which may be found such valuable papers as Dr. Sternberg's recent treatise on yellow fever; of the Bureau of Ethnology; and of the Department of Labor, with its studies in sociology.

Not everyone is aware that many of these documents, which in earlier years could only be obtained through favor, are now for sale at the office of the Superintendent of Documents in Washington, the price charged being only sufficient to cover the expense of their production. For a long time there was much opposition to the idea of selling the public documents, on the ground that the government did not wish to compete with or injure private publishers. But as private publishers issue very few books of a character similar to those issued by the government, this objection did not hold, and a clause was finally introduced into a printing act permitting the sale of certain classes of documents. A price list of those which the office has on hand for sale is also issued, and thus the people who really wish to own certain government publications, but who have no way of obtaining them through favor, are often enabled to secure them though the supply is frequently less than the demand.

Each department, often each bureau and office, of the government is a "government author," sending out both regular and occasional issues, while Congress keeps up several vast series of publications, containing not only the full proceedings and debates of both houses, but also the messages and documents submitted by the President to the houses of Congress, besides many miscellaneous documents otherwise received. As the reports of the departments are among the papers sent in to Congress by the President, they are printed in the Congressional as well as in the departmental reports.

It is in the form of congressional reports that the public and educational libraries receive the greater part of the public documents, Congress having decided that five hundred copies of each of its publications be specially reserved for free distribution to what are known

as the "Depository Libraries," which have been selected as regular recipients of the government publications. These are the official library at the Capital of each State and Territory, the library of the Secretary of the Territory of Alaska, the library of the Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass., the libraries of the different Executive Departments and of the Military and Naval Academies, and a library designated by each Senator, Representative, and Territorial Delegate in Congress. These latter libraries, once selected, are not to be changed except for certain definite and sufficient causes set forth by the act which arranges for their selection; otherwise, with each change of political dominance in a given district, a new depository library might be designated, thus spoiling the opportunity of accumulating an uninterrupted series of documents in any one place.

Although five hundred and ten depositories are thus authorized, the list has not yet reached five hundred, as there are still some gaps in the congressional appointments for the newer parts of the country. Many of the surplus volumes which occur in this and other ways are distributed by the Superintendent of Documents to what are called "Remainder" libraries, and there is also a long list of libraries specially designated as recipients of the scientific publications of the Geological Survey. All this in addition to the volumes assigned to each Congressman for his personal distribution, and the direct distribution of the departments and bureaus.

Thus in any well-settled region of the United States access may be had to the more recent government publications. Unfortunately the very generosity of this distribution stands in the way of its usefulness so far as the libraries are concerned. The smaller depositories find themselves unable to provide shelf

room for a yearly gift which amounts to five hundred or more large volumes, "eating up ninety-six feet of shelving," as Miss Hasse has pointed out; under such conditions the wealth of scientific and historical information contained in the documents is inaccessibly stacked up in crowded store rooms and might as well never have been sent out.

In one of his reports, Mr. F. A. Crandall, the first Superintendent of Documents, tells a story illustrating exactly this hopelessly overcrowded condition of the smaller depositories. "During the past summer," he says, "a young man connected with the proposed exposition to be held in Omaha called to see if a certain copy of a certain document relating to the expenses of a previous exposition could be procured. I asked him if he did not know that in the town where he lived (not Omaha) there was a designated depository of public documents, to which all of such documents as the one he wanted to see were sent. Yes, he replied, he knew it, and he had no doubt the desired book was there, and the librarian offered to help him find it, but when he looked at the mountains of documents stacked up without arrangement, he concluded the quickest and cheapest way was to come to Washington for it, a journey of a thousand miles each way."

Even worse than the disorder of unarranged volumes in a store room is the disorder of notation and terminology in the public documents themselves, particularly in the "Congressional set," from which the greater share of those for free distribution are taken. The arrangement of these volumes, Mr. Crandall declared, was not devised by anybody, it "just growed," and to a unique form. "Nowhere else is a set of books called a 'volume.' Nowhere else is a separate book printed in the English tongue called a 'part.' The terms used in describing the publications of

the Government have no place in the dictionary, and their meaning in this use is totally different from their meaning in the general usage of the people. This nomenclature and notation perhaps reach the height of their absurdity in the series known as the 'Messages and Documents,' which, though it comprises above a score of volumes, has been called House Executive Document No. 1. This No. 1 is, however, divided into eight parts and several of the parts are divided into volumes which are again divided into parts."

Through such labyrinths, how is the searcher for information ever to find it?

Since a single volume issued by the Government is usually made up of many reports prepared by different individuals the names of these contributions and contributors cannot appear on the back title, or even, as a rule, on the title page, but the names of the office, bureau, or department, or the house of congress which issues the volume appears, and these various "Government authors" have proved to be gifted with a confusing versatility. The student of social science, for instance, looking for information as to marriage and divorce, would scarcely seek it in the reports of the Department of Labor, unless he understood, as stated by Mr. Carroll D. Wright, that "the organic law of the Department is about as broad as the English language can make it, and authorizes the Commissioner of Labor to collect and disseminate information relating to the social, material, intellectual, and moral welfare of the people." This investigation of marriage and divorce, which is said to have prevented a demand on Congress for a constitutional amendment with reference to divorce, was not issued as one of the regular yearly reports, and consequently was not included in the regular distribution to the depository libraries. It was issued as a special report and only supplied in a small way for scientific de-

mand. In the same manner, and by the same department, was sent out a report on the Gothenburg system of Liquor Traffic,—another treatise which one might not think to find in the reports of the Department of Labor, although there is a certain association of ideas. But as such special treatises are independent of any regular government publication, if they chance to be owned by a public library they will probably be catalogued under their proper subject headings, and thus will come within the range of a reader's opportunities. Such is not always the case with the reports included in the regular volumes,—the bureau, department, or congressional reports. In the reports from the Treasury Department, for instance, the student of history would scarcely expect to find material, except as to the financial development of the country. Yet in one of these volumes, with nothing on the back title or title page to reveal its presence, there appeared a valuable history of the events leading to the Louisiana Purchase, together with descriptions and histories of the states and territories into which that great tract gradually divided itself.

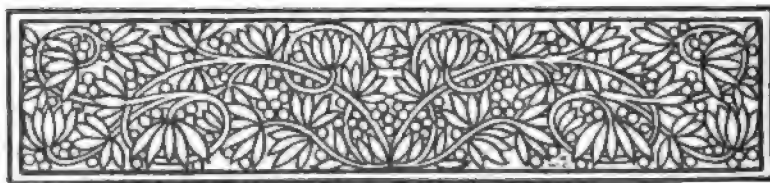
"It is scarcely credible that the United States Government was more than one hundred years old before any permanent provision was made for properly cataloguing its publications," writes the present Superintendent of Documents, Mr. L. C. Ferrell, in the *Library Journal*. "The printing act of 1895 makes it the duty of the Superintendent of Documents to prepare and publish three catalogues, each serving a particular purpose." These are, first:—The Monthly Catalogue which is intended for immediate use, and is required to show where and how documents may be obtained, and the price of those available for sale. Second:—The Annual Catalogue which is officially known as the comprehensive index, but

which is published under the title of Document Catalogue, and is a simple dictionary catalogue containing entries of all documents printed by the government during the fiscal year, with the exception of the congressional documents. Third:—The consolidated index, published under the title of Document Index, and containing a list of congressional documents and reports printed during a session.

In addition to these three regularly issued catalogues, the work of listing and classifying the earlier publications of the government has been almost completed, and it begins to be possible for the man of knowledge, the man who has an idea of what has been published by the government, to find what he wishes. But the general public, ignorant of the extent and value of this great source of information, will probably ignore these various document catalogues, and continue to search through the subject catalogues of the libraries which it consults. Few libraries list the separate articles of the government reports, and only in comparatively recent years has any attempt been made to do so. "A few years ago," writes William R. Reinick in *Public Libraries*, "the depositories were named without any reference to any ability or desire on the part of the

institution to properly care for the volumes which were sent to them. Students looking over the subject catalogue of such an institution miss entirely thousands of entries which should be inserted there if the institution wished to act honestly with the government which provides these publications so generously." But he adds that "during the past few years the interest taken in the publications of the government by librarians has become so noticeable as to cause considerable comment, and is undoubtedly a step in the right direction."

Thus far, except in a few notable instances, the comment seems to be of greater length than the step. The library journals contain much talk as to the best systems of cataloguing the public documents, but the subject catalogues of most libraries are still reprehensibly barren of entries from this rich store. The truth is, only the more fortunate libraries can afford a clerical force equal to the task of completing their catalogues in this way, and only when the reading world, beginning more intelligently to appreciate the value of the public documents, demands better cataloguing and contributes means for it, will the subjects of these documents be listed in the subject catalogues of even the great libraries.



THE WOOD THRUSH AT EVE

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

From "The Lyric Bough." By permission of Messrs. James Pott & Co.

AT the wood edge, what time the sun sank low,
We lingered speechless, being loath to leave
The cool, the calm, the quiet touch of eve,
And all the glamour of the afterglow.
We watched the purple shadows lengthen slow,
Saw the swift swallows through the clear air cleave
And bats begin their wayward flight to weave,
Then rose reluctantly, and turned to go.

But ere we won beyond the warder trees,
From out the dim deep copse that hid the swale
Welled of a sudden flutelike harmonies
Flooding the twilight, scale on silvery scale,
As though we heard, far o'er the sundering seas,
The pain and passion of the nightingale.

ON SOME GROTESQUES BY DA VINCI

BY A. E. GALLATIN

MORE than any other quality, the grotesque finds instant sympathy in a work of art. No one who has walked around, inspecting with curious eyes, that circle of old, high-backed carved choir stalls in a certain Italian church, has failed to be greatly amused and interested in the second arm of the last seat. On the arms of all the other seats have been deftly cut a cherub's head. But on this appears the head of a devil.

Came the day when the sculptor's wearisome task neared completion, and overjoyed at the prospect, this happy mortal permanently recorded his sentiments in the manner above truthfully set down. And this is the one which we look at the longest.

The devils which adorn the lofty gallery running around Notre Dame are

much too notorious to be mentioned here, but does every one know of the keenly humorous caricatures in which Leonardo Da Vinci found recreation for his pencil? Several pages containing such drawings are carefully preserved in the Academy in Venice, and the two reproductions here given are from photographs taken directly from the originals. Although Da Vinci would be the last person one would name as being their creator, one can readily see that they are the work of some great master. What sure draughtsmanship they display, how much character they express, what a wonderfully expressive line!

If Da Vinci were alive to-day, even the inimitable "Max" would have to look to his laurels. As it is, these two caricaturists stand quite alone. Rather an amusing niche in the hall of fame!



CARICATURES BY LEONARDO DA VINCI



CARICATURES BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

A CHILD'S IMPRESSIONS OF WHITTIER

BY MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD

IN the imagination of a child of eight, fame is inevitably represented by certain concrete signs; there must be something of the glamour of purple and gold about a distinguished man to reveal his greatness and to separate him from ordinary men. So, knowing vaguely that John Greenleaf Whittier was a poet who had won fame, I waited for the expected first meeting, never doubting that pomp and ceremony and magnificence would surround him as they surrounded Solomon. With such visions of gaudy splendor I entered the door of the stately house at Oak Knoll and saw before me only a tall, slender old gentleman in a black Quaker coat. There was no poetic mantle, no impressive bearing, no ceremony of presentation, simply a timid kiss and a "how does thee do?"

Not only did he lack the external signs of greatness, but the simplicity of his manner, his disinclination for speech, his evident preference for the post of observer and listener proved that he cared nothing for the proper deportment of a poet. My disappointment was not final, however, for, watching the man who sat in a quiet corner, I grew uneasy as I met the glance of his brilliant dark eyes. The more I tried to escape the more potent became the spell they cast over me, such searching glances from under shaggy eyebrows and high white forehead. Soon he began to talk with me in the hesitating fashion of one not altogether sure of himself. There was a lack of assertiveness in his words strangely at variance with the eloquent expression of his face, yet his very gentleness had a dynamic quality that roused curiosity and respect and not a little awe.

At supper, that same day, came an unexpected revelation of his kindliness. The older people had been talking

cheerily when there came a sudden pause. I saw my opportunity, and in a high voice asked, "What is it that is put on the table and cut, but not eaten?" No one knew, and I answered triumphantly, "Cards." The hearty laughter that followed was very gratifying and my pride leaped when I found that the poet laughed longer and more delightedly than the rest. Joy lasted, however, only until bed-time, for then it was explained to me why it was not fitting to mention cards before a Quaker gentleman.

The poet's laughter was the expression of genuine amusement at the incongruity of the allusion, but was also typical of his tenderness which would not allow a child to be wounded by an over-scrupulous sense of propriety. He had no exaggerated confidence in the axiom that children should be seen and not heard and for this reason his manner with them was delightful, marked as it was, always, by a certain appealing friendliness without a trace of condescension. Although not fertile in finding topics of conversation he refrained from making the stereotyped inquiries into school life and such affairs, never feeling it necessary that something should be said at all hazards. With some tangible object before him, a photograph, or a book, he gained a sort of protection, and, thus fortified, loved to point out interesting features, taking in this mode of entertainment what seemed to be an absorbing pleasure. Genial, playful, affectionate if left alone with young people, he became abstracted and ill at ease when older persons came near to act the part of spectators.

It was at Quaker meeting one cold winter morning at Amesbury that I had my first real glimpse of the poet. After

the meeting had assembled and silence reigned in the plain little room, the door opened and in walked a thin, long-coated figure that was easy to recognize. He sat down in a front seat, to my horror still wearing his tall silk hat. It was a silent meeting, no word was spoken, and I grew weary, sometimes watching the clock, furtively, sometimes watching the poet as he sat with head bent, his splendid eyes cast down, profoundly reverent. At last, after what seemed to me a long defiance of propriety, he removed his hat. I wondered eagerly if he would speak, but that anxiety was not relieved; he sat in silence until the meeting was ended. The beauty of the profile that I saw, delicate, sensitive, pale, with an expression of sweet yet austere devotion, was never again so clear to me. There in the heart of the faith that he loved, in an atmosphere, solemn and still, among friends who made no demands upon him, rendered him no respect for worldly fame, but for the purity and tenacity of his faith, he was supremely a poet.

The persecution to which he was subjected by over-ardent admirers, who in public or in private assailed him with adulation, often induced in him a certain fretfulness highly diverting to on-lookers. His flurried efforts to gain a refuge from the effusive speeches of some person, the look of anguish in his eyes when he found he must endure these obsequious attentions were undeniable proofs of a modesty that declined to become a spectacle. Often he suspected treachery of this sort on the part of his friends, and expressed himself forcibly. One day he exhibited unusual signs of rage. A group of friends were, during his absence, examining his latest photograph. Suddenly the door opened, and he entered with a smile and friendly greeting. Then he saw the picture that had been hastily laid down. With a sudden swoop, without a word, the irate poet

seized the offending photograph, flung it indignantly across the room, then stalked away in the midst of an awful silence.

Appreciation when suitably expressed was very welcome to him, and he was deeply touched by marks of sincere regard. After a birthday, when gifts of all sorts had poured in from all parts of the United States, he was always delightful, exhibiting some of the things he had received, with jocular remarks in regard to their appropriateness. He took a whimsical pride in showing autograph dedications to himself of the works of young poets, presumptuous, respectful tributes which gave him unconfessed yet very evident pleasure. His own appreciation often found expression in unexpected, half-concealed fashion and often took a poetic form, as it once did when he gave a favorite cousin, a copy of *Among the Hills* with the leaf turned down to the lines beginning,—

Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our hard stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty.

There was a gracious hospitality in his manner and in the safety of his own house in Amesbury, no one could be more cordial than he. His style of speaking had irresistible charm at such times for when completely at ease he indulged in a mixture of the laconic and the poetic. Odd turns of expression, unexpected Biblical phrases made his style decidedly rich and varied. He would refer to photographs as "graven images" and at one time he discoursed humorously upon the introduction of singing into Quaker meeting, saying that he himself did not mind the "warbling." Never was there any of the pose of the author in his speech. He never made one of the oracular remarks expected of the man of letters, but spoke always a quiet, unostentatious language

which often seemed unsuited to the tongue of a ready writer. His delight in telling stories was equally a delight to the listener. Spending one winter day in a house where he was visiting, I heard him tell a favorite anecdote in characteristic fashion. The family settled down comfortably in the parlor to talk with him and exiled me to the library to prepare my Greek lesson for the next day's school. I was sitting comfortably before the Franklin stove with my book, when the door opened gently, and in came the poet with the shy, apologetic look of one who was playing truant. He leaned over the fire, rubbing his hands before the blaze, without speaking. After a long silence he asked, "What is thee studying?" I gave him the book, Plato's *Apology for Socrates*. He looked at it with interest, then told me the story of the old farmer who once borrowed from him a translation of Plato, and, after reading it, returned the book, saying, "I see this 'ere Plater's got some of my idees." Then he stood up erect and laughed his jolly, quiet laugh.

Oftentimes there was a sly sarcasm in his comments on people, revealing a shrewdly humorous appreciation of human nature. To look at photographs with him was an interesting experience. Once, in turning over a portfolio, filled with pictures of prominent living writers, he discoursed in a droll fashion on various persons who had achieved a rapid but dubious notoriety, pointing out eccentricities of countenance and making this a text for a jesting criticism of the literary work of each. The respect he accorded to those whose work had

genuine value was frank and full of admiration. He talked long of Hawthorne, praising him with the praise of a friend, yet with a wistful appreciation of some transcendent power in the man, some depth of imagination denied to himself.

No one could have been a more interesting "patterne of a poete" than this indomitable Quaker. Quakerishness was his charm, and had he been of the "world's people" he might not have sought in poetry a release from ancestral stillness of communion. Yet in his life of great solicitude for the triumph of noble action there was evident more of the saint than of the artist, possessing as he did, with his small yearning for inexplicable variety of experience, little passionate insight into widely diverse moods. Without any of the rigid austerity so often ascribed to him, he was nevertheless seldom at ease with the world for he had slight sense of the proprietary rights which other men found it so easy to assume. Of the intensity of this sequestered spiritual life no one could fail to be conscious, nor of the extreme sensitiveness of his temperament. The interest in his achievement was, upon acquaintance, always transferred to the man himself. His poetic personality in its sweetness, its contradictions, was fascinating, inasmuch as there was always a hint of latent dramatic possibility in his manner and speech. The gentle dignity of his bearing, and the rare beauty of his face, so memorable in these flashes of concentrated ardor of perception, in these moments of deep musing, were constant, silent witnesses to his calling.

THE INFLUENCE OF JEWS IN RECENT ENGLISH LITERATURE

BY J. M. BULLOCH

LONDON, June, 1904.

A NUMBER of recent events widely different in character have by their cumulative effect served to remind us of the increasingly powerful position of the Jew in English life. The present year is the centenary of Lord Beaconsfield's birth, and three new biographies, together with the promised arrangement of his papers (which the death of Lord Rowton made more possible), take us back to one of the origins of modern Jewish influence. Again, the operations of the Alien Immigrant Commission, and the consequent legislation, even if it will not be so exclusive as some Englishmen would like, give an indication of the pressure which is being felt by the industrial classes from the constant invasion of the poor Jew, whom Russian ruthlessness scatters over the face of the globe. Nothing, however, has made the Englishman so conscious of the power of Israel as the Dreyfus agitation, which comes home all the more poignantly to us, viewed from the vantage ground of the Anglo-French agreement. Englishmen whole-heartedly and in the name of what they considered justice angrily impeached France for her treatment of Dreyfus. His appearance at his trial helped to sober us; to-day he rouses no more emotion than a South Sea islander. We have, indeed, begun to realize that the Dreyfus agitation was mainly worked by the ubiquitous Jewish journalist. Once again, the presence of the Jew as a factor in politics has been very evident during the whole South African affair, most notably in relation to the introduction of Chinese labor into the Transvaal. Last of all, the appearance of the elaborate *Jewish Encyclopedia* has

helped to place in more or less concrete form the aspirations and the outlook of the Hebrew.

I have no intention of traversing Semiticism as a practical force, for we have practically no anti-Semitic feeling in England; but the place of the Jew in the literature of to-day has some interesting sides. It is rather a curious fact, which the *Jewish Encyclopedia* itself admits, that the favorable condition of English Jews has not hitherto resulted in any remarkable display of Jewish talent in any of the arts or in literature. Even to a Rabbinic scholarship and exegetic learning English Jews have made insignificant contributions. But there are signs that the young Jew belonging to Mr. Zangwill's generation is wakening up. Perhaps this activity might be treated coincidentally with the year 1890, for it was only then that all restrictions against the Jew for every position in the British Empire, except that of the monarch, were removed. Certain it is that the better educated young Jew of to-day (and it was only in 1870 that a Jew could become a scholar or a fellow of an English university) has no desire to hide his origin. He is proud of his race in the fuller liberty accorded to it, and there is even at times the veriest suspicion of truculence.

The beginnings of the Jew as a producer of literature in England may be conveniently traced to Lord Beaconsfield's father, Isaac Disraeli. The point is all the more interesting as illustrating the German influence in Jewry as opposed to the old Spanish Jews who gradually gave place in numbers and in power to the Teutonic section during the latter half of the 18th century. It has

been pointed out that one of the causes which contributed to the deterioration of the Sephardic branch was due to the fact that they became prominent in the national art of boxing. The German Jew was far more strenuous, and at the present time it is he and the Russian who have contributed almost entirely to the arts in England, for, with the sole exception of Mr. Pinero, who has Portuguese blood in his veins, I can recall no Jew from the Peninsula who has made his mark in literature. On your side you have Mr. Belasco, a name which was once famous in the English prize ring, for Abraham Belasco and his brother Israel, were well-known pugilists in the early years of last century. Sport and the drama to this day are associated in the English mind, and the existence of so many Jews in the theatrical world, both as actors and managers, may be taken as the continuation of the old Sephardic impulse. The fact is curiously interesting, because the modern Jew has taken practically no part in the athletic craze of to-day. Isaac Disraeli belonged to the Sephardic Jews. His more famous son, therefore, had fewer of those characteristics which mark the German Jew and which have made anti-Semitism so great a factor in mid-European politics. But the two Disraelis serve to illustrate the more notable contributions of the Jew to modern English literature, namely, research and romance, in some ways the twin of that strange mixture of materialism and idealism inherent in the race.

Disraeli the elder was at best only a sloppy kind of scholar. His learning was like a literary bric-à-brac shop; but he is interesting as the first of a new tradition in English Jewry. Far more weighty was the work of Francis Palgrave (father of the better-known compiler of the "Golden Treasury of English Song") who helped to lay the foundations of minute research into our public records.

Palgrave, who was old Disraeli's junior by 22 years, only assumed that fine old name. He was born a Cohen: and it is typical of the older spirit that both he and Disraeli ultimately turned from Israel.

The laboriousness involved in all scholarship seems peculiarly suited for the patient nature of the Jew, even if the financial result is not at all commensurate. But it is probably his Jewish origin which has made Mr. Sidney Lee so great a success in scholarly work, for the Kudos accruing to him from two such hackneyed subjects as a life of Shakespeare, and a biography of Queen Victoria, is quite remarkable, to say nothing of his splendid achievement, first as coadjutor, and finally as sole editor, of the magnificent *Dictionary of National Biography*. For many years, quite a little army of industrious scholars have been working in Shakespearian criticism, and piecing together the fragmentary details of Shakespeare's life, but scarcely one of these has been known except to scholars. Mr. Lee, by skilfully co-ordinating the results of their labor produced a book that became immediately popular. Similarly, in the case of his life of the late Queen, he managed to produce a book of unique interest, even without recourse to the enormous mass of MSS. which the future historian will have at his disposal. On very much the same lines, Mr. Israel Gollancz, who is Mr. Lee's junior by some five years, has attracted the attention of a wide public to his editions of the English classics. It was he who gave us the Temple Shakespeare, and edited the beginnings of the extensive library of classics which the Dents have built up round them. He is now building up for Mr. Moring a more select series of tasteful classics which have the attributes both of scholarship and of popularity. Few purely English scholars have created such a big market as Mr. Lee

and Mr. Gollancz have done for wares that were once considered of but little marketable value.

Scholarship, however, knows little of the impulses of race and creed; that must be left either for controversial or imaginative literature. The modern Jew has deliberately chosen fiction, and, although his contribution is so far a mere drop in the bucket, it is so powerfully biassed (and I am not using the word in any depreciating sense) as to stand by itself. The modern Jewish novelist has a point of view not to be found in the brilliant novels of Disraeli, which were Jewish by the mere accident of the author's birth. The Jewish novelists are now giving pictures of their own people. This has fascinated the Gentile writers. We all know how Daniel Deronda absorbed George Eliot: but it is not too much to say that no Christian, however sympathetic, can understand the complex workings of the Jewish mind. One of the most striking examples in point was the publication in 1889 of *Reuben Sachs* by Miss Amy Levy. It was an extraordinarily intimate study of the pushful Jew, and gave great offence in certain quarters of Jewry. Miss Levy will always be remembered among our modern writers of short stories if only for the fact that the author almost immediately afterwards committed suicide at the early age of eight-and-twenty.

No Jew, however, has created so much interest as Mr. Zangwill, whose novels are redolent of the race. Mr. Zangwill's early work might have been written by any humorist; but all his later books, beginning with *The Children of the Ghetto* in 1892, have dealt with different aspects of the Jew. Mr. Zangwill has closely identified himself with Zionism, and holds very distinct views with regard to the millions left by Hirsch. His brother, while displaying the literary instinct, has not identified himself so closely with

Judaism. Their father settled in England in 1848, but the two sons are exclusively English by birth and education. Mr. Zangwill's greatest rival is Mr. Samuel Gordon, who is his junior by seven years. Mr. Gordon is the son of a Jewish Minister of Russian origin in the East End of London. He himself was born at Buk, in Germany, and came to England at the age of 13. He was educated at Cambridge, where his brother, Mr. Henry Gordon, made his mark in the Engineering Tripos, and where he himself took classical honors. Living amongst their own people, the Gordons take the keenest interest in all questions affecting Jewry, and Mr. Samuel Gordon's novels are instinct with high hopes for his race, even amidst the maze of many contrary circumstances. Mr. Gordon made his first appearance as a novelist with a small book called *A Handful of Exotics* in 1897, and he has gone on steadily increasing his repertoire ever since.

Several other Jews are busily engaged writing short stories, but none of them have made such a mark as to be included in any list of genuine literary men. One of the earlier Jewish novelists, Mr. Farjeon, was immensely industrious, but he never took a high place, and it was only by the accident of birth he was in any sense Jewish. Similarly Frank Danby (Mrs. Frankau) has only played with fiction. The characteristically "Jewy" instinct for art came out more prominently in her elaborate work on 18th century prints, and her more recent book *John Raphael Smith*, which is selling at over 30 guineas, although issued only the other year. Mrs. Frankau is the sister of Mrs. Aria, the well-known writer on ladies' fashions, and their brother is Mr. James Davis (Owen Hall) who has made quite a little fortune by writing the "books" of musical comedies, the best, perhaps, being *A Gaiety Girl* and *The Girl from Kay's*.

The note which strikes one in these Jewish novels is one of real sadness, and I think it is more emphasized in the poetry, small in amount, which has been produced by the school. It certainly was the dominating feature of Miss Amy Levy's plaintive book of verse *A London Plane Tree*, and, if possible, it was much more marked in the verses of the late Mathilde Blinde, whose real name was Cohen.

The greatest energy of the Jew, in literature, however, is being expended in journalism—if the Fourth Estate can possibly be dignified as literature. We have several Jewish proprietors, notably Lord Burnham, the owner of the *Daily Telegraph*; and Mrs. Beer, who for many

years not only owned, but edited, two Sunday papers. The mere inventory of names of Jewish contributors to papers is far too long for me to put down here. Their influence, however, is distinctly appreciable, though I think it has not been so obvious since it created England's very indiscreet pro-Dreyfuss enthusiasm. Among the better known journalists are Mr. Lucian Wolf of the *Daily Graphic*, who has taken up a strong position on Zionism, and Mr. M. H. Spielmann, the editor of *The Magazine of Art*.

So far the net result of these Jewish writers has been small, but in view of the short time they have been at work, their influence is remarkable.

BY THEIR FRUITS

BY WILLIAM H. VENABLE

From "Saga of the Oak." By permission of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.

ABOVE the clash of counter creeds
 These gospel accents swell:
 Whoever doeth righteous deeds
 Hath read his Bible well.

Like fragrant blooms of lavish spring
 Are adoration's vows
 The tree that pleases God will bring
 Fair fruitage on its boughs.

AN AMERICAN FARMER

BY HERBERT CROLY

IN his "Foreword" to the reprint of the "Letters of An American Farmer," Prof. W. P. Trent states the idea of reprinting the book originated with him; and no doubt every one to whom the book is opened up by means of this well-edited and well-made edition will agree that the idea was a happy one. These "Letters" not only constitute a document of the first importance in the history of American national self-consciousness, but unlike much of the didactic writing of Colonial times, they possess a definite literary value. They reveal a personality as well as describe a social condition and ideal.

The social condition and ideal I shall reach presently; but as an introduction, a few words should be said about the author. Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur was born in Normandy, and emigrated to America in 1753, at the age of 23. He soon settled in Carlisle County, Pennsylvania, and there he lived until the Revolution, cultivating his farm, rearing his children, and prospering sufficiently to have leisure both for reading and travel. Thus he is an American, not by birth, but by adoption. The outline of his story did not differ from that of many others; but it had a different issue, for Crèvecoeur had a "sympathetic" French disposition which demanded some kind of expression. And how characteristic the expression it obtained! His letters, of course, are no more real letters than are Cooper's "Letters of a Travelling Bachelor," fifty years later; but they are a very real expression of rural Americanism in the eighteenth century. They belong to their period, because they are written in a leisurely

and garrulous manner, and with some literary self-consciousness. They belong to their country, because they are written with a very practical purpose from a very unworldly point of view. They belong to a farmer, although to a very unusual farmer, because the book is the natural overflow of a mind well-filled by the observation of nature, and well-schooled by a good deal of somewhat solitary reflection. Above all they belong to a man of great kindness, sweetness and sanity of temper.

Essential as has been the constant stream of foreign immigration to the industrial progress of America, these immigrants have not in very many cases added much to the intellectual stock of the country. Consequently, perhaps the most peculiar value of Crèvecoeur's vision and interpretation of American life is that it is specially that of a comparatively mature immigrant, who retained a vivid recollection of European life and conditions, and who evidently kept much more closely in touch with the prevailing currents of French thought than did any but a very few of his fellow Americans. His attitude towards nature is that of a follower of Rousseau, whose sentimental attachment to the fields and the woods has been confirmed by the hard manual labor of a farmer and by the constant observation, largely for practical purposes, of the habits of the earth and the air and their wild inhabitants. His attitude toward the social and domestic economy of Colonial life is that of a Rousseauite observer, who is acutely conscious of the difference between European and American conditions, and who finds in his adopted country a deliverance from some at least of the accumulated oppression and burden of European social con-

ditions. America is figured in his imagination as the Promised Land of the poor, but hard-working man. In Europe such a man has small chance to better himself in wealth and social position, whereas in America, the opportunities are so great that if the immigrant be willing and intelligent, he cannot but take advantage of them. "From involuntary idleness," says the American Farmer, "servile dependence, penury and endless labor, he has passed to toils of a very different nature, rewarded by ample subsistence. This is an American."

Crèvecoeur's ideal American has been stigmatized as being as remote from the real American Colonist as Chateaubriand's Atala is from the real American savage; but the reproach is not wholly true. The ideal is at least a genuine ideal, the direct outcome of certain formative conditions in American life. What is more it does not prevent the "American Farmer" from supplementing his picture of this country as the material Paradise of the poor man, with certain shrewd observations as to the effect of its prevailing prosperity upon human nature in America. He describes Americans as being industrious, good-livers, selfish, litigious, full of political bumptiousness, and of religious indifference. This description is not complete, but it is not the description of a man whose eyes are blinded by his own theories; and it unquestionably foreshadows certain important general characteristics of the average American down to the present day.

What Crèvecoeur did fail to understand was the political ambition and ideal, which issued naturally from these easy and expansive social and economic conditions. From the political point of view his ideal was strictly Colonial. He did not look beyond the Colonial period

to an independent democratic state; and when at the time of the Revolution this idea became a force, it awakened no response in his kindly and meditative disposition. Quakerlike he was simply bewildered by the Revolution, much as Walt Whitman was bewildered by the Civil War, and his evident consternation adds a touch of dramatic propriety to the simple annals of his life. The rebellion not only disarranged his social ideal, but wrecked his personal fortunes. All that he could think of doing was to fly from the fear and distress to which war exposes non-combatants on the frontier, and to seek his Promised Land in the wilderness and far from the contentions of civilized men. Under the stress of personal suffering, and intellectual bewilderment, his native common sense was evidently failing him, but it is significant that instead of flying to the wilderness the "American Farmer" actually retired to Europe and published his book. Later he returned to this country, only to find his wife dead and his home destroyed, and thereafter whether because of the wreck of his American fortunes, or because he did not relish the democratic iconoclasm of the Republic, he lived in the Europe of penury and servile dependence, rather than in the America of prosperity and freedom. The fact was, doubtless, that Crèvecoeur had remained more of a Frenchman than he knew. His book while Colonial is by no means provincial in spirit. An immigrant of that date, who could write a good book about America was an immigrant who craved the advantages of an older and more complex society. So he dwelt in France and continued with much less success to write about America. He had lived his life and done his work. The rest was on the one hand compensation, and on the other repetition.



ACROPOLIS OF SMYRNA, MEDIEVAL FORTRESS

SMYRNA, THE HOME OF HOMER

BY RUFUS B. RICHARDSON

For ten years Director of the American Archæological School at Athens and author of
"Vacation Days in Greece."

SMYRNA is not only the greatest seaport in Asia Minor, but the greatest in the Turkish Empire except Constantinople. Perhaps to nine-tenths of those who touch at Smyrna, it is nothing more than a common mart on a largish scale, a place in which to buy Smyrna rugs and Smyrna figs. In fact I remember one college man who had travelled largely in the Orient recalling Smyrna as "that place where we got some fine fig paste."

But there are qualities that raise Smyrna out of commonplace. These are picturesqueness, tradition and history. Constantinople surpasses it perhaps in all three; but on the first two counts Smyrna may at least contest the supremacy. How much picturesqueness counts for a city is exemplified by San Francisco, which by that mere quality,

history and tradition apart, is interesting, much more so than Cincinnati, for example. But even San Francisco is nothing in comparison with Smyrna. I confess to the foible of always rating rather high the beauties that are before my eyes, or that I have recently seen, in comparison with those seen some time before. But in this case there can be no mistake.

As you sail along the shore of Asia Minor, you come to a break, and you go into a bay cutting into the land some forty miles. I had looked in several times before it was my good fortune to go in. The entrance is flanked by two large islands, Lesbos on the north, and Chios on the south, both pearls of the Levant. The latter rises so high that in clear weather it is seen from Euboea. As you approach Smyrna, which lies

at the very end of the bay, you note the glory of its immediate setting. Hills close in around its plain, forming a gigantic theatre. But the cynosure to those sailing in is Mount Sipylus, over 6,000 feet high, in the immediate background. The semicircle of mountains is so compact that one wonders how he is ever going to get into the interior.

Tradition and history are in the case of Smyrna in its early period so commingled as to be practically inseparable. Before what is usually counted as the dawn of history in the *Ægæan* basin, Greeks are now known to have been in possession of the whole eastern coast line of Asia Minor, where in spite of ever-threatening danger from the interior they flourished. Tradition makes it reasonably sure that they came from the opposite shore. *When* they came, it is hard to tell. One thousand years before the Christian era is hardly too early an estimate. It is likely that there were several waves of immigration.

The probably heterogeneous crowd of settlers who dotted the northern third of the coast with their settlements were called *Æolians*. The perfect flower of this group was Lesbos, in which "burning Sappho loved and sang." Smyrna was the outpost of this group toward the south, where they "marched" upon another equally heterogeneous group of settlers from Greece who called themselves *Ionians*. These *Ionians*, at least in those early days, had an element of push, and did not propose to allow the *Æolians* to have the one spot favored above all others on the coast. As Herodotus tells us, a band of *Ionians* from Colophon, a little to the south and across the peninsula which runs out to meet Chios, took Smyrna by a *coup-de-main* and held it. The *Æolians* agreed to a compromise by which they should have their movable property and the *Ionians* the land. It was as if a man should take forcible possession of my

house, and I should agree to let him keep it if he would be kind enough to let me take the furniture.

This transaction took place about 700 B. C. At a time several centuries earlier than this, it is now currently believed by Homeric scholars, the earliest nucleus of Homeric poetry was composed in the *Æolic* dialect; and there is no more likely place than Smyrna. The probability is that even after the seizure of the town by the *Ionians*, a considerable body of *Æolians* remained in the district. A people is rarely moved *en masse*. In this seething cauldron which had at one side of the rim *Æolic* Lesbos and on the other side *Ionian* Chios was brewed a larger mass of Homeric poetry. We have then a reasonable explanation of the persistent tradition that Homer was born at Smyrna, which heads the orthodox list of the "seven cities" which claims him. Homeric scholars are at least pretty well agreed that while the first nucleus of the *Iliad* was in the *Æolic* dialect, it was subsequently worked over into *Ionic* which somehow failed to displace all the *Æolic* words. With some reason, then, Chios also has put in such a persistent claim to be the birth-place of Homer, that he has come to be called the "Chian bard." It would have been very handsome of Chios to claim that it had the growing boy. But no! they must all claim to be the birthplace. But we are not dealing with Chios except secondarily. Our concern is with Smyrna; and we know that Homer was given the epithet *Melesigenes*, from the river Meles which still flows hard by Smyrna; although there is not perfect accord as to which one of the small streams here flowing into the bay is really the honored Meles.

The flowering out of the coast cities whether *Æolian*, *Ionian*, or *Dorian*, found a parallel in the growth of the Greek cities on the coast of Sicily, with this exception, that in the latter case,



EUROPEAN AND ASIATIC MINGLING TOGETHER

there was no large threatening power in the interior. One cannot help contemplating with a deep feeling of pity the unfolding of Miletus into a city larger and far more wealthy than any on the mainland of Greece, in the immediate presence of a power whose mission it was to destroy or at least subdue it. The spectacle is like that of a beautiful vineyard on the slopes of rumbling Vesuvius. Lydia, the nearest neighbor, was the first to deliver the blow. Miletus held out, compromising somewhat, but nearly all the rest of the Ionian strip was brought into subjection. Alyattes the father of Cræsus, wiped out Smyrna at about 600 B. C., when it had hardly emerged from tradition into history. Its woes were accomplished at once, while those of the other Ionian cities were long drawn out, and so per-

haps more painful to behold. When the Persian, who succeeded the Lydian, rode rough shod over Ionia and stamped its life out, Smyrna had been already lying in the dust for nearly a century.

The real history of Smyrna begins about three centuries after its first destruction. These three centuries had been a period of death and destruction for the coast strip. Alexander brought a new order of things. He could not fail to see that a resurrected Smyrna would be the natural emporium of the region. Klazomenae on the south side of the bay and Phokaea at the northern horn of it, could never completely take the place occupied by Smyrna. But Alexander did not live to raise Smyrna from the dead. Antigonos began to rebuild it; but he fell in the battle of Ipsus in 301 B. C., before he had gone far with his

project. Historic Smyrna therefore counted as its founder Lysimachos, who, like most of those who took a hand in dividing the inheritance of Alexander, fell in battle, but not until he had set Smyrna well on its feet.

The site of the new city chosen by the Macedonians was about three miles from the old one, and almost due west from it where the shore had already taken a westerly turn. Old Smyrna has left no trace of itself except a few bits of Cyclopean walls. But—how soon are the dead forgotten!—Macedonian Smyrna bloomed and proudly reared its head among the sister cities, some of which had a name to live, but were dead.

A century passed and Rome appeared on the scene. When Smyrna showed a gift for practical politics it was always on the side of Rome, for which it occasionally suffered, as in the struggle between Rome and that humbug, Mithradates. It was, of course, a question with the Greek cities which side was the side of safety. Smyrna had the cleverness to stick to Rome through dark days. So it passed as the "faithful friend of Rome." In the book of Revelation there are several allusions to the special circumstances of the several cities in which were the Seven Churches. As such may be classed the exhortation to the church in Smyrna. "Be thou faithful unto death." As Smyrna's faithfulness to Rome had brought secular salvation, the same faithfulness to the King of Kings would bring the crown of eternal life. That Smyrna did reap profit and honor by its steadfast faith in Rome is shown by a passage in Tacitus's *Annales* in which mention is made of a contest among the cities of Asia Minor as to which of them should be awarded the distinction of taking charge of a temple to be erected to the deified emperor Tiberius. Although there were some dozen competing cities, Smyrna was

awarded the prize, while Sardis was a close second.

In the Smyrna of to-day, scant traces are left of the Macedonian and Roman city. This is the fate of cities that have been long and continuously occupied. A stately hill 460 feet high, now called Pagos, but in antiquity Mastusia, from its resemblance to a breast (*μαστός*) when seen from the sea, overlooks the city and was doubtless its acropolis. To the casual observer there is nothing on it except a rather imposing medieval fortress. But careful scrutiny reveals near the bottom of the slope towards the city traces of a theatre and a stadion. Interests attaches to the latter as the place where the most gentle of martyrs, the aged Polycarp, faced death. When asked to curse Christ, he replied: "Eighty-six years have I served him, and he has never wronged me, and how can I curse my king who has saved me?" and he calmly walked to the stake and was burned.

What important remains the dense city itself covers will hardly be known until judgment day. No man will be likely to find remains of the temple of the Sipyrene Mother (Kybele) nor of the Homereion famed for its magnificence.

Smyrna could not always escape evil days. An earthquake destroyed it in 179 A. D., during the reign of Marcus Aurelius, who helped to restore it. Tamerlane destroyed it in 1402, and shortly afterwards all Asia Minor fell under the benumbing rule of Turkey. But Smyrna seems to have a manifest destiny. In spite of Turks and plagues and earthquakes, it thrives and grows and prospers. It stands alone as the great city of the region, while Ephesus, Miletus and the other great Greek cities of the region are extinct. Ephesus and Miletus were choked in bogs created by the rivers on which they were founded, which kept forming bars at their mouths. But Smyrna is on such a



SCENE IN THE SUBURBS OF SMYRNA

capacious bay that it has escaped that trouble. The great river Hermos empties into the bay on the north side at a long distance from the city. But since even thus it might in time bring down enough silt to become threatening, a new bed some fifteen miles long was made for its lower course in 1886, through which it now reaches the sea far out on the northern horn near Phokaëa.

"To him that hath shall be given," and Smyrna in the last years of the nineteenth century became the starting point for two lines of railway, one of which, the English line, runs past Ephesus up the Maeander into the heart of Asia Minor, and the other, built by an English company, but turned over to the French, to produce a sort of

balance of power, runs up the Hermos past Sardis and Philadelphia, also reaching the heart of Asia Minor. Thus Smyrna is the gate to the inner land.

The quay of Smyrna presents the appearance of a great European city. On it are great warehouses, offices and quite an array of hotels. Among the latter is one that is first-class, the Hotel Hoeck, kept by Germans, and several others passably good, which, of course, in the Orient means a good deal. But one could not be long in the city, especially if he plunged into the region back of the quay, without realizing that he is far from Europe. Here are children of Shem, Ham and Japheth, of every color and feature, a sight that could hardly be paralleled outside of Constantinople and

Alexandria. Creeds and nations jostle one another.

The Greeks predominate, forming over half the population of 250,000. The Turks form only about one-fifth. Jews, Armenians and nondescripts—a large class—swell the ranks. Even the so-called Turks are not all of one blood. They come down in large measure from the old population of the region, and form a single class only by the fact that they hold the Mohammedan religion which was forced upon their ancestors.

All the nationalities strongly represented here have their separate "quarters." Outside the European quarter and the Greek quarter, the others are characterized by a greater or less degree of crowding and filth. These nationalities also have a sort of local self-government, and are represented in the city council by an official. The Greeks, in particular, nearly 50,000 of whom are citizens of the kingdom of Greece, feel very much at home, and sometimes assert their independence in a striking way. During

the past winter the Greek shopkeepers resisted the imposition of an income tax. When the shops of the recalcitrants were sealed up, the Greek consular authorities proceeded to open some of them, and bloodshed ensued. The Athenian papers were full of the subject. The trouble was finally smoothed out by diplomacy. The Turk is more on his good behavior here than in Armenia or Constantinople.

When one gets over his first fear at the sight of so many savages and semi-savages, and gets courage to wander about by himself, he finds interest everywhere. Rags have a sort of picturesqueness. The little cared for Museum in the so-called Evangelical School has several interesting pieces of sculpture, notably a head of Aphrodite from Tralles, of a Skopasian type. The churches for the most part are devoid of interest. It is the city itself with its sights and sounds which is full of interest to the observant traveller, who feels that it ought not to be treated merely as a starting-point for "doing" Asia Minor.

READING "VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE"

BY JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH

TIME jesting swears I'm thirty-eight,
But just as sure as I'm alive
My spirit, god-like, strong, elate,
Is at this hour but twenty-five!

A FORGOTTEN NATURALIST

BY ELIZABETH HOWE

"DURANT, CHARLES S., Aeronaut, born about 1805, died in Jersey City, 2d March, 1873. He made a balloon ascension in 1833, from the battery in New York, which was one of the first ever made by a native American. Subsequently he made fourteen others, on one occasion descending into the Atlantic Ocean. Mr. Durant was the author of several books of a scientific character, one of which was a 'Treatise on Shells and Sea-weeds.'"

THUS in half-a-dozen lines Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography disposes of a man and a book. Yet when that book, the true title of which is "Algae and Corallines of the Bay and Harbor of New York," first appeared, fifty years ago, it was hailed alike by press and reviewer as "an epoch-maker," "a Herculean task," "the open door to a new field of science," "a monument of persevering devotion." It was compared to Audubon's work on ornithology; it was eulogized by scientist and bibliophile; and then—well, then it disappeared from the catalogue of the world's achievements, save for the brief entry, with mis-quoted title, given above.

Yet if you are a lover of rare books, and have besides the good fortune to be on sufficiently friendly terms with the custodians of the treasures of the Astor Library to penetrate sometimes beyond the wooden barrier dividing them from the non-elect, inquire privately of the librarian what he considers the rarest and most valuable of his recent acquisitions. Then perhaps you may be led through a labyrinth of stacks and shelves to a remote corner; a book may be taken from its place and reverently unwrapped from its protecting coverings; and you may be permitted for a moment to hold in your hand a red volume, across the cover of which runs the title, "Algology." It is the "epoch-

maker," the "monument to science,"—in a word, it is Charles F. Durant's work upon *Algae and Corallines*, a scientific curiosity which, for uniqueness and originality, has, in this country at least, few equals.

Mr. Durant is classified by Appleton as an "aeronaut." But if by genius we understand, with Fielding, "those powers of the mind which are capable of penetrating into all things within our reach and knowledge, and of distinguishing their essential differences," it is hardly too much to say that he might more fittingly have been distinguished by this larger appellation. For all things, particularly in the world of Nature, were open to him. To him, as to her favorite child, she revealed secrets hidden from duller eyes. His school-days were few; for so open all about him lay the book of life, so plain were its characters, so intelligible its mysteries, that education in the ordinary sense seemed to him trivial and fruitless. Indeed he carried this idea through life. "Had it not been for my mother," says one of his daughters, "I doubt if any of us children had ever received any instruction." Open your eyes, look about you, observe, infer; there is an education waiting for you in every leaf, in every stone, in every drop of water,—such was his theory, consistently lived up to.

While still a lad attending the district schools of his native town, his bent for science and the original character of his mind disclosed themselves in an attempt to investigate the air-currents. For this purpose he began making balloon ascensions, achieving speedy fame for his dexterity and daring. In all, thirteen grand ascensions were made, one at Castle Garden, about 1833, at the request of President Jackson, in honor of Black Hawk, the Indian chief.

There are those now living who remember this ascension; to whom, half a century ago, the name of "Durant, the aeronaut," was a household word. But few who knew him thus would have recognized in the intrepid adventurer the modest, retiring student, in the quiet of his laboratory wresting from their jealous hold the secrets of physics and chemistry; or, knapsack on shoulder and stick in hand, taking long rambles through the woods and clearings along the Palisades, never returning empty-handed; or paddling his boat, in the still mornings, along the marshes and shallows of the Hudson. Doubtless it is more spectacular, in the words of the awed chieftain, to "sail into the clouds." But equally without doubt Mr. Durant's quiet researches in wood, and bay, and laboratory contributed more to the fund of scientific knowledge that did all his thirteen ascensions.

The activity of his mind manifested itself in many directions. His attention was first turned to botany, and the beautiful gardens surrounding his home, generously thrown open to the public, were the favorite resort of holiday crowds.

In 1837 he exposed the Fox sisters, originators of modern spiritualism. With a loaded shoe which he had made for himself, he gave exhibitions at his own home of rappings quite as mysterious as those of supposedly supernatural origin; and so persistently did he attack these chicaneries, in the face of threatened personal violence, that he eventually drove the spirits out of business.

About the same time he undertook to demonstrate the practicability of silkworm culture in this country upon a commercial basis, importing large numbers of mulberry-trees and cocoons to illustrate his theory, which, however, he was shortly forced to abandon as impracticable. Shortly after, he demonstrated the explosive qualities of salt-

petre; and about the same time he established a legal recognition of Du-Buat's law of hydraulics.

No subject was too vast or too trivial to engage the attention of his versatile powers. The same mind that detected the trickery of the spiritualist grappled with equal facility with the secrets of the physical world. But the subjects of his choice were botany and astronomy. His last work, "Durant's Physical Astronomy," was completed and placed in his hand only the day before his death. It was an exposition of theories so absurd, in the eyes of his friends, as to render him liable to the charge of insanity. By their instructions the entire edition was destroyed save a single copy. The publication of this may one day give the world an opportunity to judge whether, in the light of recent discoveries, his utterances were those of a madman, or merely of one who had outstripped his age.

But his most pretentious work, the one which suggested the present sketch, is his Algology, or, as the title-page has it, "Algae and Corallines of the Bay and Harbor of New York." The book is a large quarto, containing about fifty pages of letter-press—itsself an almost perfect example of the printer's art—devoted to an introductory treatise on the science, and a classification and description of the specimens, comprising nineteen families and nearly three hundred species. This of itself was no slight task; for as no work upon the subject had appeared before in America, many of the plants were unclassified and even unnamed. But Mr. Durant's originality did not allow him to stop at a mere cataloguing of his specimens. It was his theory that in the Algae is to be found the link connecting vegetable with animal life. To establish this theory, no time was too long, no investigation too exacting. And while the results of his research may not be so convincing as to command universal acceptance, his

efforts may claim respect for their freshness and sincerity.

But the crowning beauty and singularity of the *Algology* is its illustrations. These are not drawings or reproductions from life but the plants themselves, preserved with all the beauty of their natural coloring, and mounted upon the blank page. When it is understood that for each copy was required the collection and preparation of nearly three hundred specimens, a small idea of the magnitude and difficulty of Mr. Durant's undertaking may be obtained. "For two years," he says, in his preface to the *Algology*, "I lived a sort of amphibious life, paddling about the shallows when the tide was out, in quest of specimens to be prepared and mounted in the evening. The aggregate perambulations on the tidal and sea-shore will somewhat exceed *one thousand miles*, while *two thousand hours* were probably devoted to the work."

The book appeared in 1850, published by George P. Putnam, then at 155 Broadway. The original intention was that the edition should consist of fifty copies, at one hundred dollars each. But the enormous labor of preparing the fifteen thousand specimens required rendered the design too vast to be carried out; and the lavish generosity of Mr. Durant's nature caused him to find more pleasure in giving away the beautiful results of his labor than in exposing them for sale. The first copy finished was presented to the New York Typographical Society; a second, to Mr. P. T. Barnum's museum, at Ann Street and Broadway, where, in the fire which completely destroyed the building, it probably shared the fate of the other curiosities. A copy was finished and given to each member of his family, seven in all; and several more were presented to friends. The total number completed

can hardly have exceeded fifteen. The proceeds of the only copy known to have been sold were devoted to charity. The purchaser was Mr. Rutzen Schuyler; the occasion, a Sanitary Fair held in New York shortly after the outbreak of the Civil War, for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers. The cost of issuing the work, apart from the labor involved, which is incalculable, was two thousand dollars. The receipts were one hundred dollars, given away!

The result is characteristic of the man. To him the book had no money-value—or rather, it had a value too great to be expressed in terms of dollars or hundreds of dollars. His purpose in writing it was to awaken an interest in the study of the algae, to reveal the hidden beauties of Nature to eyes that are habitually blind to them, to publish the praise of a Creator who fills even the secret places of the earth with images of His love; and if he was successful in this, it mattered not at all to him that his reward was neither riches nor honor. In his life he realized Kipling's ideal of what can come to pass only after we have ceased to breathe the air of this sordid world:

"And only the Master shall praise us, and
only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one
shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each
in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees it, for the God
of Things as they are."

It was, in truth, pure "joy of the working" that animated Mr. Durant in all that he did, or undertook to do; and this late effort on the part of a less self-devoted posterity to establish in some measure his position as a student and a scientist, can in no way detract from the merit that belongs to him as a "student of the truth for truth's sake."

MR. HORNADAY'S NATURAL HISTORY

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL

SINCE the issue of the great "Standard" Natural History, some twenty years ago, no book covering all classes of American vertebrated animals has been available for the general reader and student. During this twenty years much material has accumulated, especially from the far Northwest, and knowledge of the distribution, habits, and relationships of our animals has been greatly extended. This has led to modifications in classification and nomenclature, making all the older general works obsolete in that respect, however excellent and useful otherwise. Hence a new summary, marshalling to date the acquired facts and conclusions of science, was much needed by teachers and amateurs of natural history, and must be regarded as a decided convenience to specialists.

Mr. Hornaday's "American Natural History" more than fulfils these requirements, however, for it manages to place within its 450 large octavo pages not only the basis and framework of the study, as referred to above,—proper names, scientific position, dimensions, colors, geographical range and relationships,—of all of the North American mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians, and fishes, likely to interest the enquirer, but a surprising amount of novel as well as "stock" information in respect to their traits and manner of life, besides more than 200 generally admirable pictures.

This is no inconsiderable accomplishment, and the author has succeeded remarkably well from the popular as well as from the professional point of view. The result is a book which a farm-boy may study without a teacher, and get a proper idea of the animals about him; and a book which a teacher may trustfully follow in the classroom and not

mislead the pupils he is endeavoring to instruct.

The author makes some excellent remarks in his Preface upon teaching zoölogy, and urges the need of solid work. The reading of story-books will never make a naturalist. "It has been decreed by Nature that he who will not work shall not know her. There is no process by which the secrets of Nature can be placed automatically in a giddy mind." Again he wisely observes: "While the 'nature-study' teaching of the present day is acceptable and commendable for very young pupils, . . . it is a mistake to carry it too far. Valuable and permanent results in the study of animal life cannot be achieved by turning in the classroom a kaleidoscope filled with a chaotic mass of birds, butterflies, flowers, frogs, and trees. . . . System is the only master-key by which the doors of animate nature can be unlocked."

As Mr. Hornaday has spent his life in collecting animals in various parts of the world—witness his capital "Two Years in the Jungle," published a few years ago by the Scribners—and has for several years latterly been director of the Zoölogical Park in New York, it is natural to find him dwelling longest on those kinds in which he has found the public to be most interested—the big game-animals, the beasts and birds of prey, and the larger and fiercer reptiles. This is as it should be, and he adds to the accumulated information in regard to these many most valuable and entertaining facts derived from his own experience, first in capturing them, and afterwards in observing them in captivity. There is a certain practical modernity and freedom from cant about the whole book, which make both the text and illustrations as novel as they are commendable.

THE FIRST SONNET IN ENGLISH

BY WALTER LITTLEFIELD

ON the 20th of this month, the people of Arezzo will celebrate with appropriate exercises the six hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet Francesco Petrarca. He was born in that Tuscan city, which is also the birth-place of Fra Guittone, the creator of the sonnet form, although some believe that the distinction belongs to Pier delle Vigne, who about 1240 was chancellor at the Sicilian court of Frederick II. The honor and fame that have been given to Petrarca by his own countrymen remind one, particularly at this time, of the debt due him from English writers of verse. Much has been written on this subject; much still remains to be written. And among the latter there is a curious item of which I find no account in biographies or in the anthologies or manuals of verse. It concerns the "CIX." sonnet of Petrarca and two contemporaneous translations made of it in the English language, which in the absence of any sonnet of a prior date, are probably the first expressions in the original form of the *sonnetto* to be found in our poetry.

One translation was made by Sir Thomas Wyatt, who because of his many early poems in this form has been called "the father of the English sonnet," and the other by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. And here is the Tuscan text of the sonnet they translated together with a literal rendering in English:

Amor, che nel pensier mio vive e regna,
E'l suo seggio maggior nel mio cor tene;
Talor armato nella fronte vene
Ivi si loca, ed ivi pon sua insegna.

Quella ch' amare e sofferir ne 'nsegna,
E voi che 'l gran desio, l'accesa spere,
Ragion, vergogna e reverenza affrene;
Di nostro ardir fra sè stessa si sdegna.

Onde Amor paventoso fugge al core,

Lassando ogni sua impresa, e piagne e trema:
Ivi s' asconde, e non appar più fore.

Che poss'io far, temendo il mio Signore,
Se non star seco infin all' ora estrema?
Chè bel fin fa, chi ben amando more.

Love, that in my mind lives and reigns, holds highest place in my heart, thus accoutred appears in my face; there it reposes and there places its ensign. She who to love and suffer taught and wills that passionate longing, burning hope, be restrained by reason, modesty and reverence, has contempt for all familiarity between us. Thus Love, forsaking its enterprise, frightened flees to the heart and weeps and trembles: there it hides itself and comes forth no more. Dreading my lord, what can I do but to abide with him until the last? How beautiful the end for him who well-loving dies.

Both Wyatt and Surrey were pre-Elizabethans. Both belonged to "the company of courtly makers" who in the reign of Henry VIII. injected Italian influence into English verse and made it almost alien in form if not in spirit until it was to recover both form and spirit under the surprising genius and literary patriotism and line of the gentle Sidney. Both knew Italian well, although it is a disputed point as to whether Wyatt ever actually set foot in the peninsula, notwithstanding the record which seems to indicate that in 1527 he was attached to the Embassy of Sir John Russell, which made a tour of the courts of Venice, Ferrara, Bologna, Florence and Rome. There is less doubt that he knew Spanish better than he did Italian, and that he was sent by his sovereign on two important missions to Madrid. And no doubt at all that he was born in 1503, was educated in London and at Cambridge, leaving the latter in 1518 without a degree. He was a member of the Privy Council at the age of thirty, took an active part in the great feast held by the King at Greenwich, 1525, was knighted in 1546 and died six years later after his

return from a mission in Spain of a chill, succeeded by a fever, contracted during an early morning gallop in Falmouth. He was a student of considerable attainments, and his whole mental equipment is strikingly indicated by Holbein's portrait of him. As he was grave and sedate in appearance, so he was serious in his poetry and literal in his interpretation of life and nature. Withal he possessed a vein of irony which becomes him well.

One may imagine such a man coming upon the sonnets of Petrarca, translating them as he read, and being attracted only by the originality of theme and its purely verbal setting, and then with studious care of each word's meaning, striving to English the "CIX." sonnet with pious regard to form and literal narrative. And this is the sonnet he produced, which I transcribe before Surrey's because it was evidently written first. In this and the sonnet to follow modern spelling has been employed except in one case where the original has been retained for the sake of rhyme.

The long love that in my thought doth harber
And in my heart doth keep his residence
Into my face presseth with bold pretence
And therein campeth, spreading his banner.
She that me learns to love and to suffer
And wills that my trust and heart's negligence
Be reined by reason, shame, and reverence
With his hardiness takes displeasure.
Where withal into the heart's forest fleeth
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry
And there he hideth and not appeareth.
What may I do when my master feareth?
But in the field with him to live and die
For good is the life ending Faithfully.

Henry Howard, who was born thirteen years later than Wyatt, is entitled to be known as the Earl of Surrey by courtesy only—a distinction that was thrust upon him when his father became Duke of Norfolk. Just as the early influences on Wyatt had been academic and educational, so those of the youthful Howard were of the court and culture. It is recorded that he passed "his childish years at Windsor with a king's

son"—probably Henry Fitzroy, natural son of Henry VIII. He went to Cambridge in 1530, and then, as was customary with the sons of English courtiers in those days, was sent to finish his education in Italy, where according to not over-trustworthy chronicles he had a brief and romantic career as knight errant. He returned to England in time to attend the wedding of the much-married Henry and Anne of Cleves. He played the puppet in the causeless and effectless wars of his sovereign; was in Scotland in 1542, and two years later commanded the French expedition. He was charged with high treason and brought to trial in 1546, and was executed on Tower Hill in the following year. Although Surrey, unlike Wyatt, probably learned his best Italian at first hand it is a matter of record that his first tutor was John Clerke, a distinguished Oxford scholar, who spoke and wrote both French and Italian. It will be seen that his rendering of the "CIX." sonnet is no studious attempt to reproduce the mere Italian words in their English equivalents, but rather the light and free endeavor to give the main idea of Petrarca in an utterly Anglo-Saxon setting conserving merely the sonnet form through sheer prosodical impertinence, or perchance out of regard for his revered yet unworthy master, Wyatt.

Love, that liveth and reigneth in my thought,
That built his seat within my captive breast;
Clad in arms wherein with me he fought,
Oft in my face he doth his banner rest.

She that me taught to love and suffer pain
My doubtful hope, and else my hot desire
With shamefac'd cloak to shadow and restrain,
Her smiling grace converteth straight to ire,
And coward love then to the heart apace
Taket his flight, where he lurks and 'plains
His purpose lost and does not show his face,
For my lord's guilt thus faultless bide I pains.

Yet from my lord shall not my foot remove;
Sweet is his death that takes his end by love.

How un-Italian and how very English this sonnet is—so English in fact, that it

requires the articulation and pronunciation of Henry's court elocution to read it aloud. And how very modern its sentiment is!

These two attempts to English a delicate sonnet of a great Italian poet are interesting aside from the fact that they are probably the first of their form to appear in English poetry. They are not only thoroughly characteristic of the poets who penned them, but stand for the types of two distinct classes of verse-translation each of which has proved itself to be a failure.

Wyatt and Surrey pre-eminently illustrate the artistic uncertainty, the inadaptability of spirit to form and the incongruity of form and spirit which always precede a great literary renaissance. Each in his own way represents a phase in the period of eager versification which was ultimately to find permanent and thoroughly Anglo-Saxon expression in the Elizabethan. The first was an artist bound by alien form and literal significance; the second an artist taking his inspiration from these things but finding his sentiment in his own native imaginings. The first academic and specific. The second faithful in spirit but general and abstract.

Wyatt rather than Surrey was the leader of those poets—in point of chronology—who stole their thunder from Italian lightning flashes and vainly attempted to reproduce in an un-rhythmic yet jingling language, the poetry of a tongue whose vaguest articulations breathe forth harmony and song. Still as a transplanter of Italian culture he was not without permanent effect. Those who were to follow him discarded the impossible imitation of Italian spirit in Italian form, preserving as best they might the superficial spirit which sometimes gave an illusion of the original, and they confined it to forms best suited to their tongue, and caused it to breathe forth songs as fresh and fragrant as the

odorous breeze that blows across English meadows. The metric idiom of Dante and of Petrarca is indigenous to the blue skies and the soft, clear air of Italy as the ballad rhyme and blank verse are indigenous to the fogs, the cliffs, and the stubble fields of England. Neither can be transplanted.

Surrey who has been called the worthy pupil of a most unworthy master, avoided the literalness of the latter without going so far as to create a separate vehicle of expression. He satisfied himself with generalizations, which were English enough, but often quite unpoetical. His blank verse of the second and fourth books of the "*Æneid*" is decidedly blank. What he lacked was music. His ear seems never to have been tuned to catch the full harmony of English words. Now and then in his translations and paraphrasing he gives us a charming bit of Italian color in English form, or a less successful illusion of English color in Italian form. Usually he lacks the power of penetration as well as the rhythm of the Elizabethans that were to come.

The true motive of translating should be to produce an illusion of the original which shall arouse the same emotions in the readers of the new language as were aroused in the readers of the old. Probably no entirely successful attempt has ever been made to put a piece of Italian verse into English. The Italians themselves have an epithet for one who tries. It is: "*Traduttore traditore*." All the same, it is proper to recall Wyatt's attempt to transplant and Surrey's to transmute and to set their examples side by side, if only to show how the sonnet first made its appearance in English, and as a slight tribute to the Italian poet, whose memory this month in Arezzo will doubtless be honored by the recognition of greater debts on the part of English literature and English culture.



AN OUTDOOR STUDY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALICE BOUGHTON

THE RAMBLER

WE show here a group of photographs by still another worker in the field of the "new" photography, the "artistic photography" so-called in distinction from the conventional and "old-fashioned."

The artist is Miss Alice Boughton, who began her career with the camera by study in Paris and Rome, with the intention of becoming a painter. She has been particularly successful

in making landscapes and figure pictures in what are called "gum prints." It is here that the technical knowledge of painting is used, since these prints permit great individuality of treatment. They are made on paper prepared by the artist with a wash having chemical ingredients. During exposure the picture does not appear on the paper, but remains hidden in the texture of the preparation. The artist then develops the final picture by means of a thin stream of water which is used as one would use a brush. The effects produced have a depth and atmosphere which is wonderfully effective and artistic. These prints have something of the value and individuality of a painting or an etching.

The real test of the new art, however, lies in its recognition by the general public through portraiture and here Miss Boughton has succeeded in an unusual degree, especially in her portraits of children, those most trying of sitters. To secure the fleeting expression or unconscious grace that means so much to a parent hoping to secure some permanent record of the individuality that is the endearing characteristic, is a task requiring infinite patience, resourceful knowledge and precise recog-



ALICE BOUGHTON

nition of the psychological moment of action.

To secure satisfying results the studio of the artist becomes a very different place from the old-fashioned "photograph gallery" with its suggestion of a dentist's office. The portrait-maker studies the sitter for the natural expression of all the little habits of unconscious pose and expression as he sits and walks and talks in a normal manner. All the while the artist may unobtrusively be making sketches by means of the camera, and the result is a portrait that means something more than mere likeness.

Miss Boughton has all the painter's love of "out of doors" and has the true landscape instinct. She spends her summers among the Berkshire hills, where she pursues and studies Nature's offerings with the same enthusiasm and earnestness as when she went forth with easel and brush instead of camera.

M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, who has come to this country as this year's official lecturer of the Alliance Française, has been confounded with his brother Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, the great economist, whose books and lectures are often quoted in American periodicals or with his nephew Pierre, whose books on the Far East have so recently come into prominence. The lecturer is a historian, his book "l'Empire des Tsars" has been described as the most complete and authoritative study of contemporary Russia that exists, so complete in fact, that it is forbidden in Russia. His book and speeches on Semitism stirred all of

Paris. A few years ago he began a series of public lectures in the Latin Quarter to counteract the spread of Socialism. Associated with him were Edouard Rostand, father of the author of "Cyrano;" Charles Wagner, the apostle of "The Simple Life," and other men of letters. An energetic mob of students failed to break up the meetings.

ing mark, Senator Lodge contends. "that which marks them beyond anything else," is sincerity. "What he says is preëminently genuine for all his utterances not only come straight from the heart, but are set forth with an energy and force of conviction which are as apparent as they are characteristic. He has no secrets. The truth that is in him



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALICE BOUGHTON

"President Roosevelt's Speeches," writes Henry Cabot Lodge in his introduction to the collection just published by the Putnams, "have the quality sure to be imparted to the spoken word by a man of the highest education, who has read widely, and thought deeply and who has had the invaluable mental training which comes from many years of historical study." Their distinguish-

ing mark, Senator Lodge contends. "that which marks them beyond anything else," is sincerity. "What he says is preëminently genuine for all his utterances not only come straight from the heart, but are set forth with an energy and force of conviction which are as apparent as they are characteristic. He has no secrets. The truth that is in him rises unchecked to his lips. . . . In the clear note which carries the conviction of absolute truth, in the accent of profound sincerity, lies one of the great attributes of the highest eloquence, but far more important here than any quality of oratory, is the fact that the words and thoughts they embody enable those who read to understanding the man who speaks them."



AN OUTDOOR STUDY
From a Photograph by Alice Boughton

Professor W. A. Neilson of Columbia, has undertaken, for Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the general editorship of an interesting series to be entitled "The Types of English Literature," each volume of which will treat of the origin and development of a single literary *genre*. These volumes are announced in preparation:—"The Ballad," by Professor F. B. Gummere of Haverford; "The Novel," by Dr. Bliss Perry, editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*; "The Lyric," by Professor F. E. Schelling of the University of Pennsylvania; "Tragedy," by Professor C. H. Thorndike of Northwestern University; "The Pastoral," by Professor J. B. Fletcher of Columbia University; "The Essay," by Dr. Ferris Greenslet of *The Atlantic Monthly*; "Character Writing," by Mr. C. N. Greenough of Harvard; "Saints' Legends," by Dr. G. H. Gerould of Bryn Mawr, and "Allegory," by Professor Neilson.

Others will follow, the Series, when completed, covering the whole field of English Literature.

Now we are to have the "French Men of Letters." The series is announced by the J. B. Lippincott Company, and will begin with "Honoré de Balzac," by Ferdinand Brunetière. Edward Dowden will follow with a volume on Montaigne. The series purposes to do for French literature what the "English Men of Letters" has done for English literature. The general editor of the series is Alexander Jessup.

Gertrude Atherton has been informing Australian readers of the peculiarities of American readers. From *The Book Lover*, of Melbourne, we quote:—

"That, superficially, we are a race of optimists no one will deny; but how

near to our roots does this optimism extend, and is it reflected in our literature? In a vast and populous country we have just one first-class humorous illustrated weekly, and I never look through a copy that I am not struck by the sadness or tragedy behind most of the cartoons, and the apparent poverty of amusing material in the United States. The *nouveau riche* and the snob are its principal resource, the callow society youth, who could only inspire humor in a desperate humorist, the hurry and heartlessness of our great cities, the rapacity of politicians and monopolists. Almost never does one see a page inspired by a bubbling well of inherent fun, such as informs nearly every page of the *Fliegende Blätter*, for example. Indeed, since I have lived in Southern Germany, I have grown to question if we Americans are really humorists or merely a race with a strong youthful sense of the ridiculous—a vastly different thing from true humor. As for the several second-class humorous weeklies their butts are the Jew, the negro, the 'hayseed,' and the politician. They are drearier than Gorky of Russia."

Mrs. Atherton doubts whether the reading public of the United States is more intelligent now than thirty years ago, because it encourages "such first-class psychologists" as Edith Wharton and James Lane Allen. "But thirty years ago did not the American public devour in huge pirated editions the works of Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, the Brontës, Hugo, Balzac? Did it not read Hawthorne and Poe, Mark Twain, and Bret Harte? The truth is that the population of the United States has so enormously increased in the last thirty years that today there are all sorts of audiences; every author worth his salt will obtain a hearing, and those well above the average will have the success they deserve."



MOTHER AND CHILD

From a Photograph by Alice Boughton

She is inclined to think that the reason for the "pessimistic and decadent literature of Europe" having no vogue in the United States, "lies not in a healthy and disdainful optimism, nor

yet in our ineradicable purity of mind, but in a certain provincial lack of interest in 'the world,' in 'life.' We should be reminded that the so-called decadent literature of Europe which survives

ephemeralism—the fate of most of it—has a certain historical significance. Inasmuch as it reflects the tendency of a nation, and the spiritual development, or disintegration, of a people. Therefore, no matter how disagreeable, it is worthy of study by those who have the intelligence to appreciate it. I will venture to assert that all that is notable in this class of literature is overlooked by no cultivated American who is interested in life as it is. He may read it as he would read the latest developments in bacteriology or in wireless telegraphy, but he reads it."

Mrs. Atherton is specially interesting on the novels of D'Annunzio, of which she says, "in spite of their poetry, their incomparable style, their penetrating psychology, the really great thoughts scattered through them, they are probably the most repulsive works of art ever achieved by the uncompromising realist; repulsive in their monotonous unmorality, in the mental, spiritual, and bodily disease of every character portrayed, in unrelieved pessimism, in their nauseous atmosphere of decay. But were they without the high qualities I have enumerated, still should they be read for a far more vital reason—they are Italy. All the stories and novels on Italy, by authors foreign and native, do not in bulk express this dead country as does one chapter of any of the works of D'Annunzio. The vast horde of sightseers who go to Italy, Baedeker in hand, who bore themselves in the picture galleries and try to feel romantic among the ancient smells of Venice, return home to swell and perpetuate the legend. But any person born with the faculty to see must recognize Italy for what she is—an old corpse. She reeks with rotteness, degradation, disease; she is a thing of the far past, gangrene, crying out for decent burial. And, consciously or not, this hideous fact is epitomised in the novels of D'Annunzio; and surrounds

them with the same sinister glow that rises from the corruptions of the marsh and the sea."



The publication of Abbé Alfred Loisy's "The Gospel and the Church," announced by the Scribners for this spring, has been postponed until early autumn. This work, which created a sensation throughout the Catholic world when it first appeared in France, is a positive statement of Catholic doctrine by one of the most able and accomplished leaders in the movement for greater freedom of thought and action in the French Catholic Church. "It has to an eminent degree," said the *Quarterly Review* of the French original, "what Newman's famous 'Essay on Development' had not—the judicial temper. Free from sophistry and special pleading, the Catholicism that inspires it is hereditary and religious, not political." There is no need of saying that the book is an extremely valuable contribution to the religious thought of the period. Its six sections are entitled:—"The Sources of the Gospel," "The Kingdom of Heaven," "The Son of God," "The Church," "Christian Dogma," and "Catholic Worship."



The career of Mr. W. T. Hornaday, whose "American History" is commented upon by Mr. Ernest Ingersoll elsewhere in this number, has been quite picturesque. Born in the backwoods of Indiana, in 1854, reared on a big farm in the most beautiful portion of southern Iowa, where animal life was abundant, he dates the beginning of his education from the Iowa Agricultural College and Ward's Natural Science Establishment, at Rochester. At the latter institution he studied taxidermy and osteology, under French and German instructors, and decided to use taxidermy as a stepping-



A PORTRAIT

From a Photograph by Alice Boughton

stone to more serious work in natural history. Quickly fitting himself as an expert zoölogical collector, he took the field in the interest of Professor Ward's great commercial establishment. In

order to study wild beasts in their homes, he went abroad collecting specimens and preparing them for sale to the museums of the world.

In 1874, in the Isle of Pines, Cuba,

Mr. Hornaday killed his first crocodile, and came near being killed by an over-excited Spaniard who conceived the idea that the collector was an insurrectionist seeking to blow up the military prison at Nueva Gerona. In Florida when still a beardless boy, he fairly won his spurs as a collecting naturalist by

guacharo bird, macaw and parrot, the Orinoco crocodile, cayman, and many other creatures, great and small.

Immediately following this expedition, Mr. Hornaday visited, for study purposes, the largest zoölogical museums and gardens of Europe, and then started on a three years' tour to the



THE PARSON

From a Photograph by Alice Boughton

discovering two immense specimens of a true crocodile, which proved to represent a new species. The larger specimen was fourteen feet in length. In 1875 he visited the West Indies and South America, and in Trinidad, the lower Orinoco and British Guiana, he met in their haunts the manatee, sloth, anteater, howling monkey, capybara, puma, the

jungles of India, Ceylon, the Malay Peninsula, and Borneo, finally going around the world. His proverbial good luck followed him everywhere. The immense collections which he sent home from the Far East included forty-three orang utans, three elephants, eight Indian bison, about forty gavials and crocodiles of various



STUDY
From a Photograph by Alice Boughton

species, two tigers, scores of deer, antelope, apes, monkeys and miscellaneous quadrupeds, birds, reptiles and fishes without number. Everything seemed to come his way, but those who have read his "Two Years in the Jungle," know of the labor by which his successes were won. Owing to the total lack of skilled and intelligent assistants, Mr. Hornaday

buffalo for the National Museum. By rare good fortune, twenty-four were secured, and these were the last wild buffaloes to be killed and preserved for scientific purposes. The mounted group in the National Museum is the work of Mr. Hornaday, and its central figure, a magnificent bull six feet high, now adorns the new ten-dollar bill of our



THE LATE GUY WETMORE CARRYL

From his last Photograph

was obliged to shoot, preserve and pack nearly every specimen with his own hands.

In 1882 Mr. Hornaday was called to the United States National Museum to organize a department of taxidermy, and fill the position of Chief Taxidermist. This brought him in touch with a wealth of rare and valuable scientific material, chiefly North American, and his opportunities were utilized to the utmost. In 1886 he was placed in charge of an expedition to central Montana, to collect

currency. Mr. Hornaday's popular monograph entitled "The Extinction of the American Bison," has been quoted far and wide in writings upon that animal. Mr. Hornaday also has hunted and studied wild life in many portions of the west, Canada, the Adirondacks, Florida, and along the Atlantic Coast.

In 1896 the New York Zoölogical Society chose him as Director of the new Zoölogical Park.

"The American Natural History" is the result of its author's long-standing conviction that it is wrong for American young people to go through school and enter active life ignorant of even the most important animals of our own country. Between the "nature studies" of the very young pupils, and the tech-

anti-vivisection cause for which she labored so long and earnestly, know anything of her earlier fame. So far back as 1845, she presented the unusual anomaly of a gentlewoman, the granddaughter of an Archbishop, writing and publishing book after book attacking orthodoxy and the system of "celestial



MRS. FRANCES POWER COBBE

nical, scientific zoölogies of the higher colleges and universities, the average student enters active life very lacking in systematic knowledge of animals. and all through lack of opportunity. He began to study the problem fifteen years ago, and two years ago began to write the book. He specially intended it for teachers, but it is equally valuable in the home.



Very few who have associated Frances Power Cobbe, who has just closed a life of eighty-two busy years, with the

prudence" in the doctrine of salvation. She was an intense admirer of the religious genius of Theodore Parker and published the best edition we have of his work. There is the record of journeys to Egypt and to Italy in hundreds of articles in various periodicals from her active pen, a woman so armed with the courage of her convictions and so exceptionally equipped to make them known, would be a remarkable figure even in these days.

Her place is a notable one in the history of the women of the past century and her autobiography, which she pub-



CHÂTEAU OF MAISONS
From "Romance of the Bourbon Chateaux"
By permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons

lished a few years since, is most interesting and informing. In Italy she was one of the 'set' which comprised the group that Trollope has written so effectively about—George Eliot, Charlotte Cushman, the Brownings, Story. Her comments on Irish life are of special interest. She tells with considerable glee that at a great dinner party in the seventies, when Irish strife was intense, she was asked by an English M.P. what she knew about Irish affairs and succeeded in surprising the distinguished company, "one half friends and acquaintances" by announcing that the first thirty-six years of her life were spent in Ireland. Of the Celtic Revival, she said: "Nothing seems to me more absurd and unhistorical than the recent common idea that the Celt is a beauty-loving creature, aesthetically far above the Saxon. If he be so, it is surprising that his home, his furniture, his dress, his garden never show the smallest token of his taste."



The Farnese Palace in Rome has just

been sold to the French Government for the residence of the Embassy. It is one of the finest pieces of architecture in Rome. It was begun by Pope Paul III. while he was still cardinal and was finished in 1526 under the direction of Michael Angelo. The French Government paid \$158,000 for it. It is interesting that, during the very time this purchase was being effected, public meetings were held in Paris to protest against the destruction of the famous Palais Maisons, near Saint Germain. This is said to be the French masterpiece of architecture and sculpture of the seventeenth century, Manzart having built it in 1642 at a fabulous cost. Louis XIV. often visited the palace while Rene de Longueil lived there. Voltaire lived there also.



Writing of the place of Whistler in the *Nineteenth Century*, Frederick Wedmore says that, "apart from quality, work had for Whistler no virtue. Amusement he understood—laughter—

companionableness — indolence even. But work—mere work—Adam's curse, under the shadow of which it was foolish if not criminal, for Man to remain. No! There were in effect two reasons that prompted Whistler to the exercise of mediums so numerous—to the acquisition of the various technical skill those mediums demanded. One of them was his possession of a deep artistic sense of the appropriate and the fitting. So much an artist was he, that hardly once in his long career did he mistake, misuse, the medium in which was to be executed with delight, his given momentary task. Another reason was his enjoyment of change. Pertinacity did not desert him, when pertinacity was wanted. But he loved change. He hated grooves. They were fatal to freshness; fatal to spontaneity. Though he did not invent, he

would surely have approved of the dictum, 'Failure is to form habits.' It was not for nothing that his emblem was the butterfly. The 'soul of things,' if you like; but at least a soul inconstant, transitory; flitting here, flitting there; and so alive. That he was volatile—in his way almost feminine—counts for a part of his charm. * * * *

"With those few, then, who have triumphed brilliantly in many fields—and whose inspired labor, initiating, experimenting, pursued with assiduity, has never ceased to be joy—Whistler comes to be classed, by men who would do him justice, and who perceive the measure of his influence, and the degree of his own personal advance from the standpoints reached before him. I have read that his imitators fail; but that is the fate of imitators generally—the in-



FARNESE PALACE, ROME



EDWARD S. MARTIN

fluence of Whistler, and the appreciation of him by the qualified, is not to be taken stock of by counting who those are that paint most obviously in his fashion, and declare themselves his pupils. Further much than them, his influence has extended; and with most of the best in Modern Art—with the impressions of Constable, with late Turner water colors, with Alfred Stevens's genre-pictures, with the pregnant memoranda of Charles Keene, with Orchardson's elegance, Fatin's quiet grace,

Courbet's massiveness, and the 'actuality' of Manet—his Art will be found to be in sympathy."

Mr. Wedmore contends that to Whistler more than to anyone else who has worked with brush or needle, do we owe "that complete acceptance of Modern Life, of the modern world, of all that is miscalled its ugliness, of its aspects of every day, which complete acceptance, whether in Pictorial Art or the art that is Literature, is the most salient characteristic of our time."

CURRENT FICTION

BY ELEANOR HOYT

THE Spring publishing season is past, and book counters are piled high with much advertised new novels.

On the whole, the showing is a fair one. It would be hard to believe that any of this season's novels will live, but how many novels do live in this fiction-ridden age?

The modern novelist must shout, if he is to be heard above the hubbub made by his fellow-writers, and many a voice agreeable in quality is drowned in the clamor.

However, there are shouters. There, for example, is Gertrude Atherton. Mrs. Atherton's trump gives forth no uncertain note. She is born to literary shouting, as the sparks fly upward, and, whatever one may say of the crudity and amateurish flavor of much of her technique, one must give her credit for a certain virile force that saves even the least admirable of her stories from dullness.

RULERS OF KINGS

If she could once keep up to her highest literary level throughout an entire book, she would achieve a great novel, but she has not accomplished the feat in "Rulers of Kings."

The book is astonishingly uneven and disappointing; and, as a matter of fact, the latter half of it comes dangerously near that dullness from which we have considered this author immune.

The story of the youth and training of Fessenden Abbott is delightfully told. Here is force, originality, clever work. The reader sits up and says: "Verily this is going to be an entertaining book, an unusual book, a brilliant book; but, with golden opportunity in her hands, Mrs. Atherton proceeds to slump disastrously. The flagrant lese majeste of her reckless use of the Emperor of Ger-

many, has its piquancy, but the love affair of Fessenden and the Archduchess fails to be even mildly interesting. Ranata fills a Ouidaesque role without the real Ouida flavor.

Fessenden wakens vague memories of Richard Harding Davis and Anthony Hope heroes, yet he will not satisfy even the caramel school of readers. The tragedies of the Hapsburg house are dragged into the open to be retailed less forcibly and picturesquely than in many an earlier account.

Conscientious and non-essential excerpts from Hungarian history, uninspired description of oft described czardas, microscopic details concerning Hungarian uniforms, dialogue without brilliancy, a love affair without a thrill in it.—There is part second:

The promise of part first is unfulfilled. Fessenden and his \$400,000,000 play a poor part; and it is with a distinct feeling of resentment that one lays aside a book holding in it an idea so extraordinarily well worth handling, so unsuccessfully handled. (Harper Bros.)

THE CROSSING

Winston Churchill's new book is another disappointment; and this statement is made by a reviewer in sane mind and cheerful temper, although, coming upon the heels of uncomplimentary remarks regarding Mrs. Atherton's book, it may suggest an acute attack of ill nature.

The Crossing is conscientious—appallingly conscientious. Mr. Churchill has done an honest piece of work; and, as a foot-note to history, his book has much value and interest. As a novel, it drags a leaden weight through 595 pages.

The author has pictured his period

and its elements skilfully, but he has not told a good story. The novel does not cohere, no strong single human interest runs through it in logical development. The character of Davy has not sufficient vital force to hold the tale together; and, to tell the truth, Davy at times partakes so strongly of the "Hinfant Phenomenon," that he becomes exceedingly tiresome.

Mr. Churchill in a modest foreword that disarms criticism pleads the bewildering vastness of the ground he has tried to cover, and admits frankly the incompleteness of his work.

He has given us a vivid picture of an interesting period pregnant with mighty issues, has sketched clearly figures like George Rogers Clark, Daniel Boone, Andrew Jackson; but, without under-rating this achievement, one may urge that it would have been possible to accomplish all this and yet to have written a story with a grip.

DALRYMPLE

Stories of adventure continue to increase and multiply as though there were no such creature as a decadent on the earth. "Dalrymple," by Mary C. Francis, is stirring enough to win the favor of lovers of warlike episodes, but it differs from the ordinary run of books of this class in that it treats of the heroism of suffering even more than of that of action. The scene is laid in and about New York in the year 1777, and in order to bring into the story the horrors of the prison ships and the pluck of the men confined in them, the author has anchored the *Jersey* in the Wale Bocht, near the present Brooklyn Navy Yard, several years earlier than she really took her place there. The recital of the brutalities to which the prisoners on the ship were subjected have been taken from the diary of one of the men who were confined upon her, and the account of the

tortures, both active and passive, which they underwent, turns one's desires to Fox's Book of Martyrs as comparatively light reading. But the book is not by any means unmingled horror. There is plenty of good vigorous out-door "scraping," love-making galore, plots and counterplots, an elopement, an exciting marriage ceremony by a fighting parson with a musket ball accompaniment and everything coming out for the best in the end.

The appearance of this book is peculiarly timely in this year, when the long-delayed monument to the prison ship martyrs is finally to be erected. (James Pott & Co.)

FLOWER OF THE FORT

Another tale of early New York is "Flower of the Fort," by Charles Hemstreet, whose studies of the town in its youthful days fit him to be an intelligent guide to the Kissing Bridge, through the Maiden's Path, and among the old bouweries. His story, however, has no one in it so modern as George Washington, who obligingly figures in "Dalrymple," but goes back to the time of Leisler's rebellion, after the accession of William and Mary to the English throne. Here are thwarted conspiracies, and an inexperienced girl putting to shame by her cleverness the machinations of gray-headed plotters, means of State used to make the course of young love run smooth for the girl aforesaid and the stick of a hero. The names of Philippses, Van Cortlandts, Bayards and Gouverneurs are strewn thick through the pages in a heroic, if futile attempt to give the story the atmosphere supposed to go with the period. With so much good material as Mr. Hemstreet had at his hand, and the knowledge he possesses in so generous a measure of the ins and outs of the old town, it is a pity that the book drags at times and throughout fails to ring true. (James Pott & Co.)

THE IMPERIALIST

"The Imperialist" by Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan), is pre-eminently a book for Canadians. Except for a brief visit to England, where the hero goes to be unnecessarily confirmed in his Canadian predilections, the scene of the story does not go outside of the smoke of the chimneys of the little Dominion town of Elgin. It would be impossible for Mrs. Cotes to write a dull book, but if any one else had written this story it would have been desperately dull, except to a Canadian. By her art the ins and outs of Dominion politics and local happenings are made interesting, and when one reads of Mrs. Murchison and Dr. Drummond, one recalls Barrie and Thrums. After all, perhaps there is no valid reason why one should not be as much interested in the workings of a political ring and of how they affected the love story of an estimable young man when the scene is laid in Ontario as one would be if the action took place in the Middle West or Down East. But whether it be the fault of the reader or of the writer, it must be conceded that Mrs. Cotes has failed to halo this story with the charm she threw about her "Mem-Sahib" and her "American girl in London." There is no character in "The Imperialist," who will live by the side of Orthodocia,—and yet it is a clever book. (Appletons.)

THE YEOMAN

The English writer who sets out to lay the scene of a story in some particular county and to make his tale smack of the soil must prepare himself for comparisons between his work and that of such men as Thomas Hardy and Richard Blackmore and Richard Jeffries. In "The Yeoman," Charles Kennett Burrow in a measure follows after these writers,—a long way after them. His

scene is laid in Dorsetshire, and the main figure is a tenant farmer whose love for the land his fathers tilled is a passion. In the end the prospect of losing the farm drives him insane. The yeoman is better drawn than the other figures, but none of them is really alive. The love-making is anæmic and the wholset of characters do not contain enough red corpuscles to supply one vigorous personage. Parts of the story are well done, but there is too much detail in the early part of the book, and a painful dwindling of interest before it closes. (John Lane.)

IN THE RED HILLS

So many recent novels have told of the War of the Rebellion and from so many different standpoints, that one begins the first chapter of "In the Red Hills," by Elliott Crayton McCantz, with a sigh of prospective resignation. But although guerillas wreak havoc on soldiers in the first chapter, the second leaves carnage behind, and opens a story of life in the Carolinas during the Reconstruction period. With the tale politics have little to do. The old plantation life is described as it still survived in some places, even after freedom, when the master of the estate was such a man as old John Mayson, "a colonel by courtesy of his neighbors, but a gentleman by the grace of God and the cumulative virtue of heredity." His grandson, Billy Mayson, the hero of the book, is a fair type of the New South and his love story is a pretty idyl. But the plot of the tale is secondary to the drawing of the negroes and "poor whites," whose dialect is reproduced with the skill attainable only by a man who has lived from his youth among the people he portrays. Much dialect of all sorts is floating about in current literature nowadays, but rarely is anything of the sort so admirably done as this from the pen of Mr. McCantz. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

SUSANNAH

A while ago there was a rumor that Madame E. Maria Albanesi had been induced to change the title of her forthcoming book from "Susannah and One Elder," to "Susannah and One Other," in deference to a popular prejudice that might recall the Apocrypha and condemn the volume on the principle of the proverb, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." If any one who ever read the "History of Susannah" fears that the new publication may be a revised version of an old tale, he may dismiss his apprehensions. The "elder" in this case is only the sister of Susannah, and although her morality may not be of a much higher grade than that of the Apocryphal elder, she at least manages to escape public reprobation. Lady Emma Corneston is said to be a lifelike portrait of a certain well-known London society woman, and is not of a type that commends itself. She is an unattractive character, in spite of her beauty and her dainty clothes, and even while acknowledging that no one ever knows what will allure a man, it is hard to grasp the secret of her fascinations for the young men who hover about her. Luckily, there is not much of the unwholesome atmosphere in which Lady Corneston and her circle move, and there is plenty of good outdoors as a setting for Susannah and her small niece, Tora. So much of this outdoor quality surrounds Susannah that one rather resents her marriage to the ex-man-about-town, even after he has turned his back on society and gone into the City and hard work. Dick Calvert was very much better worth Susannah's love. (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

THE TRANSGRESSION OF
ANDREW VANE

The short stories of the late Guy Wetmore Carryl, had won him a good place

in literature by their cleverness of plot, crispness of dialogue and a certain flavor of the unusual before he turned his attention to novel-writing. In "The Lieutenant-Governor," he showed promise of progress in the art of the long story, and this promise,—for it is little more,—is continued in his last book, "The Transgression of Andrew Vane." The prologue is the strongest part of the book and is as unpleasant as it is strong. For the rest of the scene, the story goes to Paris, and the American colony there. One recalls the saying that Paris is the place good Americans go when they die, and suspects that the tendency to goodness may be downwards rather than upwards if these be faithful presentments of the American residents in the French capital. All of them are rich, nearly all vicious, and among them vulgarity reigns supreme. Mr. Carryl's knowledge of Paris, which has been displayed in his short stories, is again valuable here in bestowing local color upon his descriptions of places and functions. His recognized propensity to melodrama is not lacking, and the story as a whole is interesting, even if it is not exactly what one would recommend for a Sunday school library. (Henry Holt & Co.)

DOROTHEA

Maarten Maartens never fails to be interesting, no matter at what length he tells a story. "Dorothea" is the tale of a girl of mixed Dutch and English parentage who grows up among the strictest sect of the Dutch orthodox, where she acquires the conviction that everything in life is either absolutely right or absolutely wrong. At twenty-one she goes to live with her father, a gay man of the world, who looks upon good and bad as merely relative terms. Dorothea's life with this easy-going parent, her horror at his standards, her marriage to a German of rank, who, while upright and

high-minded, yet possesses the beliefs and prejudices of his class and rank, her gradual painful adjustment to her new *milieu*, make a book that is a study as well as a story. As usual, in Maartens' work there is an embarrassment of riches in the line of *dramatis personæ*, and each has a well defined individuality. The threads of several minor narratives are interwoven with that of Dorothea and the conversation and comments are epigrammatic and clever. "(Appletons.)

THE EFFENDI

A book that touches on any part of the career of "Chinese" Gordon can hardly fail to attract a reader with a spice of hero-worship in his make-up. So when one learns that "The Effendi," by Florence Brooks Whitehouse, has to do with the martyr of Khartoum, one feels that it sounds promising. The book opens well, too, for Gordon appears on the first page of the prologue. Unfortunately, he confines himself to the prologue and the rest of the tale is given up to the fortunes of characters of less importance, who are so remotely connected with the life and death of Gordon, that any interest they might derive from the association is painfully attenuated. The writer has a copious knowledge of Egypt and things Egyptian—and she is generous in her bestowal of description and scenery. The plot of the narrative possesses possibilities, but they are converted into impossibilities by the way in which they are handled. One can forgive

a fairy story anything except the crime of not persuading its readers that it bears the stamp of truth. Of this crime "The Effendi" is guilty. Uarda is so incredible that she is ridiculous and the reader resents the reflection upon his intelligence made by the demand that he should accept her as a plausible personage. (Little, Brown & Co.)

THE YOKE

An Egyptian novel of a totally different kind is "The Yoke," by Elizabeth Miller. Even the readers who have turned away satiated from historical fiction are likely to become absorbed in this story—when they once get into it. The wheels of narrative drive rather heavily in the first chapters, but after the tale is fairly launched, the reader does not flag. "The Yoke" is free from the paramount defects of many such stories,—a redundancy of archæological detail. Flesh and blood are not made subordinate to the dimensions of obelisks, pyramids and temples. Nor is the volume a re-hash of Scriptural records. A romance, "of the Days when the Lord redeemed the Children of Israel from the Bondage of Egypt" could hardly avoid bringing in Moses and Miriam, and a few other important Biblical personages, but the higher criticism or the author's sense of values has availed to put these figures in the proper perspective for the story. The human interest takes the centre of the stage early in the action and keeps it to the end of the last chapter. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)



THE HISTORY OF MUSIC IN AMERICA

BY FRANK H. MARLING

THERE are many signs that music in America is, at last, taking its proper place in the artistic life of the country, and that the American composer is slowly but surely coming into his own. The appearance of Mr. Elson's large and handsome illustrated volume devoted entirely to the music of the United States is a noteworthy indication of the growth and attainment we have made as a people in this department of the world's art. And there was need of such an adequate and comprehensive account of our musical progress as this is, for the former works in this field though excellent in certain respects did not cover the subject with the breadth, sympathy and completeness which this work possesses. The earliest works on American musical history, published fifty or sixty years ago, Hood's *History of Music in New England* (Boston, 1846), and Gould's *Church Music in America* (Boston, 1853), were concerned almost entirely with church and psalm singing, and while having a certain historical interest as a record of facts in this sphere of musical activity, were too restricted in scope and lacking in artistic culture, to be of much value to the student of music in general. Dr. F. L. Ritter's volume, *Music in America*, published in 1883 deserves high praise as an earnest effort to give a consecutive account of our musical doings, and the pioneer work in this line done by the author, a musician of high ideals, and fine artistic attainments, will always serve a useful purpose as a source of knowledge and reference to future musical writers and historians. Dr. Ritter being a German, however, wrote

from the German point of view, and this characteristic prevented him in some particulars from doing full justice to the subject. Another work, *A Hundred Years of Music in America*, published in Chicago a number of years ago, contained much valuable information, but was defective in arrangement and too largely given up to the exploitation of minor musicians. Mr. Rupert Hughes' more recent book, *Contemporary American Composers*, while admirable for its vivacity, enthusiasm, and full knowledge of its theme, describes only living musicians, and of this class, only those who have written music. Mr. H. E. Krehbiel's chapter also on "American Composers," in the series *Famous Composers and their Works*, though strong in critical discrimination and apt characterization is also limited in plan, and not easily accessible for general reading. Passing by several other works dealing in a more or less fragmentary way with our musical past, we may say again that the time was ripe for an up-to-date and all-round book, and this Mr. Elson has given us.

It is noteworthy how wide a field has been covered by the author, and no one but a writer long familiar with the subject could have treated it on such a large scale. He takes up in turn all schools and classes of music, and a summary of the amount of space devoted to the various divisions of music may not be without value and at the same time outline the scope of the book. There are 43 pages on our early religious music and psalmody, 32 pages on instrumental music and American orchestras, 22 pages on musical societies and institutions, 28 pages on Opera in America, 17 pages on folk music, 25 pages on national songs, 26 pages on American composers in large

THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN MUSIC. By Louis C. Elson. With illustrations. Large 8vo. \$5.00 net. The Macmillan Co.

forms, 38 pages on orchestral composers, 14 pages on operatic, cantata and vocal composers, 16 pages on song composers, 20 pages on organists, choirs and chorus conductors, 14 pages on pianists and piano composers, 18 pages on American women composers, 28 pages on musical critics and writers, 22 pages on musical education of the present day, and 6 pages on the qualities and defects of American music. If he has omitted anything in this classification, it would be interesting to know what it is, and if it has any real value to music and to the world. Our leading composers, like Macdowell, Paine, Dudley Buck, and others are adequately considered, and due notice is also taken of our great conductors like Theodore Thomas, Damrosch, and their kind. Pianists and other virtuosos, church musicians, operatic performers, and the worthy ones of all branches of the profession do not fail to receive their meed of attention, so that it is a catholic and comprehensive book in its generous hospitality toward all developments of the art, whether large or small.

Mr. Elson, singularly enough for a musician, has no hobbies to ride, no pet theories to enforce, no special causes to plead, but with a delightful openness of mind, treats all classes with seriousness and respect. This in refreshing contrast to the narrowness and prejudice of so many musical writers. Indeed, it would be difficult from internal evidence to discover Mr. Elson's own particular likings and preferences, the only fact which, perhaps, reveals that he is an author and critic himself is the perhaps overgenerous space given to musical critics, which is larger than most of the other single chapters on the various musical forms. This chapter on the critics, however, is most readable and very well done, being evidently a topic which is most congenial to Mr. Elson, who discourses on the theme *con amore*.

This book is thoroughly contempo-

aneous, breathing the spirit of the hour and noting the very latest development of the art. It is written, also, with considerable tact and judgment. The average musical professor is proverbially thin-skinned and sensitive to a fault regarding his own importance. A man who writes about living musicians takes his life in his hands and doubtless Mr. Elson's ability and reputation will be vigorously assaulted by a number of would-be celebrities who have failed to obtain recognition in his pages, and who will denounce his book as worthless, superficial and misleading. But Mr. Elson had to stop somewhere and if he has committed any crime at all, it is on the side of being too inclusive rather than too exclusive for it would have been better if he had taken fewer names, and treated those he had chosen with more fullness and detail.

Mr. Elson is a trained newspaper writer and has learned well the knack of putting his story before the public in an attractive manner. Not the least merit of his book is that it is pleasant reading, easy and direct in style, and avoiding in the main the dullness and dryness which are so difficult to keep out of an historical work like this which has to record so many facts and figures. His experience also as a lecturer in which he has achieved success has fitted him for this particular task of popularizing musical knowledge, for he has learned to pick out the salient and picturesque points and let the rest go.¹ ¶

Its most serious drawback is the lack of discriminating criticism. The accounts of the composers are too uniformly laudatory. Mr. Elson may plead, of course, that his work is descriptive and not critical, but in the historian one has a right to expect the judicial spirit, which sets down with justice and candor, both the excellences and defects of a school of music, a composer, a virtuoso, or executant of any kind. If this method

had been pursued, the reader would have gained a more exact and accurate idea of what has been done here in the past in music and would also have been aided in the development of critical standards to be applied to the music of the future. It cannot be said also that the volume reveals the amount of original research which its size and importance should have called for. It uses, with skillful editorial judgment, the well-known sources of musical information which are familiar to the initiated, but there is little evidence that the author has done any such fine special "research" work as has been accom-

plished, let us say, by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, for example, in his chapter on Da Ponte in New York in *Music and Manners of the Classical Period*, which is a capital specimen of this kind of original investigation. In spite of these defects, however, we have reason to be thankful for the many admirable things Mr. Elson has set before us and we may add in closing that the numerous illustrations in the volume, though we could wish for a greater variety of them, and are somewhat puzzled at times to know on what principle they were selected, add distinctly to its charm and attractiveness.

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[TO CONTRIBUTORS:—*Queries must be brief, must relate to literature or authors, and must be of some general interest. Answers are solicited, and must be prefaced with the numbers of the questions referred to. Queries and answers, written on one side only of the paper, should be sent to the Editor of THE LAMP, Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York.*]

841.—Were Gustave Aimard's novels written originally in English, or are they translations? What is his standing as a writer? E. O.

They were written in French, and more than twenty of them have been translated. As he spent ten years in this country, he probably spoke English, and perhaps could have written books in our language, but he did not. It is difficult to give any satisfactory answer to the second question; nor is it important, for an author's standing is to each reader whatever that reader's taste dictates. Aimard was a traveler and soldier of fortune, and his stories were inspired by his own adventures, especially in Arkansas and Mexico. He spent his last years in an asylum.

842.—I have found, recently, a volume of sonnets that interests me, and should like to know something of the author. It is entitled "Life and Faith," by George McKnight, and was published in 1878. T. O.

The author was a practising physician, and lived in Sterling, Cayuga Co., N. Y. We do not know whether he is still living.

843.—Can the editor or any reader help me to find a poem beginning:

"My home is on the green hillside,
In flowery meadows still and wide,
And by a stream."

H.

844.—Matthew Arnold, in his "Austerity of Poetry," has these lines—

"That son of Italy who tried to blow,
Ere Dante came, the trump of sacred song."

And he tells us in a note that this refers to Giacomone di Todì. I should like to know something about this poet. C. C. F.

He did not much precede Dante; in fact, he died in Dante's lifetime, very early in the fourteenth century. He wrote religious lyrics in an

Umbrian dialect. Not much more is known of him.

845.—(1) In Irving's "Bracebridge Hall," two chapters have mottoes credited to "Merry Beggars." One is prose, the other poetry. Is there any such poem, play or story?

(2) Who is the author of these lines?

"Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud,
We in ourselves rejoice.
And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colors a suffusion from that light."

(3) And the poem that begins with this stanza—

"Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the fray—
Waiting for the sunlight dancing,
Where the bristling pikeheads glancing,
With the rifles alternating,
Ranks in green and gray—
Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the fray."

(4) Is Guy de Maupassant living? and have all his works been translated?

(5) What is the best and most complete essay on "Hamlet"?

(6) Who first used the phrase, "After us the deluge"?

(7) Can you tell me anything about Jack London, and whether that is a real name or a pen name? E. L. C.

(1) We do not know of any, and as we find no trace of such a work in any catalogue, index, or book of reference within our reach, we are inclined to think it had no existence except in Irving's imagination. Eminent authors have sometimes invented the mottoes for their chapters. Scott was fond of this trick.

(2) The quotation is from Coleridge's "Dejection."

(3) This poem is anonymous, though Hayes in one place gives the author's initials as A. S. M. It very closely resembles Denis McCarthy's poem entitled, "Summer Longings," which begins with the lines—

"Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May."

But we do not know which was written first.

(4) Maupassant died in an insane asylum in 1893. We doubt whether all his works are translated, or ever will be, but a fine edition, recently published in New York, probably contains all that are worth rendering into English.

(5) So many pages of discourse have been expended on that wonderful play, that it is difficult to answer this question. One of the most original, if not the best, among recent commentaries is "The True Story of Hamlet and Ophelia," by F. B. Gilchrist, published by Little, Brown & Co.

(6) We believe it is attributed to Madame Pompadour.

(7) We know nothing more than is revealed in his stories.

846.—In "A Masque of Dead Florentines," by Maurice Hewlett, are these lines:

"Blind, blind, blind
As monk in his cell;
Blind as the corn-mother's child
That played at the mouth of hell."

Who or what was "the corn-mother's child," and what legend, if any, is the subject of the reference?
T. N.

847.—(1) Can you or any reader tell me who is the author of these lines, and where I can find the whole poem?

"Sweetheart, good-bye, our varied day
Is closing into twilight grey,
And up from bare, bleak wastes of sea
The north wind rises mournfully.
A solemn prescience, strangely drear,
Doth haunt the shuddering twilight air.
It fills the earth, it chills the sky—
Sweetheart, good-bye!"

(2) Who said, "It is better to do the idlest thing in the world than to be idle half an hour"?

(3) What ancient author was it that said, "Against stupidity even the gods fight in vain"?
H. L. K.

(1) The stanza quoted is from a poem by Paul Hayne, which may be found in his collected poems.

ANSWERS.

835.—(2) The quotation is from Swinburne's "A Leave-Taking," and the lines given are from two different stanzas. The one coming first is from the fourth stanza, and the three following from the third. The whole poem will be found in his "Poems and Ballads."
E. M.

Answered also by C. E. R.

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